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MORUS.

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Ἡμεῖς τοιοίδ' ἐφύμεν, ὡς μὲν σοὶ δοκεῖ,
ΜΩΡΟΙ.————Soph. Œdip. Tyran. 436.

Πολλάκι τοι καὶ ΜΩΡΟΣ ἀνὴρ κατακαίριον εἶπε.

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TO THE READER.

THE following disputation forms part of a work which may possibly appear at some future period, connected with the history of the middle ages, as far as it concerns the origin, spirit, and institutions of Christian Chivalry. After the manner of the ancients each disputation composing the work bears the name of some distinguished character, by which the chief difficulty included in it may be proved vincible: that on the dignity of the order being entitled Godfreus, who was not the less a king for being without a crown; that on the religious spirit of the order Tancredus, whose heroic devotion was mild and full of humanity; that on its virtues Arthurus, as at least the ideal model of excellence; that on the professions suitable to it, Orlandus, himself a soldier, and yet ever

ready to admire those who pursued the other paths of honour; that on the acquirements which belong to it, Alfredus, to whose accomplishments it would be hard to find a limit; and that on the outward condition attached to it, Bayardus, who lived and died without the goods of fortune. The Tancredus, although only a general view of the religious spirit of Chivalry, required a supplement which would justify such of its positions as were contrary to the present opinions and disposition of many men; and while in this book the precept of Plato has been kept in view, "that a man's country is to be used as his parents are, that is, with humble persuasions, and not with contestations," it was deemed that no title could be selected with greater propriety than that which at once designates the object and commemorates the boast of learning as well as the glory of our nation—SIR THOMAS MORE.

It may seem, indeed, to some (and those would not be the most thoughtless) that the very allusion to subjects which are calculated

to remind men of their past follies or misfortunes is objectionable; and, in reading Herodotus, it is certainly hard to condemn the Athenians when he relates that they set a fine upon Phrynicus for having composed a drama on the capture of Miletus. But then, not to remark how sacred a thing is truth, and how ἀληθὲς ἀφανίσαι οὐδαμῶς θέμις, as Plato saith, care has been taken in what follows to preserve in opposition to the stoical inhumanity and cynic licence, what Cicero terms, "Platonis verecundiam;" and besides, time as well as distance deadens the sense of anger, and makes crime assume the form of absurdity. "Hæc tibi ridicula videntur," says Cicero to his friend, "non enim ades. Quæ si videres, lacrymas non teneres."

Reasons with which it is needless to acquaint the reader have occasioned a disarrangement in the order of publishing these disputations, a measure, however, the less objectionable as, with the exception of a few sentences, the present sheets may be considered as forming

a separate and independant work. It may be submitted in this form, as a layman's view of the chief objections which have been brought against religion as it existed in Europe during the heroic age of Christianity.

Morus.

HAVING concluded some observations on the religious character of our ancestors, an inquiry will present itself intimately connected with the subject of that review, arising out of the revolutions and circumstances of the world. Hitherto we have been treading the ground which must be venerable and dear to all heroic men, to all philosophers too, who are friends of the virtue and happiness of mankind. The Muse of History has appeared in all her serenity, in all her loveliness. We have visited the domestic hearths of our forefathers, and our hearts have been strengthened, and our imaginations exalted, by the vision. We have found them sanctified by that pure and lofty devotion which is inspired by the religion of Jesus Christ. We have seen, in a variety of affecting instances, what a wonderful effect that religion produced upon the hearts and conduct of immense numbers of successive men, of all ranks and orders, each endeavouring to approach the most perfect standard prepared to his degree; pursuing the paths which inspire men with heroism and sanctity,

hope and peace; cultivating that general mind which places them in harmony with themselves, with the laws and operations of nature and of grace; which removes all the difficulties that perplex and darken the scene of this mortal life. As a fine writer remarks of the classic worthies, the memory of those great men who laid the foundation of our European states, who exalted them by their valour, protected and defended them by their constancy, stands not alone, nor idly. They draw us after them; they place us with them; they remind us of that day when we shall be joined to their society—that happy day, when the wise and the holy, the humble and the brave, shall meet together, and when the world shall trouble them no more. But a subject still remains to be examined. I am your Host, my reader; and I grieve to be obliged to lead you from the cheerful light of a hall of chivalry, and cause you to exchange warmth and harmony and joy, for the chill of funeral vaults—for groans and darkness and terror, and towers that are still wet with the blood of murdered brothers! How beautiful was that scene, how sublime were those emotions! Alas! whither must I lead you? But a moment's reflection will suggest the obligations imposed upon me. You well know that from the beginning of the sixteenth century there has been operating a change in the opinions and principles which govern many men professing Christianity; and you must be aware that it is quite necessary we should endeavour to ascertain what may be the plan and effect of these changes, whether they have in any degree annulled

the old, or given rise to new obligations; and whether this progress of the age, the subject of such exultation to some, and of such regret to others, towards a more complicated civilization, affecting all its opinions and the whole of its philosophy, has in any manner altered what we have just laid down as the source, and, if I may so speak, the very essence of the chivalrous system. We have it not in our power, consistently with honour and a love of truth and justice, to keep back from meeting the question, "Were these mighty changes necessary? Are we to honour or to disapprove of those who deem them to have been pernicious?" This is a question which involves the duties of men to each other. Did there exist sufficient cause for giving up these principles of Christian unity, to the abandonment of which we must ascribe the present distracted state of the religious and social mind in Europe? There is a question which concerns the interest, and perhaps the very existence of nations. Are the authors of this great revolution to receive the sanction of our acquiescence in their measures? That is one to which justice, unaffected by the lapse of time, demands an answer. Finally, the great question follows, so full of importance to each man in particular, and to society at large—May we rest the conduct of our lives, the guidance of our hearts, the fate of our souls, upon what antiquity deemed the essentials of religion and wisdom; or must we pass over to the side of the moderns, who deem them fallacious and insufficient?

It will of course be seen at once, from the nature and boundless extent of the subject, that nothing

can be intended in this place farther than to collect, in as few words as possible, what I may conceive to be the sum and the results, as it were, of preceding experience and inquiry. Unquestionably the subject might naturally give rise to an argument that would ill suit the light and careless character of these sheets; an argument with which my reader must not think me unacquainted, because I refrain from entering upon it here; an argument, however, which may be deemed by some reasoners useless and uncalled for in any place, because there is always a most satisfactory conclusion from *a priori* evidence that must determine the question; seeing that a revelation from God, once made, must be like its Divine Author immutable; there can be no variation in its laws, no new discoveries to be hoped for by critics, and no field to occupy the speculations of the philosopher: but to meet objections, we must descend from the mountains of eternal truth to combat at their feet the party spirit, the prejudice, and the ignorance of men. To engage in any combat may perhaps ill suit with religion; but I am no priest, I am but a temporal man, of whose passions, alas! as the Greek Poet says, "there is no other old age except in death;" and there is a bold presumption, a kind of vapouring insolence, a bad taste, a pedantry, and an inhumanity, in the attacks made upon the ancient wisdom, which kindle in the breast of the ordinary and vulgar men who love it, a spark of human zeal which they may be unable or unwilling to extinguish. Assuredly, however, it is not as a theologian that I wish to treat this subject, but merely in a natural and sim-

ple manner, as one who presumes to have some slight acquaintance with letters and with history, and who is of opinion that their object is never so well obtained as when they are made instrumental in leading men to principles of union, and holiness, and love. Be it observed, then, that I do not presume to compromise a great question by assuming the office of its legitimate advocate, and that the wisdom of our fathers shall not be answerable for my weakness; and yet, albeit, most unworthy to rise in such a cause, to those men who are so fondly ready upon all occasions, to arm their tongue with contemptuous words against the religious character of the heroic age of our history, fain would I something say—something indeed that will, I fear, sound ungracious to many ears; yet, as the Athenians once said when compelled to remind ungrateful Grecians of their services at Marathon, "It shall be said not more for the sake of exculpating ourselves, than of bearing witness to the truth[1]."

Beyond certain limits, indeed, I am fully aware, that men would do right in refusing to follow me upon the awful ground which will appear in view; but these limits I will not transgress. The remarks which I proceed to offer, are, for the most part, such as have been suggested in the course of my conversations with divers men of the Church, both at home and abroad: at home, in England, when I have often had the advantage of hearing some of the most noble clerks of the world dispute on questions of this kind,

[1] Thucyd. I. 73.

with the learning of scholars, and the courtesy of gentlemen: and abroad, where I have often had occasion to observe the opinions of the clergy in great cities; I might particularly distinguish Liege and Cologne, Vienna, Padua, Lyons, and Paris, in which last I often met a most learned theologian of the Sorbonne, a worthy clerk, "as proved by his wordes and his werk;" and also in wild countries, amid mountains and forests, I have many a time discoursed, for the greater part of evenings together with wise monks and holy men, in different monasteries and religious houses, where I have been lodged during the course of my travels. Therefore, the reader will find nothing here but what has been said by many wise and learned holy men. In good truth, it is not the divine who is concerned in this argument; but it is the unlettered layman, who is apt to contract strange unchristian prejudices on the ground of what he calls religion; and it is justly said—"Homine imperito nunquam quicquam injustius[b]." It is the poet, and he who loves to wander with him through the fairy land of imagination and chivalry, that will be here interested; for upon the question at issue depends the innocence or guilt of many of their views. We know what sentence Plato passed upon the poets of Greece, for debasing the religion of their country, by blending it with fiction; and doubtless, if the objects of poetic veneration in these later times be, as it is loudly proclaimed by some, contrary to the eternal truth and holiness of God's

[b] Terent. Adelphi, i. 1.

Word, (little as a light age may be inclined to such a thought,) with the aid of no wing shall they be able to escape from the wrath of heaven. Speaking, however, in the strictest sense, the question which I now propose to institute belongs to history rather than to sacred science, although it may have been divines who have obliged the historian to reply, and who have furnished him with words necessary for the purpose; for be it remembered, the influence of the old spirit extended beyond the religious interests of mankind, and besides, there are cases in which even the most sacred and unapproachable doctrines force themselves on the page of history, on that page as well as on the mind of every man who is not ready to trust his highest interests to mere chance; and such are the events of that revolution which has, outwardly at least, divided Christendom—that gave rise to principles and opinions which pervaded the most various and important branches of knowledge, and which affect our view of history from the very rise of these European kingdoms. It is for the historian to decide how far, or with what explanations, the charges brought by certain learned men, since the 16th century, against the ancient faith and institutions of Europe, be just; whether, indeed, the men of former ages held the errors ascribed to them, because such errors are inseparably connected with the lives and actions of men, the immediate object of history. Undoubtedly too, it is for every man of honourable and feeling mind, who has the learning requisite, to examine first before he pleads guilty in the name of his fathers who

are gone before him. Further still, antiquity maintained the indispensable necessity of cultivating a certain spirit, or tone of mind, and of being subject to certain laws, to qualify men for the grace of God and for salvation; and it cannot be denied, it becomes the imperative duty and interest of the historian, as well as of all other men, to examine what this spirit, or tone of mind, and what these laws might be, and to what extent was their cultivation and subjection to them thought requisite. Such a subject, I deny not, may involve questions of divinity; but it is also connected, as must be seen at once, with literature, with philosophy, with the history of mankind, of the human understanding, and with the foundation of all our belief and hope in heaven.

There are, again, other considerations which will fully explain the necessity for introducing this delicate subject to the reader; for, to a young man who is to travel over Europe, or but to visit the neighbouring kingdoms, some knowledge, or at least some general view, of its religion, as well as of its history, becomes quite indispensable. Without such previous instruction, he will find himself, much perhaps to his astonishment, associated in sentiments with the professed enemies of public order, with the vilest part of the rabble, debauched couriers, and dishonest valets, and in situations very often where he will shamefully offend against the courtesy of a gentleman as well as against the charity of the Gospel, and certes, it will be but a poor way of marking his affection, and of drawing the respect

of others, for his own Church, if he travel over Christendom, with the views of such persons, or, like a Turk or an infidel, only visiting its churches to gaze at paintings, and to feel himself a stranger amid the congregation of faithful people.

Still the ground before me borders upon the field where angry and unholy disputants—unholy, for that is the proper designation of every thing which opposes love—have been and are yet engaged, and it is with fear and melancholy that I approach it. I am aware, too, of the extreme and morbid delicacy of many tempers, which would meet all reasoning and reflection of the nature here suggested, although they may have only reference to the past, with some solemn hint, that these questions are not proper for discussion, and with an air implying instantly to the ready eye that a further attempt to press them would be an offence against manners: and when the barrier of conventional forms is interposed, all is over. I cannot stay to remark how the philosophy of some persons rests upon sand, and how they wisely regard the stillness of moral death as its only security. "I was not ignorant," says Cicero to Brutus in the beginning of his first book, De Finibus, "how much censure our labour would be sure to meet with." "Nam quibusdam, et iis quidem non admodum indoctis, totum hoc displicet philosophari. Quidam autem non id tam reprehendunt, si remissius agatur: sed tantum studium, tamque multam operam, ponendam in eo non arbitrantur." So it is with men in our time on the subject of the highest philosophy. Are they invited to discourse upon any point connected

with religion? "totum hoc displicet philosophari." But there is more hope of these persons than of the second class, who are for placing limits to infinity, and for chusing mediocrity in the best things. But let such men turn to their confessor, for the cure of their disease belongs not to me, and that I may proceed with necessary caution, that I myself may escape the language which modern manners have banished from conversation, but which the best writers of the day think applicable to all who venture to justify the ancient faith,—for,

ἡμεις τοι πατερων μεγ' αμεινονες ευχομεθ' ειναι.

it is, in the words of Socrates to the sophist, that I prepare my reader to receive what follows: "I think, O Gorgias, that you have attended many disputations, and that you must have discovered how hardly can those who dispute bring it to pass that they should alternately teach and learn; but if they contend on any subject, and one is not ready to concede that the other speaks justly and clearly, they grow indignant, and they attribute his words to envy; contending, indeed, but not enquiring concerning the matter in dispute. And sometimes they separate disgracefully, reviling each other, saying and hearing such things as make the hearers repent that they ever thought such men ought to be listened to. And now for what end say I this? Because you do not now seem to speak consistently with what you formerly advanced. I fear, therefore, to confute you, lest you should suspect that I speak not against the subject, but against you. I therefore, if you be one

of the men in whose number I am, will gladly pursue this question; but if not, I will abandon it. And who are the men in whose number I am? Those who are with sweetness willing to be confuted if they advance what is not true; and with sweetness willing to confute if any other should advance what is not true: no less with sweetness willing to be confuted than to confute; which may be the greater good, as far as it is a greater good to free oneself from the greatest evil than to free another. And I hold there is no evil so great among men, as a false opinion on the point concerning which this dispute is. If then indeed, and you say that you are, such a man, let us dispute; but if you think it better to dismiss the subject, let us dismiss it, and break off the discourse[c]."

Still the question will be again urged, 'Why do you associate such awful discusions with the light and worldly wanderings for which you prepare us, and when we had expected to stray through the wild and flowery paths of love and chivalry?' Let me beseech you, my noble reader, to bear in mind that the charge of inconsistency, which some men would bring against these things, has no foundation, if our views be simple, and our taste and our judgment unperverted. Honour and religion, chivalry and the priesthood, are not to be marshalled in opposition to each other, as the modern historians, and even poets recommend; complaining, with Warton, of the shocking inconsistency of uniting together in

[c] Plato Gorgias.

the same manners, "the love of God and of women, devotion and valour, saints and heroes."

"He knows who fears no God, he loves no friend,"

was true of the crusader; and a life devoted to the study of profound philosophy, had conducted the count of Stolberg to the same conclusion: "Without love to God there can be no true love." "ohne Liebe zu Gott ist keine wahre Liebe[d]." To find valour and devotion at variance, argues but little acquaintance with history, or the heart of man; and as for saints and heroes, they have always been brethren; as in the case of that illustrious family, which, while it gavé a mareschal to France in 1311, and to Anjou that valiant seneschal who, at the battle of Bouvines, seized the emperor by the waist to pull him off his horse, and would have made him prisoner, but for a quick succour,—gave also to Clairvaux Everard des Barres, who, after abdicating the office of grand master of the templars, displayed in that house, for twenty-four years of penitence and mortification, a lively apprehension of the just judgments of God. So that in the old days of chivalry, it was not only the heart-inspiring tournament, and the tender greetings and gorgeous ceremony of bower and of hall that attracted attention; but the gravest discourses were held before the battle, or in the myrtle shade and under the oriel canopy; and these not by clerks, but by all persons who had hearts to feel, and grace to give their thoughts utterance. On religious subjects, indeed, they rather exhorted than distin-

[d] Der Liebe, p. 69.

guished; and it would be well if the circumstances of the world did not oblige us to differ somewhat from them in this particular, that we might shun all debateable points, and be satisfied when we had besought youth to love God, to reverence his Church, and to offer the sacrifice of obedience in testimony of their faith. But, alas! did we stop here, in this giddy age, it would be to deceive ourselves, and to deceive others. Some men are sure to take offence at whatever can be construed in a sense contrary to their own views; and when these views are decidedly of the modern school, even were a writer to take the delicate caution of Tacitus for his example on every occasion, and like him content himself with such negative statements of what others did not do, as are found in his book de Moribus Germanorum, still the same offence would follow. "Etiam gloria ac virtus," as the same historian observes, "infensos habet, ut nimis ex propinquo diversa arguens[a]." So albeit this effect must follow; the attempt to reconcile things by nature essentially at variance ought to be abandoned. The old principles of honour and chivalry ought to be defended on their proper ground. Let them be weak and out of date, as the moderns hold, but still allow their friends to make use of the armour that belongs to them. In all other respects, as far as intentionally offending is concerned, the reader may dismiss all fears and anticipations, resting assured that no institution or code of laws that he loves and venerates, will be made the subject, in these sheets, of direct complaint or censure; for,

[a] Annal. IV. 33.

as Otho said in the last hour of his life, "de nomine queror; nam incusare Deos vel homines, ejus est, qui vivere velit[f]." So, to lament or expose the evil of a system is the part of him who remains within its influence.

Yet again, one word before I commence the subject of this book.

If the conclusions resulting to my reader from the perusal of what follows, or from the subsequent meditation to which it may give rise, should be found at all contrary to a favourable view of the end towards which the opinions of the multitude seem rapidly advancing, (there are moments when we feel inclined to say, "non fanda timemus,") let him remember that whatever these conclusions may be, they need be concerned only with the discipline and government of his own heart, and, if I may so speak, with the worship and ceremonies observed in that secret sanctuary where God and himself can alone enter. Certes they have nothing to do with the professions, and distraction, and publicity, of a worldly life; nothing with the "wrath of men working not the righteousness of God," with the hypocrisy of ambitious, disloyal, and ungodly persons; nothing with their threats or projects of inhuman zeal; nor yet, again, have they any thing to do with the silly phrases of ignorant and stupid bigots, contrary to love, and peace, and order. True it is that the understanding of some may be fully convinced, that the heart may be moved with the most affecting impressions, that the taste and genius may be called

[f] Tacitus, Hist. XI. 47.

in to excite interest, that some of the best and most generous feelings may be awakened: but then, in this event, by a contrivance of the Divine Wisdom, the same causes which give rise to such complicated movements will conspire also to furnish a remedy to prevent the evils which would otherwise result from such agitation of the entire man. And this contrivance is the remedy which Fenelon describes in these few words, when he calls upon us, "de laiser faire celui qui fait tout." This is the grand secret, known to them of old, which has enabled so many noble heroes and holy religious men to retain that singleness of heart, that silent and dignified tranquillity, which seem something more than human, amid those gloomy visions which so often pass through this lower world. The clouds gather round, and the light of heaven withdraws, and the thunder gives its warning note of death; "Sed quo fata trahunt, virtus secura sequetur." Yes, the virtue which begins and ends with obedience to the will of God. This it is which has supported saints and heroes, and which will again support saints and heroes to the end of time, enabling them to view the world and all its changes with tranquillity, let its opinions and its civilization march as they may; to contemplate the future without a thought or concern for what may await themselves.

"———————— quis littora ponto
Obruta, quis summis cernens in montibus æquor
Tot rerum finem, timeat sibi? non vacat ullos
Pro se ferre metus."

And when that storm has burst upon a darkened world, to walk erect through the scenes of ruin and

death till the violence is overpassed, and the great water-floods subside, and he can stray amid shattered columns, and violated tombs, and desecrated monuments of piety; amid the grey walls of abbeys, and monasteries, and holy chapels, now roofless and overspread with weeds, and without a tenant, save the mournful bird of night. And if at any time, in the hour of feeling and of poetry, we seat ourselves on the ivy-mantled tower of one of those houses where once the praise of God formed the daily office, and also broke the stillness of the night, while the wind, wafting over some vast lonely moor which so often surrounds the green eminence on which these buildings stand, shall seem to make a kind of sad response amid the dark rank weeds and scattered grass which wave over the ruins, while the evening sun may cast over the whole a melancholy though brilliant light—melancholy, as being an emblem of that beauty and joy of the whole earth which so quickly passes away,—then will these soothing words of Fenelon be remembered, and all the evils will be removed which were about to result from visiting such scenes, from indulging in such meditations, from arriving at the knowledge of such truths. In Alcuin's day, the most holy church of St. Cuthbert was miserably laid waste by the Danes. "Qui hoc non timet," says Alcuin, in a letter to Æthelred King of Northumberland[8], "et seipsum non corrigit, et pro suæ patriæ prosperitate non plangit ad Deum, carneum non habet cor, sed lapideum." This was their

[8] Canisii Lectiones Antiq. II. p. 387.

inference from such reflections. And if again the cross be thrown to the ground, we too shall learn from it only a prostration of heart and spirit before God: if the very sanctuary be laid waste, and the priest, and the righteous, and the poor strong in faith, who together for so many ages prayed and worshipped within these solemn aisles, be cut off, so that their place knoweth them no more; if the vespers of the monk no longer announce the approach of night, but in their place the voice of the screech owl issues from the mouldering arches, we shall meditate upon that appeal, "how then shall the sinner and the ungodly appear?" If led by sad thought to contemplate what numbers of men are changed in their temper and affections from what, for fourteen hundred years, constituted the piety of the Christian and the pride of nobility, ignorant of the precepts and customs, forgetful or disdainful of the affecting records, insensible to the sublime beauty and order, careless of the authority, erring from the faith and practice of the Church, and totally unacquainted with the nature, and origin, and end, of their own exalted state, we shall learn to perceive not the faults of others, but the force of those circumstances of the world over which private men may have no control, leading us to take refuge in what Sir Thomas Brown calls St. Paul's sanctuary, an *O altitudo;* so that here the root of all uncharitable or repining feeling will be cut off for ever: unassailed by the suggestions of undisciplined passion and inhuman zeal, we shall learn to "hate the vices, not the men;"

to desire the spirit which is immortal, and not the temporal blessings which, if again granted, might again be as speedily taken away; in short, to be content with the discharge of the duties which God requires; and as for the enjoyments which seem in harmony with their fulfilment, the institutions and manners which history may record as having once existed, or which at all events Poetry may delight to sing, and Fancy paint with her romantic charms; as for these, and for whatever else is beyond the little confined sphere of our own immediate influence, in submissive silence, and in the spirit of love, we shall be willing to resign them, enabled to soothe our imagination and to warm our piety with the thoughts that end in perfect truth and justice, and with the sweet desire, "de laiser faire celui qui fait tout." Nay, if a contemplative observer should be tempted to dwell upon these wonders of the Divine government, he can proceed farther, and be able to assure himself that in these very circumstances of the world there is no end of the riches, of the wisdom, and of the goodness of God. Assuredly, he is not able to call any decree of Heaven vain.

Ὁρᾷ, ὁρᾷ ταῦτ' ἀεὶ
Χρονος. ἑλεῖ μὲν ἕτερα,
Τὰ δὲ παρ' ἅμαρ αὐθις αὔξων ἄνω[h].

"I have heard stories of the breeze that sets in when day-light is about to close, and how constant

[h] Soph. Œd. Col. 1448.

it is, and how refreshing[i]." Even when night has drawn over men her sable mantle, how good is it to be for some time on the mountains and alone!

> When after long obscurity,
> At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
> Startles the pensive traveller as he treads
> His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
> Bent earthwards; he looks up—the clouds are split
> Asunder,—and above his head he sees
> The clear moon, and the glory of the heavens.
> There, in a black blue vault she sails along,
> Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
> And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
> Drive as she drives;—how fast they wheel away,
> Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,
> But they are silent;—still they roll along,
> Immeasurably distant[k].

And so it is in the phenomena of the moral world. If, then, the divine philosophy that he loves, has retreated from the scorn, or insults, or outrages of men, if it hath been removed, even suffering violence, from the apprehension of the multitude, and hath departed to exist but for the few by whom it is reverenced, it then approaches him under a still more sublime character, retaining all its former excellence, and yet invested with an additional charm to excite the heart, and an additional force to secure its own continuance on earth, and to perfect its operation in the heart of each man: for all the roman-

[i] Landor. [k] Wordsworth.

tic and chivalrous sentiments of nature are then interested in its favour, it becomes peculiarly the tone and spirit of knightly and meditative men, those who are susceptible of lofty thoughts and profound emotion, of those who feel that there is nothing in the visible world that can satisfy the soul of man, of those who love to hear of scenes like

> " .....the vale where wild Arunca pours
> Its wintry torrents; and the happier site
> Of old Coimbra, whose ruined towers
> Bore record of the fierce Alani's wrath[l]."

of those who prefer sometimes the darkness and silence of a cloister or a castle court, to the splendour and excitements of a city; who can find a certain pleasure in the melancholy sound of the wind and the waves as they roll against some northern strand; who love to stray though wilds dear to the timid night-heron, and forests that seem pathless; and who feel that even their secluded depths can utter knowledge; who can withdraw beyond the power of the senses, and take refuge in the past, the distant, or the future.

> ——— "For peace is nigh
> Where Wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.
> Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
> The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
> Already on the wing[m]!"

[l] Roderick.

[m] Cary's Dante, Purg. c. xxviii.

It gains also an additional force to perfect its operation; for it is freed from a dangerous ally, and a pernicious influence. I am not one of those who hold that the conversion of Constantine was fatal in its results to the interests of the church. Still there are dark hours in the life of man when he is tempted to believe that whatever the world touches is in some degree polluted. At all times he must be persuaded that there is a danger attending its friendship, its munificent offers, its honours, its privileges; she proposes, she presses them for acceptance. It may be the office of love not to turn away in refusal. She ungenerously, or proudly or cruelly withdraws them? It is well; the trial is at an end, and there is wanting little but the crown for the conqueror.

St. Gregory of Tours, in the first part of his history, professes his desire to make known his faith, saying, "Ut qui legerit me non dubitet esse Catholicum." An instance which would very much surprise many readers at this day, for "the men who now set up for philosophers," as Berkeley says[n], "are

[n] Minute Phil. vii.

resolved not to express themselves decidedly on questions of religion, that they may appear learned and profound. When a reader is at a loss to determine whether his author be atheist or deist or polytheist, stoic or Epicurean, sceptic or dogmatist, infidel or enthusiast, in jest or in earnest, he concludes him without hesitation to be enigmatical and profound. In fact, it is true of the most admired writers of the age, that no man alive can tell what to make of them, or what they would be at." This is however opposed, not only to the discharge of a religious duty, but also to the candour and firmness of a manly character. When Charles I. advised Sir Arthur Aston to have so much discretion in his carriage that there might be no notice taken of the exercise of his religion, the governor replied not in the language of men who regard religion as of secondary importance to the favour of their master, or the decree of an assembly, or the ravings of the wretched vulgar, but with the true spirit of an English gentleman, "that he never had dissembled his religion, nor ever would." But then, on the other hand, it is not to be inferred from this that sincerity and firmness require that religion should be made a faction. "A great part of their religion," says Lord Clarendon, "of the Scottish nation consisted in an entire detestation of Popery, in believing the Pope to be antichrist, and hating perfectly the persons of all Papists."—"Too many of us," says Bishop Taylor, "account good works to be Popery; while we hear it preached, in every pulpit, that they who preach good works think

they merit heaven by it, and so, for fear of merit, men let the work alone; to secure a good opinion, they neglect a good practice, and out of hatred of Popery, we lay aside Christianity itself*." I select the most mild passages that I can find, to prove to my British reader, that in a conflict so long and so violent as took place between the two parties, there was bigotry and cruelty and folly on both sides. The general effects which followed the deplorable contest are well described by the writer of the Discourse on the Life of Catharin de Medicis: "S'il est question de la conscience, j'ay grand peur qu'en combattant pour nostre religion, comme nous disons, nous ne l'ayons perdue pour la pluspart. Et aussi voyons nous que pendant que nous entretenons sous l'ombre de religion, l'affection envers Dieu s'esvanouit, et la faction nous demeure toute seule imprimée au cœur." Sad, indeed, and full of cause for humility and fear, is the reflection, that the dignity and holiness of religion should be thus compromised by any of its legitimate defenders in these odious and, if it were not for the awfulness of the subject, we should say, ridiculous disputes; as Jeremy Taylor says, "by bringing of the Spirit of God to partake of the follies of a man; as if it were not enough for a man to be a fool, but the wisdom of God must be brought into these horrible scenes." But so it is, and short sighted zealots will never rest till they can engage gallant gentlemen to range themselves under their opposing banners; but the words of Æneas

* The Minister's Duty.

furnish a sufficient reply to all such hostile proposals.

"Αλλα τιη ἔριδος καὶ νεικεα νωΐν ἀναγκη
Νεικειν ἀλληλοισιν ἐναντιον, ὥστε γυναικας,
Αἵτε χολωσαμεναι ἔριδος περι θυμοβοροιο
Νεικεσσ' ἀλληλῃσι μεσην ἐς ἄγυιαν ἰουσαι,
Πολλ' ἔτεα τε καὶ οὐκι' χολος δε τε καὶ τα κελευει[p]."

It may be remarked of those who engage in these disputes, what Cicero says of the contending philosophers: "Horridiores evadunt, asperiores, duriores et oratione, et moribus[q]." And the enormous evil arising from this perversion of the Christian religion has been ascribed, even by writers of the modern school, to principles which they themselves unhappily have adopted too often; for these are the men certainly who chiefly hold and entertain courses, as Lord Bacon says, who however accused equally "either side," "for the drawing of their partisans to a more strait union within themselves, which ever importeth a farther distraction of the entire body." Certain it is, in the days when men were of a fresher and more loving spirit, more zealous, more sincere, less worldly, less pedantic and ostentatious in their religion, they acted differently; they were not distinguished by those jarring titles, Lutheran and Calvinist, and Whitfieldite and Wesleyan; their attachment and spiritual obedience were not to a word signifying some outward form or government, and varying according as they happened to be subjects of England, or Scotland, or Geneva; but they were

[p] Il. XX. 251. [q] De Finibus, IV.

members of that one holy, visible, universal, apostolic Church which, however its discipline may have required reform, was planted by Christ, and has been spread throughout the world, claiming and exercising the authority which Christ left with it, defended by the blessed and happy men whose names are in the book of life—"by that quire of bishops and doctors who shined like lights in the world. 'Dulce est meminisse'—their very memory is pleasant. Evodias, the sweet savour of the Church, the successor and imitator of the holy Apostles; Ignatius, in whom God dwelt; St. Dionysius the Areopagite, that bird of Paradise, exclaims St. Chrysostom, that celestial eagle; Hippolytus, that good man, that gentle sweet person; great St. Basil, a man almost equal to the Apostles; Athanasius, rich in virtue; Gregory Nyssen, that great divine; and Ephrem, the great Syrian, that stirred up the sluggish and awakened the sleepers, and comforted the afflicted and brought the young men to discipline—the looking-glass of the religious, the captain of the penitents, the destruction of heresies, the receptacle of graces, the habitation of the Holy Ghost!"

Time and experience have induced men to change their opinion on many points since the period of their first separation. Some of the new propositions were found, upon calm inquiry, to be no longer tenable. Others were softened down or forgotten. The old moral duties are now inculcated by the moderns; and when they differ in theory from antiquity, they wish to approach to it in practice. Thus the moderns submit themselves to the authority of their pastors

and synods: as M. de Bonald observes[r], they implore the Divine mercy as if there were no predestination: they practise good works as if they were necessary to salvation. They do not trouble themselves, like the English, in the time of their dissensions, to find out whether they are sanctified, but they endeavour to become sanctified. Certainly, excepting in the two fanatical schools opposed to each other, it might have at all times been generally acknowledged, that the case among really devout Christians still obedient to lawful authority, need be little more than this, as far as individuals are concerned, "Re consentire verbis discrepare." The estimation, indeed, which men made of the question, depended very much upon the object they had in view when they began to examine it. A writer who delighted in bitter controversy, and was dismayed at any prediction that the age of religious animosities (what a solecism the phraseology of the day makes me commit) and intolerance was passing away, would have formed his opinion of the ancient religion of Europe from what some obscure Irish priest, with a name that sounded barbarous to an English ear, might have said or written, or might be reported to have said or written; but a gallant layman, who wore a sword to combat other enemies, would have looked to a different quarter for a fair ground upon which to rest his conclusion. Perhaps he might have heard the "Veni Sancte Spiritus[s]" chaunted in a church de-

[r] De l'Unité religieuse en Europe.

[s] In the service for Whit-Sunday.

voted to the old worship, and if so, that would have been sufficient for him; and as long as that heavenly anthem was remembered, no controversial essay or angry speech in Parliament would have been able to convince him that his ancestors were guilty of holding the opinions, or of practising the crimes, laid to their charge—that antiquity was either so foolish or so wicked as it is reported to have been. Gentlemen of the ancient religion would doubtless have been drawn into great error if they had followed over zealous controversial writers on the side of Rome, instead of drawing their opinion from some fairer source, such as would be furnished either by personal acquaintance or by documents, such as the report made to Pope Urban VIII., by father Leander, respecting the established Church of England, given by Mr. Butler; and, in like manner, those who had been bred up in ignorance of the ancient religion of Christendom, and could not have had opportunity to consult the elaborate writings of divines, would have done well to devote one half hour to the perusal of any of the small treatises[1] which explain the ancient faith and customs of the Church, that they might not indulge that narrow party feeling which keeps alive a thousand prejudices the most wicked and ungenerous. The evidence of Dr. Doyle, as printed by order of Parliament, and M. de Haller's letter to his family, or Mr. Charles Butler's book of the Roman Catholic Church, can hardly fail to be read with in-

[1] Such, for instance, as "A Papist misrepresented and represented," by Gother; "Fletcher's Spirit of Controversy;" "The Poor Man's Catechism;" "Challoner's Catholic instructed," &c. &c.

terest and advantage. In this last the reader will be reminded that Leibnitz, one of the most learned men and profound philosophers whom the world has produced, has, in his Systema Theologicum, discussed, article by article, the whole creed of the Roman Catholic Church, and yet discerns in none of its tenets superstition or idolatry. (p. 339.) Here you will be led to pray, in the words of Fenelon, "May the kingdom of truth, where there is no error, no scandal, no division, where God will communicate to it universal peace, soon come!"

Some men who have travelled in the southern parts of Europe are fond of relating instances that they have met with of irreligion and depravity, as furnishing ground to confirm their previous view of the religion of Europe in the middle ages; but let these persons remember, not to point out the absurdity of arguing against a system from the lives of its followers, that the ancient piety is of a retiring spirit; that in a country where it may be found, strangers (and the remark is peculiarly true of the English) are sure to gain admission into the society of the restless, dissipated, and irreligious, whose accounts of their own religion are not to be depended upon; that it is not, as in other countries, where the devout part, by designation, may sometimes take the lead in temporal affairs and worldly scenes, but that here, the persons belonging to the religious part of society are rarely to be met with by idle, dissipated, or even by sensible and judicious travellers, not because such persons are wanting, but because such persons purposely avoid associating with men whose

avowed object is either pleasure or the gratification of curiosity, or the attainment of information about matters foreign from the existence of Christian piety, at least, whose thoughts and pursuits can hardly be presumed for that interval to be in unison with their own. But however this may be, let other men take care how they conclude from any representations made by their roaming acquaintances, for they cannot estimate their testimony until they have seen these travellers at the places they describe. One of the great advantages of journeying beyond sea to a man of sense and feeling is this very spectacle: it will prevent his being ever again imposed upon by these birds of passage, when they record their adventures and experience on returning to the North.

St. Augustin declares in his Confessions*, that he was kept for a long time in the error of the Manichees, from having been taught to regard the Catholics with horror. "When I came to discover the truth, the spiritual sense of the Church," he says, "Gaudens erubui, non me tot annos adversus Catholicam fidem, sed contra carnalium cogitationum figmenta latrasse. For so bold and impious was I, that those things which I ought first to have learned from them by inquiry, I charged upon them by accusation, readier to impose falsehood than be informed of the truth: and thus I so blindly accused the Catholic Church, now sufficiently cleared to me, that she taught not the opinions I so vehemently persecuted." And assuredly many at this day know

* Tom. IV. Præfat. in noviss. Sinicæ

but little of the old religion, of their own if they were conscious of it, who are the loudest in their condemnation.

I caution the mere modern reader against being grossly deceived as to Christian antiquity by those who have written against it. There is nothing more true than what Mr. Fletcher remarks, that this country, with all its claims to superior generosity, has produced more coarse and illiberal antagonists of the ancient system than any other Protestant state in Europe. A French writer has made the same complaint. "Les Anglois se permettent sans cesse des moqueries indécentes sur la religion Catholique et les calumnies les plus atroces contre les ministres de notre culte."

> "A hideous figure of their foes they draw;
> Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true;
> And this grotesque design expose to public view,
> And yet the daubing pleases!"

"Moliere's Medecin malgré lui," says Mr. Fletcher, "is not a bad representation of our treatment. The moderns produce many men more cruel than Lucas and Valere, who by insults, injuries, violence, and invective, make us idolaters, malgré nous; bigots, malgré nous; bad subjects, malgré nous."

This is such a dissembling age, that a man is deemed uncivil if he do not express his conviction that all men, and particularly those who most violently oppose, and perhaps revile him, are actuated by the purest and most sublime principles; but indeed it is to be wished that some honest spirits,

who set pedantry and canting at defiance, would have courage to resist this infection so near to hypocrisy. Let priests and holy men assert, that all their enemies are lovers of truth, though in error, and besides Holy Scripture, let them quote Alcuin to me, "charitas neminem spernit[y]." I know that with the motives of men we have nothing to do, but to seek the favour of all sides in every case seems hardly honest, or even charitable.

"ἄνδρα δ' οὐδεν' οἶδ' ἐγω
δικαιον ὁστις ἐξ ἁπαντος εὐ λεγει.[z]"

And as for this question between the new learning and antiquity, doubtless it is not exempt from the fate of every other that men agitate. It does not follow, of necessity, that no men like the sophists whom Socrates combated are opposed to the ancient wisdom, or that all persons ranged against it are moved by the pure love of God's truth, unmixed with worldly passions. Cloistered monks, or hermits in their cells may believe this, but not those who are conversant with the ways of men. Therefore I say the statements of men who support the new philosophy, as of all other men, their conclusions, their jealousies, their enmities, their convictions, their friendly testimonies, their very words, are all to be received with a certain caution. It may be a sad reflection, but doubtless many volumes are put forth on the subject of religion, "to support typography rather than verity," as an old writer says, or

[y] Epist. xliii. ap Caniss.

[z] Soph. Œdip. Col. 802.

as Sir Philip Sidney affirms of poesy, "base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer." Men of studious and reflecting habits should be warned how they follow even less suspicious guides. I would remind them of a danger arising from what Mr. Coleridge has lamented, "the predominance of a popular philosophy, at once the counterfeit and the mortal enemy of all true and manly metaphysical research; introduced by men who select whatever words can have some semblance of sense attached to them with the least expenditure of thought; in short, whatever may enable men to talk of what they do not understand, with a careful avoidance of every thing that might awaken them to a moment's suspicion of their own ignorance."

To men of philosophic minds the very fact of the modern accusation being advanced with such confidence, the very fact that their positions are so plausible, their conclusions so ready, their whole system of opinions so adapted to the first impressions of the meanest capacity, will dictate caution and somewhat of the Socratic delay. Like the sophist in Plato[y], he who is imbued with this philosophy will answer at once ἀφοβως τε και μεγαλοπρεπως, as Plato says, to questions that have divided the wisest of men, and that may involve the most awful truths of religion. No exordium to their discourse[z], their question is proposed and answered with equal facility. Audax negotium! with Cicero, "dicerem

[y] Meno. [z] See the beginning of the Meno.

impudens, nisi hoc institutum postea translatum ad philosophos nostros esset[a]." The truth of the melancholy remark in Cicero is never more clearly proved than when we appeal to the religious differences among men. "Plura enim multo homines judicant odio, aut amore, aut cupiditate, aut iracundia, aut dolore, aut lætitia, aut spe, aut timore, aut errore, aut aliqua permotione mentis, quam veritate, aut præscripto, aut juris norma aliqua, aut judicii formula aut legibus[b]." To one who was still railing against the Papists, Sir Henry Wotton, whose Protestantism was sufficiently proved in that extraordinary scene in the church of Florence at vespers, mentioned by Walton, gave this advice: "Pray, Sir, forbear till you have studied the points better; for the wise Italians have this proverb, *He that understands amiss, concludes worse;* and take heed of thinking the farther you go from the Church of Rome, the nearer you are to God." And doubtless, as the writer of his life then observes, "many middle-witted men which yet may mean well, men that are but preachers, and shall never know till they come to heaven where the questions at issue stick, will yet in this world be tampering with the controversy, and 'meddling with things they understand not.'" Indeed, if we should credit the report of our pedantic travellers, who have adopted what Sully so well terms "cet odieux préjuge," there would be no true religion in any country but our own. "Il faut se décharger de ces humeurs vulgaires et

[a] De Fin. II. 1. [b] De Oratore, II.

nuisibles," the precept of the benevolent father will equally suit the Christian and the temper of a gallant gentleman, " in necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas." In relation to this subject, who must not admire the conduct and sentiments of the great Sully? After being present at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, himself exposed to all its horrors, and to the distractions of the period which followed it, he surmounted the prejudices which might have been pardoned even to good men under such circumstances, and he was enabled to distinguish the religion from the impiety of those who supported it. This indeed seemed to require qualities of an order higher than those which can be received by human nature, yet such were in this instance vouchsafed to the minister of Henry. "Fortement persuadé," says this great man of his own mind, " comme je l'ai toujours eté quoique Calviniste, sur l'aveu que j'en ai arraché aux ministres réformés les plus savans, que Dieu n'est pas moins honoré dans l'eglise catholique que dans la protestante," and that nothing had been capable of making Henry IV. embrace a religion which he had secretly despised, or of the truth of which he even had doubts, this wise and virtuous minister was, as he declares, fully persuaded, and he concludes his testimony with that magnificent sentence, " un prince qui n'avoit j'amais trompé les hommes, etoit bien éloigné de vouloir tromper Dieu." Assuredly, the sentiments of thinking and religious persons, who still are ranged against antiquity in some matters, are worthy of all praise. Madame de Stael, in her "Germany," has written a

chapter upon this subject which does honour to her heart and judgment. "En quoi different, ils donc entre eux ces hommes religieux—et pourquoi les noms de Catholique ou de Protestant les sépareroient-ils." "There will come a time," says Hooker, "when three words, uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit." * Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre, a good Catholic, and Jeanne d'Albret, his wife, a Calvinist, are buried in the same tomb, in the church of the castle of Vendôme; nay, Baldwin I. King of Jerusalem, that most religious and chivalrous prince, after the death of Godchilde his first wife, an English woman who died on the march in Marasia, did not scruple to marry the daughter of Tafrok, an Arminian prince who held many strong castles on Taurus, who was his own enemy and that of the crusaders[c]. And though in the issue it was an unhappy alliance, its first contraction, there being no compromise of faith, is an example not to be lost sight of, and an instance that even a crusader could be tolerant, and could respect the conscience of another. Why cannot the moderns attain to the wisdom of Panætius, who kept apart from the war of contending parties, "quam illorum tristitiam, atque asperitatem fugiens," says Cicero, "nec acerbitatem sententiarum, nec disserendi spinas probavit; fuitque in altero genere mitior in altero

* Raumer Geschichte der Hohenstaufen, I. p. 419

illustriora." He must indeed be a narrow-minded sectary who is not ready to acknowledge, that "whether the Gospel be read in the language and according to the simple forms of the Established Church in England, under the Gothic vaults of York or of Canterbury, or whether it be chaunted in Greek and Latin, with all the splendour of the Roman ritual, under the golden dome of the Vatican, it is always and everywhere the same voice of truth, and the same tidings of salvation." "We have reformed from them, not against them," says Sir Thomas Brown, "for omitting those improperations and terms of scurrility betwixt us which only difference our affections and not our cause; there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith and necessary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not scrupulous to converse and live with them, to enter their churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them or for them. Holy water and crucifix (dangerous to the common people") —(and what do they not abuse?) "deceive not my judgment, nor abuse my devotion at all. I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that which misguided zeal terms superstition. My common conversation I do acknowledge austere; my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions which may express or promote my invisible devotion. I would violate my own arm rather than a

[a] De Finibus, IV. 28.

church, nor willingly deface the name of saint or martyr. At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour. I cannot laugh at, but rather pity, the fruitless journeys of pilgrims, or contemn the miserable condition of friars; for though misplaced in circumstances," (I would he had been less afraid of his judgment,) "there is something in it of devotion. I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is, in silence and dumb contempt." On the other hand, while such were the mild opinions of wise and learned moderns respecting the ancient Church, it was not wonderful that they should begin to see what and how great were the evils arising from the changes and schisms which have befallen Christendom. The great lordes of the earth did nothing but laugh at the wranglings of clerks; and historians teach more; for being delivered from the bonds of the Church, and attaining to that false liberty from which she prays her children to be saved, they soon forgot what their rank and their birth, and even their new doctrine prescribed. Froissart's expression will appear very barbarous and very shocking, but it shall be repeated—"They did live like beasts." And how could any of the independent teachers take upon them authority to prescribe doctrines and practice, seeing they had taught the right of private judgment, and they had appealed from Catholic tradition to the suggestions of nature

and of ordinary reason? And these great lords had their private sense and their natural suggestions, and their common sense too. Hence it was that the number of schismatics ought not, as Mr. Gibbon says, to have been computed from their separate congregations; for, in fact, each man's mind was a conventicle, and so the work proceeded; and the pillars of Revelation seemed to be shaken by the men who preserved the name without the substance of religion, who indulged the licence without the temper of philosophy. So men quickly came to the catastrophe, to the last scene of this German tragedy, of which Erasmus could name the author. The predictions of the men who deplored its beginning were accomplished. "The Elbe," said Melancthon, "with all its flood, would not furnish me with sufficient water to weep the misfortunes of the Reformation divided." In the midst of his colleagues he found himself, as he says, in the midst of ferocious wasps; and, he continues, "it is only in heaven that I can hope for sincerity[e]." "Ignorant men, who know neither piety nor discipline. Behold, these are the rulers; and I am like Daniel among the lions." In his letter to Camerarius, relating the decrees of the assembly of Spires, he describes his "incredible agitations, the pains of hell, even almost unto death." During these blows he clearly recognizes how much "certain people" are wrong[f]: (he feared to speak more openly of those with whom he acted:) "Good

[e] Ep. ad Calv. p. 114.

[f] Lib. IV. c. 85.

God," said he, "what tragedies will posterity behold if they shall begin to doubt whether the Word, whether the Holy Spirit, be a person!" They had begun already to move these questions; and what would have been his lamentation if he had lived to hear the controversies which followed in the next age? He saw enough to be wounded in spirit all his life; and yet he had not been called to witness these effects which are now conspicuous, and which in the following words were predicted by Bossuet: "Je prevois que les esprits forts pourroient être décrédités, non pour aucune horreur de leurs sentimens, mais parce qu'on tiendra tout dans l'indifference excepte les plaisirs et les affaires." "Ultima prona via est." When good men set up to change the world with no other information to guide them but what they derive from the study of their own hearts, they seem upon the page of history like children who set machinery in motion, and then weep and wonder when they witness its effects. In their hopes and dejection they will be quite as vain. Confident, at first, like the Trojans who introduced the fatal present,

> ——— "pueri circum innuptæque puellæ
> Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent:"

like the rash youth who demanded the chariot of the sun, it is in vain to warn them;

> Magna petis, Phaëthon, et quæ nec viribus istis
> Munera conveniant, nec tam puerilibus annis.
> Finge. Datos currus: Quid agas?

it is pleasant to handle the reins, but these granted, soon the presumptuous youth is aware of his inability:

> Ipse pavet; nec qua commissas flectat habenas,
> Nec scit qua sit iter: nec si sciat, imperet illis,
> Quidque agat ignarus, stupet: et nec fræna remittit,
> Nec retinere valet: nec nomina novit equorum.

Just so was it with these rash, but let us hope conscientious innovators, who thought that they could conduct the religious interests of mankind while they drove the Church from her seat; that Church which had acquired the experience of fifteen centuries, which had gone through the laborious task of cherishing the infancy of barbarous nations, after having before that managed the infirmities and old age of the civilized world; ungrateful and presumptuous, like most inexpert learners, who, after the vessel had been safely steered through the darkness and storm, the moment when the sun arose, and the tide was of itself to waft them into a peaceful port, would drive the faithful pilot from the post of honour, and would claim his reward, though after all they were unable even to complete the task. Puritan theologists they were, who, as Warton justly says, "attempted the business of national reformation without any knowledge of the nature of society, and whose censures proceeded not so much from principles of a purer morality as from narrowness of mind, and from that ignorance of human affairs which necessarily accompanies the

operations of enthusiasm." Qu'ont ils reformé? cries Fenelon. What have they reformed? Qu'en reste-t-il dans tout le nord? sinon une multitude monstrueuse de sectes opposées? que voit on de tous cotés? une curiosité effrénée, une presumption que rien n'arrête, une incertitude qui ébranle tous les fondemens du Christianisme meme, une tolérance qui tombe sous prétexte de paix dans l'indifference de religion and dans l'irreligion la plus incurable, into Socinianism, as D'Alembert foretold, or into Unitarianism, which Bossuet calls the mid-day, as Luther and Calvin produced the morning, of the Reformation. These are the words of men firmly engaged on one side, yet still we may ask, can it be possible that the religion around us is more pure Christianity than that which was taught and practised by a St. Bernard, and the Church which possessed so many other saints in the middle ages? Can the definition of a Christian be, that he is a man who rails against the Pope, and the Mass, Transubstantiation and Purgatory, pictures and the poor airy sign of the Cross? What is there of love in all this?

It is not that I am ignorant how many several arguments, charges, objections, "practical evidences," and abusive epithets have been brought against the Pope and the Mass, Transubstantiation and Purgatory, pictures and the sign of the Cross,

——οὐδ' ἀν νηυς ἑκατοζυγος ἄχθος ἀροιτο.

but neither am I ignorant in what particulars historians have been guilty of perversions, controver-

sialists of treachery, poets of rash judgment, the vulgar of atrocious calumnies; and how not one of all these subjects of debate can justly be converted into an insuperable obstacle to a kinder and more mollified interpretation, even in case of men resisting the evidence in favour of the ancient system; and yet this has been the work of the Lord, and the great matter; in these things men spent their long breath, and about these things they spent earnest prayers, and by these things they judged their brother, and for these they reviled their superiors, and walked hand in hand as in common cause with infidels, and in this doughty cause they thought it fit to die. Well might we say, in the words of Taylor, "If St. Paul or St. Anthony, St. Basil or St. Ambrose, if any of the primitive confessors or glorious martyrs should awake from within their curtains of darkness, and find men thus striving against government for the interest of disobedience, and labouring for nothings, and preaching all day for shadows and moonshine; and that not a word shall come from them to teach the people humility, not a word of obedience or self-denial, not a word to warn them to suspect their own judgment; if I say, St. Paul or St. Anthony should see such a light, they would not know the meaning of it, nor of what religion the country were[g]."

But what is the inference that should be drawn from all this? That the Church was always perfectly uncorrupt in every article of its discipline and

[g] Minister's duty.

practice, and that a reformation conducted in the spirit of piety and charity by its clergy was not become necessary? Certainly not. I would speak on this subject with great diffidence, but for many ages the reformation of ecclesiastical discipline was earnestly called for. "Who will grant me," said St. Bernard, who was so far from being "a reformer," that Sismondi thinks his death a fortunate circumstance at the time, as he would have opposed the progress of the age, "to see before I die the Church of God as it was in the primitive age[h]?" In the fifteenth century, Cardinal Julian represented formally to Pope Eugene IV., the shameful disorders of the German clergy[i]. Pope Pius II. lamented bitterly the luxury and pomp which had invaded the Roman See[k]. Raumer quotes an old writer, who says of the great emperor Frederic I, "Fridericus pius et justus ab omnibus appellatus et secundus post Carolum justitia et pietate est habitus," and yet, though a devout Catholic, he scrupled not to tell the Pope and Cardinals,

> Jam non ferre crucem domini, sed tradere regna
> Gaudet, et Augustus mavult quam Præsul haberi[l].

The German Bishops, in his reign, who yielded to no members of the Catholic Church in just obedience to the Pope, did not fear to remonstrate with Adrian, saying, "the empire has, with the help of

[h] Ep. 207. [i] Op. Æn. Silv. p. 66.
[k] Comment. Pii Papæ II. xii. 336.
[l] Raumer Geschichte der Hohenstaufen, vol. ii. p. 76.

God; exalted the Church, and now would this latter, as it appears, without God destroy the empire [m]."

The ancients were not ignorant of the scandal in this reign, arising from the two-fold election of Alexander III. and Victor IV., but it was fairly argued on their side, that such occurrences are no more an excuse for refusing generally to obey the Pope, than the wars of succession, or the disputed titles of some kings, would justify men for concluding that the general duty of honouring the king was not required by Christianity. The best gifts of God are liable to occasional derangement. The sermons of the clergy display a strong feeling on the necessity of taking some measures to correct abuses; and, doubtless, among the virtuous part of the laity there were many like Matteo Villani, the great historian, of whom Sismondi says, "Religious without superstition, he respected the Church, and nevertheless he dared to paint in the liveliest colours the corruption or the crimes of some of its chiefs." But still more may be true: through ignorance or weakness, the sanction of names and offices may have been sometimes extended, (and these must have been rare instances) to support the follies and superstitions of the common people, their devotions may have become partially directed; or at least may have lost somewhat of the character of simplicity. "It is true also," as the Abbe Ferrer remarks, "that the extravagance of some Catholics has often given occasion to here-

[m] Raumer, p. 78.

tics to blaspheme the saints. Legendæ sunt lugendæ." The complaint of Erasmus, (though as a wit his evidence is worth but little,) with respect to the excessive devotion of the people for the blessed Virgin, might have been fairly justified, and other abuses might have grown with the age, such as rendered a reformation, in the true sense of the term, to a certain extent unavoidable. The sentiments expressed by Latimer, in his epistle to the Archbishop of Canterbury[a], were, no doubt, in full accordance with the judgment and the wishes of the great body of the Clergy who did not proceed to make a schism in the Church. "I have desired, I own, and do desire a reformation in the judgment of the vulgar. I have desired, and still do, that they should distinguish between duties; and that each should maintain among them its proper value, its place and time, its rank and degree. And so that all men should know that there is a very great difference between those works which God hath prepared for each of us, zealously discharging the duties of our respective callings, to walk in, and them that are voluntary, which we undertake by our own strength and pleasure. It is lawful, I own, to make use of images; it is lawful to go on pilgrimage; it is lawful to pray to saints; it is lawful to be mindful of souls abiding in purgatory: but these things which are voluntary, are so to be moderated, that God's commandments of necessary obligation, which bring eternal life to those

[a] Wordsworth's Eccl. Biography, vol. iii. p. 93.

that keep them, and eternal death to those who neglect them, be not deprived of their just value."

"I blush and tremble," said St. Vincent Ferrer, at the time when he was employed in converting the Vaudois and other innovators, "when I consider the terrible judgment impending on ecclesiastical superiors, who live at their ease in rich palaces, &c., whilst so many souls redeemed by the blood of Christ are perishing. I pray without ceasing the Lord of the harvest, that he will send good workmen into his harvest." Let the reader turn to Dean Colet's sermon to the Convocation, in the reign of Henry VII., to a Popish synod, as Dr. Knight terms it, when he charges many of the clergy with "divilysh pride, carnal concupiscence, worldly covetousness, and secular busyness;" and when he said, "the waye whereby the Churche maye be reformed into better facion, is not for to make newe lawes. For ther be lawes many, inowe and out of nombre.—For the evils that are newe in the Churche, were before in tyme paste, and there is no faute but that fathers have provyded verye good remedyes for hit.—There are no trespaces but that there be lawes agaynst them in the body of the canon lawe.—Wherfore let those laws be rehersed, those that do warn you fathers that ye put not over soone youre handes on aney man:—(chiefly, and above all thyngs, there must be in a Priest, the feare of God and love of the hevenly lyfe:)—those that commaund the benefices of the Church to be gyven to the worthy, not by carnal affection wherby hit happeneth nowe that boyes for olde men, fooles

for wise men, evyll for good do reigne:—those that warreth agaynst symonie, agaynst non residence, those that forbydde a clerke to be no marchant, no hunter, those that require the residence of byshops in theyr diocesis, that they take hede to the helths of soules:—that they serve the word of God; that they shewe themselfe in their churches, at the leest on greate holye dayes; that they do sacrifice for their people:—those that prescribe the good bestowyng of the patrimony of Christe; for Pope Gregorie did say to Saynt Augustyne, and his answer is put in the decrees, chap. xii. 2. that the goodes of byshops ought to be devyded into IIII parts; whereof one part oughte to be to the byshoppe and his household; another to his clerkes; the third to repayr and upholde his tenementes; the fourth to the poure people.—Finally, if ye wyl have peace, come agayne to the God of peace and love, come agayne to Christe: in whom is the very true peace of the goste, the which passeth al wytte. Come agayne to your selfe and to your priestly lyvyng, and to make an ende, as St. Paule saythe, be you reformed in the newness of your understandynge, that you savoure those thynges that are of God: and the peace of God shall be with you." This was, indeed, to prepare the true way of effecting a blessed reformation. The reader need only open any one of the instructive volumes of the literary history of France by the Benedictines, or indeed Mr. Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church, vol. iii. p. 93, to be convinced that the Church was not guilty of concealing, or denying or wishing to preserve

the abuses which had so fearfully arisen. There is also a book, by the Abbé Feller, "Voyages en divers parties de l'Europe," that will teach him the disgust and even indignation with which our ancestors would have beheld the stupid ignorance and abominable follies which may present themselves in particular places where their religion prevailed. For, sooth to say, the follies and vices of men are not to be extirpated; they will only assume a different form, as the circumstances of the world may change. But then, after satisfying our minds on this point, —the necessity which existed of a reform, and the ardent desire which the Church evinced to effect it before she was enabled to meet in council,—there still remains unshaken what the candid Christian, at this day, may fairly deplore and deprecate. He may still be permitted to protest against the spirit of sedition and schism which set up the private judgment of every individual (for there can be no limits to the grant) against the general judgment of the Church properly conveyed,—against the spirit of hypocrisy, and irreverence, and impiety, which tore asunder Christ's garment, instead of gently removing the stains, which made men pull down churches to build palaces, "leaving in England," as Sir Robert Atkyns says, "only about 10,000 out of 45,000 churches and 55,000 chapels, which existed before the Reformation," to trample upon the Cross, and to destroy all the ancient badges and ornaments of divine worship, consecrated by the use of the Christian martyrs, to violate the tombs, and scatter the ashes of saints, to pull down the shrines of our

forefathers, to climb the rugged mountains and pierce into the depths of the forest, that they might hunt out and destroy the poor quiet holy retreats for meditation and prayer. It is against this spirit, which the very heathens would hold in horror, however modified and disguised, that I would labour to guard my reader. And while men who hold to antiquity yield attention to this subject in the way of a few passing meditations, forgetting what may become the severity of a judge, since there may be no tribunal, and stopping in imagination with the unsuspecting reverence of youth, in the dark forest, where "autumnal leaves may strow the brooks, as in Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades, high over-arched, imbower"—stopping to hear the mass offered by some holy man; (let those deride who will ridicule St. Cyprian speaking of himself as offering the great sacrifice of the Eucharist, "sacrificantibus nobis;" let those deride who can disprove it to be an historical fact that this sacrifice had been constantly offered in all Christian Churches, not only by those in communion with the see of Rome, but by those which for many centuries had been separated from it, by the Greeks, Nestorians, Eutychians, and others spread over Asia and part of Africa, from the earliest age of which we have any record down to the sixteenth century;) dismounting at the sound of the little bell in the dark forest, and tarrying at the door of the chapel to kneel by him who holds the pledge of mercy for the living and the dead, or waiting at the threshold of some lonely cell, like that of St. Paul the hermit, who allowed St. Antony to beg ad-

mittance for a long time, though he had spent two days and nights in the desert seeking him, and was only directed to his abode in the end by a light within, but who at last opened his door with a smile, —or off the shore of some island, where the pilot of some small night-foundered skiff, with fixed anchor on its rocky side, watches the bright window of some holy pile on high, where lauds are sweetly sung, " while night invests the sea, and wished morn delays," —or on the banks of some blue water, at even tide, to catch the vesper's heavenly tone,—or lying still, as I have myself often done, when sheltering, for whole dark nights together, far from the haunt of men, amid wild birds, or the beasts that love solitude, and in that solemn moment hearing from some distant convent that passing knell

" Which they were wont to toll,
For welfare of a parting soul,"

so faithfully described by the bard

" Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,
His beads the wakeful hermit told;
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern."

or hearing amid scenes of less solemn grandeur, under the studious cloister's roof

> " And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light,"

the chaunt of some distant choir

> " In service high, and anthems clear,
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into ecstacies,
> And bring all heaven before mine eyes!"

such as so delighted Canute the Great, as he was passing in a boat by the abbey in the Isle of Ely at a time when the monks were chaunting their psalms and anthems that he composed a little Saxon poem on the occasion, which began thus, if my memory errs not:

> " Merry sang the monks in Ely, when Canute the King was sailing by;
> Row, ye knights, and make the land, and let us hear these friars' song:"

(for all here, at least, is ground on which the yielding spirit of piety may delight to stray,)—let no man regard such wandering with an evil eye. As we proceed none need shrink back, supposing that arguments will be advanced to entice them from the religion which is to be their support, and that the young must stand on their guard—the young upon their guard against the spirit of antiquity, against the beauty and the harmony of nature! What could he gain who seeks to make men think less harshly or contemptuously of antiquity, by rendering them less religious, by taking from them one desire, one motive,

one elevation of mind arising from piety? From their piety he has much to hope, whereas, from their profaneness and indifference and infidelity the least that he can expect to receive is contempt. Is it to the gambling room, or the haunt of scoffers who despise the Protestant Church of England, or to the schools of a shallow heartless philosophy, or even to the lounge of thoughtless dissipation, where men care for none of these things, that he can look for honour? Assuredly not. But under the lonely lamp of the gentle scholar, the *puer Christi* as Erasmus calls him, the same kind of youth that Jesus loved, "Diligit autem innocuos pueros, dociles, simplices[*]," whose mind may be "a mansion for all lovely forms, whose memory as a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies," amid the solemn arches of his own chapel resounding to the organ and the voice of praise, or under heaven's vault, as his joyful feet dash the morning dew from the heather on the mountains, he is entitled to hope that Religion herself,

> "Devout and pure, with solemn step,
> And looks commercing not with earth,"

may venture to come even in her wonted state of quietness and beauty, and without the veil or protecting train of vile party names and base human passions. So that it must not be imagined that there is a snare laid for any man's religion in the following pages, though I do not deny that there is a design to banish party spirit from religion, with its "unseemly talk of enmity, and the immortal memo-

[*] Concio de Puero Jesu.

ries of strife, cuirasses and breast-plates, battles and exterminations;" there is a design to appease unjust prejudices, to check pride, to remove presumptuous ignorance, to confound ingratitude, to rouse apathy, and to soften hard hearts: if, indeed, some men's religion be διπλουν ἔπος, if such be its component parts, I deny not that I would wish to convert them; albeit, to rescue men from such evils, even though by so doing we take from them what they have always looked upon as their religion—even though we should be likened, as was Socrates by the Sophists [p], to that torpedo of the sea which numbs and paralyzes whatever touches it, and so we, by a few plain statements, should take from men all their ready knowledge and their high boasting and proud confidence, and make them feel that, of what they had discoursed on a thousand times with such assurance and applause, they in reality knew nothing,—though these effects should follow, though we should thus paralyze their eloquence, and make them think more soberly of themselves, still, I say, this would not be to injure them, this would not be to convert them to any peculiar scheme or system, but it would be with God's help to prepare them for a blessing which they never could have attained as long as such evils had been suffered to infest their minds; it would be only to break and soften the ground of their hearts, and make it capable of receiving and of nourishing the seeds of the religion of Jesus Christ, that divine philosophy, that harmony of the spirit, which, whether it meet with

[p] Stat. Meno, 14.

the learning of a Sir Thomas More, or the simplicity of some poor Clare, a sister Mary of Jesus—whether arrayed in the splendour and holy majesty of a Saint Ambrose, or in the cowl and sackcloth of a brother Nicholas—has been in every country and in every succeeding age, to every heart that loved it, the source of light and blessing, of virtue and peace, though "solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief, should be its portion," whether amid the sands of the desert, in the capital of the Cæsars, in the cabinets of the Vatican, or on the rocks of Iona.

That the Church has ever erred in material points of faith ought not to be granted, as long as the evidence can be questioned which supports so terrible a charge. Really it seems ridiculous and pitiable to hear men of learning repeat the assertion, that "laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees, have been drowned in abominable idolatry, most detested by God and damnable to man, for eight hundred years and more." On the contrary, a rational and firm belief may be professed in one catholic apostolic Church which has subsisted from the Apostles' time, teaching the same great truths set forth in the Creeds, holding the authority of God's word, preserving the holy Scriptures, administering the Sacraments, the means of grace, and cherishing the precious doctrine of justification by the merits of Christ[q]. And this doctrine

[q] Witness the Catholic prayer on Palm Sunday: "And all thy saints into whose company we beseech thee to admit us, not in consideration of our merit, but through thy gratuitous mercy and pardon through Christ our Lord." And witness the words uttered by the Pope him-

is delivered as clearly in the canons of the council of Trent, as in the Confession of Augsburg, implying at the same time that good works are only of value because faith is the foundation, grace the principle, and the Holy Ghost the Author.

Again; hear the following anathema pronounced by old divines, and sanctioned by bishops, against that idolatrous phantom which the moderns have held up for the ancient Church: "Cursed is he that believes the saints in heaven to be his redeemers, that prays to them as such, or that gives God's honour to them or to any creature whatsoever. Cursed is every goddess-worshipper, that believes the Blessed Virgin Mary to be any more than a creature; that worships her, or puts his trust in her more than in God; that believes her above her Son, or that she can in any thing command him[r]." Again; "Cursed is he that commits idolatry, that prays to images or relics, or worships them for God." On the evening of every Sunday and festival, at vespers, the 113th Psalm, "In exitu Israël," is one of the psalms chaunted, which contains the warning against the worship of images; and on the festivals of the Virgin, the Gospel of St. Luke, xi. 27, is read, which contains the remarkable answer to the voice which proclaimed her womb blessed. That the custom of the Church may be abused by some persons, must be granted;

self every day in saying mass, when he professes "his hopes of forgiveness, not through his own merits, but through the bounty and grace of Jesus Christ our Lord." Dr. Milner's testimony to the faith of the Irish should be seen in his "Enquiry into certain vulgar opinions concerning the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland," p. 66. 145.

[r] Papist Misrepresented, p. 101.

but what may not some persons abuse? How do some persons abuse a system of religion which discards all exterior observances! and if covetousness be idolatry, or an idolatrous devotion of the heart to another object besides God, what ground have some persons to boast of their superiority over the blindest crusader in this respect? A dreadful war indeed did the poor images and pictures of our ancestors occasion; and yet surely no man of judgment will refuse his assent to the following observations of Wilson, a sincere Protestant, who was tutor to Henry Duke of Suffolk, and Charles Lord Brandon: "When I see a lion, the image thereof abideth faster in my minde, than if I should hear some reporte made of a lion. Emong all the sences, the iye sight is most quicke, and conteineth the impression of things more assuredlie than any of the other sences do. And therefore, heretofore images were sette up for remembraunce of sainctes, to be laie-mennes bookes, that the rather by seying the pictures of suche men, thei might be stirred to follow their good living." And as for the images of saints, even Latimer himself said, "They may be wel used, when they be applied to that use that they were ordained for, to bee laymen's bookes for remembrance of heavenly things." "Does not the Greek Church," asks Mr. Butler; "do not all the other Churches which separated from the Church of Rome before the Reformation, invoke the Virgin Mary, the other saints, and the angels? Does not Martin Luther exclaim, 'Who can deny that God works great miracles at the tombs of the saints?' I therefore, with the whole Catholic Church, hold that the saints are to be ho-

noured and invoked by us. Let no one omit to call upon the Blessed Virgin, the angels and saints, that they may intercede for them at the hour of death[1]." Observations of this kind do now begin to suggest themselves, and indeed the blind and extravagant opposition to the Church in the instance of her reverence for the saints and for the holy cross is fast wearing away, and many renowned moderns are now endeavouring to lead men back to a more devout and Christian feeling. Vogt[2] adduces the example of Schlegel, Schiller, Arndt, Fouqúe, and Goethe; to which list of illustrious names many might be added from our own nation, beginning with that great reviver of chivalry, to whom all that love its spirit are so deeply indebted. It must be confessed that in some places the images which are placed in churches, and the relics which are preserved, are but ill calculated to gratify a judicious taste and reasonable piety; such absurdities, however, are not to be laid to the charge of the ancient religion, but they are only to be deplored as instances of particular folly or negligence, or stupidity. And this will suggest a remark of consequence: for let it be remembered that the Church, in former times, before it was rent by schisms, had to contend with the follies and vices, not of one nation only, but of all the nations of Christendom: and against what an amazing variety of obstacles must it have had to struggle, arising from the stupidity and grossness, levity and volup-

[1] In his Letter to Spalatinus, and in his Treatise de Purgat., and in his Prepar. ad Mortem.

[2] Rheinische Geschichte und Sagen.

tuousness, violent passions and obstinate local prejudices and superstition of different people! and what can be more unreasonable and unjust than to make the Church answerable for all this? With respect to images, the Abbé de Feller has made a sensible remark where he shews the importance of preserving the simplex duntaxat et unum even in the ornaments of the Church, requiring that the Holy Virgin, instead of being seated on a throne should be represented in the transports of magnificat anima mea Dominum; that St. Peter should be in a posture that should indicate his saying, Tu scis, Domine, quia amo te; that St. Paul should be exclaiming, O altitudo divitiarum sapientiæ et scientiæ Dei. Then their images would recall to the mind of all beholders the great Being whom we honour in the saints as the beginning and end of all sanctity, and would serve to represent what we describe in the words of the Te Deum: "Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus, te Prophetarum laudabilis numerus, te Martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus."

Again, the Church was charged with having held monstrous tenets concerning absolution and indulgences destructive of all morality; but they who charged antiquity with such errors, did it great injury: on the contrary, hear the anathemas it taught her children to utter against them. "Cursed is he who believes that priests can forgive sins, whether the sinner repent or not; or that there is any power on earth or in heaven that can forgive sins without a hearty repentance and serious purpose of amendment.—Cursed is he who believes

there is authority in the Pope, or any other person, that can give leave to commit sin, or that, for a sum of money, he can forgive him his sins, Amen".[r] To encourage the secret confession of sins, the Church of England has made a canon requiring her ministers not to reveal the same. The fact of robbers and assassins in countries which professed the old religion having been known to testify respect for holy institutions is urged as an argument to support the charge; but although few cases excite such disgust and horror as these, for it is awful to observe how the bad passions of human nature find vent under every system only assuming a new form as the system changes, still, if these prove any thing, it is rather that the Church was so diligent and energetic in maintaining a sense of religion among the common people that even the very outcasts from her pale, who, in later times, would have been absolute atheists, and insensible to any the remotest sentiment of religion, are unable to throw off completely the restraints and impressions which it had imposed upon them in youth. If a man that was abandoned to desperate courses, and about to commit some new crime, were led by any accident to pass the threshold of a church, or even within the sound of its service,—for instance, at the moment when after that long silence the priest chaunts in his plaintive tone the "sursum corda," and is answered in the same beautiful flow of music, by that affecting sentence, "habemus ad Dominum," it may

[r] Can. Eccles. A. D. 1603, n. 113.

not be difficult to conceive that, for the time, this would soften his poor distracted heart, and even make him shed the bitterest tears of repentance, struck, as it were, motionless at beholding the contrast between the heaven brought before his eyes, and the hell within his own bosom; as in an Anglo Saxon homily, quoted by Mr. Turner, where the devil is said to have shown the soul of an expiring sinner somewhat of its future destiny, and to have caused a great splendour to shine before it, and when she asked what the brightness meant, the devil told her it came from the celestial regions, "and you shall go through these dwellings most bright and fair, but must not stay there. You shall hear the angelic choirs, and see the radiance of all the holy, but there you cannot dwell;" and the wretched soul exclaimed, "Woe to me, that I ever saw the light of the human world!" so he might beat his breast and cry out, "Woe is me that I ever saw the light of the human world;" and yet again a little while and he would return to repeat his wicked deeds; but surely this would not be a ground upon which any fair reasoner could accuse the Church of favouring a compromising devotion. True, the heart of man is deceitful; men may abuse the grace of God and blind the eyes of their own understanding; there are hypocrites, and men who deceive themselves with false hopes; but it would be a fallacious judgment that would, on that account, condemn the discipline of the Church. In general, and it is a remarkable fact in evidence on the side of antiquity, that when men were pure in heart, and un-

der the influence of the Holy Spirit, they had recourse to the Church, and they took a lively interest in all that it required; and they loved its solemn chaunts, and its varied ritual; when left without that influence, when corrupt and worldly, they were ready to join the scoffers who despised its yoke, and to forget it altogether; there was nothing in it that they reverenced or that they loved.

Upon the awful and abused subject of Transubstantiation, it seems almost unaccountable how any real Christian could have found it in his heart to approve of the men who attacked this doctrine of the Church. Swift was one of these men. His book on this point is enough to open the eyes of any man, and make him see where these sort of questions end. "I wish," says Hooker, "men would give themselves more to meditate with silence on what we have in the Sacrament, and less to dispute of the manner how. Sith we all agree that Christ, by the Sacrament, doth really and truly perform in us his promise, why do we vainly trouble ourselves with so fierce contentions whether by Consubstantiation or else by Transubstantiation *."

Again. Hear what are the words of Jeremy Taylor, when he is not writing a controversial essay. "Essential is a true belief of all the sayings of Christ, amongst which indefinitely assent to the words of institution, and believe that Christ in the Holy Sacrament gives thee his body and his blood. He that believes not this, is not a Christian. He

* Eccles. Pol. v. 67.

that believes so much, need not to enquire further, nor to intangle his faith by disbelieving his sense."

In the Confession of Augsburg it is declared that "the true and substantial presence of Christ is to be retained, but not the doctrine of Transubstantiation," which term only means the same thing. Even Calvin, after all his subtle distinctions, virtually left the conclusion to be drawn with the Catholic doctrine on the Sacrament Institution, 4. 17. 32. Confess. Art. 36. "Do not trouble your people with controversies," said Taylor:[1] "a controversy engages one side in lying, and both in uncertainty and uncharitableness; and, after all, it is not food for souls; it is the food of contention, it is a spiritual law-suit, and it can never be ended:—for, as long as a word can be spoken against a word, and a thing be opposite to a thing; as long as places are hard, and men are ignorant or knowing but in part, as long as there is money and pride in the world, and for ever, till men willingly confess themselves to be fools and deceived, so long will the saw of contention be drawn from side to side.—Whoever troubles his people with questions, and teaches them to be troublesome, note that man, he loves not peace, or he would fain be called Rabbi, Rabbi. What good can come from that which fools begin, and wise men can never end but by silence? And that had been the best way at first, and would have stifled them in the cradle. What have your people to do whether Christ's body be in the Sacrament

[1] The Minister's Duty.

by Consubstantiation or Transubstantiation; whether purgatory be in the centre of the earth, or in the air, or any where, or no where; and who but a madman would trouble their heads with the entangled links of the fantastic chain of Predestination?" And yet it was for differences on these points that the church was to be divided!

With respect to matters of discipline, the Church had always held that these may vary. When St. Monica came to Milan, her son, St. Augustin, consulted St. Ambrose on the fast of the Saturday, which was observed at Tagaste, and Rome, but not at Milan. The answer of St. Ambrose, taken into the canon law, was "When I am here, I do not fast on the Saturday; but I fast when I am in Rome; do you the same, and follow always the custom and discipline of the churches where you are." And this circumstance was repeatedly brought forward by the old writers.

Bede relates the question of St. Augustin, after the conversion of the English, and the reply of Pope Gregory, of whom he justly says, "etsi aliis non est Apostolus, sed tamen nobis est; nam signaculum Apostolatus ejus nos sumus in Domino." St. Augustin asks, "Cum una sit fides, cur sunt ecclesiarum diversæ consuetudines, et altera consuetudo missarum in sancta Romana Ecclesia, atque altera in Galliarum tenetur?" To which the Pope made answer: "Novit fraternitas tua Romanæ Ecclesiæ Consuetudinem, in qua se meminit nutritam. Sed mihi placet, ut sive in Romana, sive in Galliarum seu in qualibet Ecclesia, aliquid invenisti quod plus

omnipotenti Deo possit placere, sollicite eligas, et in Anglorum Ecclesia, quæ adhuc ad fidem nova est, institutione præcipua quæ de multis ecclesiis colligere potuisti, infundas: non enim pro locis res, sed pro bonis rebus loca amanda sunt. Ex singulis ergo quibusque Ecclesiis, quæ pia, quæ religiosa, quæ recta sunt elige, et hæc quasi in fasciculum collecta apud Anglorum mentes in consuetudinem depone."

Here, however, the ancient doctors took care to observe that this successor of the apostles did not send his commission to a King or to an assembly of lay-men, but to one who had himself an ordination and a spiritual power. It was an established doctrine with our Saxon fathers, that the temporal prince had no authority to feed the mystical flock of Christ, or to exercise the power of the keys of the kingdom of heaven. It was foretold by Bishop Fisher in parliament that, if the modern doctrine were once acknowledged, the power might pass to a child, or to a woman; as, in fact, it soon did to each of them. It might be transferred to a foreign Calvinist, and might be settled by a lay assembly, on a Jew, or a Mahomedan. "It is the right of the king," says Withred, king of Kent, (Anno 692) "to appoint earls, ealdormen, shirereeves, and doomsmen, but it is the right of the Archbishop to rule and provide for the Church of God." And further than this argued Sir Thomas More, when he showed "that this realme of England, being but one member, and part of the Church of God, might not make a parliament law disagreeable to Christ's universal Catholic Church, no more than the city of Bristol, being but

one poor member, in respect of the whole realm, may make a law against an act of parliament, to bind the whole realm, under pain of death, to obey it[y]." Nor did it ever occur to the imagination of our loyal ancestors that such opinions could be deemed hostile to the majesty of any king. "The purple robe," said St. Ambrose, "makes princes, but not priests[z]:" and, on another occasion, "What more honourable than that the Emperor should be styled Son of the Church? Imperator enim bonus intra ecclesiam non supra ecclesiam est[a]." The ancient apologist would have furnished them with a reply, if the injurious charge of "half allegiance" had been brought forward. "Dicam plane imperatorem dominum: sed quando non cogor ut dominum Dei vice dicam. Cæterum liber sum illi. Dominus enim meus unus est Deus omnipotens et æternus idem qui et ipsius[b]." If this apology were deemed insufficient, they had higher inducements than the Roman poet to feel that

"Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est;"

and they might have been undismayed, even though men should then conclude, with an air of triumph, in the words of Jeremy Taylor, that "perfect submission to kings is the glory of the Protestant cause[b]."

[y] Conformable to St. August. lib. 2. de Baptism. contra Donat. cap. 3. taken into the canon law.

[z] Orat. de basilicis tradendis.

[a] Apologet. adv. gentes. cap. xxxvii.

[b] Via intelligentiæ.

With respect to the great question of determining by what means men may attain to a knowledge of the will of God, I do certainly conceive that there was nothing in the doctrine of the Church which proclaimed the folly and superstition of the dark ages. Bossuet, in his conference with Claude, obliged him to confess that, by the new rule, "every artizan and husbandman may and ought to believe that he can understand the Scriptures better than all the fathers and doctors of the Church, ancient and modern, put together." And the results from such a proposition are staring us in the face: we may behold them in the common people of England, "who think," as Isaac Walton observes, "they are not wise unless they be busy about what they understand not, and especially about religion:" we may behold them in those self-appointed prophets who run without being sent, who distract the minds of our poor innocent people, very often teaching them all manner of absurdities and impieties, destructive of morals and sound religion; and surely we may ask these reverend persons, as they style themselves, in the words which Luther would have directed against the Anabaptists, "Who conferred upon you the office of preaching? Who commissioned you to preach?" If they answer God, then let us say to them, "prove this to us by some evident miracle."

That the Holy Scriptures, wherever their sense extends, are the ground and rule of our faith, all Christians admit; but then how are we to attain

the right understanding of them? Tertullian[c], St. Irenæus, Origen, St. Cyprian, and indeed the whole of ecclesiastical antiquity will caution us against admitting the self-destructive rule of private interpretation. The better, the only reply consistent with the wisdom of antiquity, is furnished by Bishop Taylor: "When the question is concerning an obscure place in Scripture, the practice of the Catholic Church is the best commentary."

That the traditions of the Church were to be received as well as the holy Scriptures, was of course a doctrine of the old religion[d]. Now it is the generally received opinion among the learned, that "in the primitive Church, for upwards of one hundred years after the death of Christ, no writings had acquired a canonical rank, or were considered as Holy Writ, or served any other purpose than that of private edification. The faith of the orthodox Christians rested solely on the testimony and personal authority of their teachers, the representatives and successors of the Apostles." It has been observed by the learned translator of one of the latest productions of biblical criticism in Germany[e], that "even Tertullian, after the four Gospels were universally received in the Catholic Church, thought it safer to decline appealing to them in any disputed question

[c] De Præscript. adver. Hæreticos. xv. xvi. xvii. xlii.

[d] See the information with the clear and masterly stating of the case by Dr. Milner, "Inquiry into certain vulgar opinions concerning the Catholics of Ireland," p. 217—226.

[e] A Critical Essay on the Gospel of St. Luke, by Schleiermacher.

of doctrine, and considered the apostolical traditions as the only sure foundation of Christian faith;" and that "it is not only in controversy with heretics themselves that he urges this superiority of tradition over Scripture; he even dissuades his believing brother *(frater)* from entering into any scriptural researches, and advises him to content himself with the "regula fidei," the essence of all Christian knowledge, "adversus quam nihil scire omnia scire est[f]. Fides, inquit, tua te salvum fecit," he says, quoting Scripture itself to confirm his argument, (Luke xviii. 42.) "non exercitatio scripturarum." St. Irenæus, who had been instructed in the faith by St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, expressly admits the possibility of retaining the revealed word of God without written documents; and he asserts the fact of several whole nations in his time possessing the divine word, scriptam habentes per spiritum in codibus suis salutem, without ink or paper, by the help of tradition, and the Spirit of God; Cont. Hæres. III. c. 4. and the texts of Scripture which are so confidently adduced against this opinion do not in the least degree bear upon it, as any calm reasoner will be convinced on consideration. "The same maxims continued to prevail," says the translator before quoted, "both in the eastern and western Churches, till the Reformation; as they do with the exception of the Protestant confessions at the present day." And he further states what he conceives to be "an incon-

[f] De Præscript. Heret. c. 14.

testable fact, that the maxims of the moderns, with respect to the use of the Scriptures, are different from those which prevailed in all ages, from the time of Tertullian down to the Reformation." Certainly some will find it difficult to comprehend why these passages from Tertullian, and these concessions by a modern, may not be used as arguments by those who hold that the doctrine of Catholic tradition was not sufficient ground for breaking the unity of the Church, as this learned writer proceeds to affirm[a]; the tradition which was the subject of controversy was certainly nothing but this *traditio Apostolorum* spoken of by Tertullian. "What are those traditions? is a question proposed in a book of reputation with the followers of the ancient faith; to which the answer is, Many things belonging to faith, as likewise to discipline, which the Apostles did not write, but only preached and taught by word of mouth; which the Church has carefully delivered from father to son, in all ages, down to us[b]." That the study of the holy Scriptures was recommended and practised, I shall have an occasion shortly to show; but, for the present, waving this point, and returning to the question as to the means of attaining to a knowledge of the faith, I must observe that the moderns have struck out a very uncertain path for arriving at this great end. Berkeley complains that the men of these later times make religion too much of a notional thing. Methinks

[a] P. 137. [b] Poor Man's Catechism, p. 11.

"the evening song" sounds more religious than "the afternoon preaching:"

> "Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of prayer—
> Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of love."

"The faith of the devils hath more of the understanding in it; the faith of Christians more of the will." This is what Jeremy Taylor said.

If the holy Scriptures had indeed been the judge here, how could the controversies of the sixteenth century have been suffered to produce such results? What prospect of religious advantage could have warranted the total abandonment of religion itself, that is the spirit of love and charity? Surely that man did well who continued to discharge his own essential duties unmoved by the storm around him, by the mutual accusations of contending parties, and who, in the true spirit of his religion, might have quoted the line of Sophocles:

> "Οὗτοι συνεχθειν, ἀλλὰ συμφιλειν ἔφυν[1]."

What! when the kings or republics of the earth chose to interpose, and, like Creon in the tragedy, assumed the power of prohibiting the interchange of fraternal rites, was it not the part of religion, as well as humanity, to disregard their unjustifiable decrees; and, like the heroic daughter of Œdipus, to seek the favour of Heaven rather than that of man?—like her to hold at nought the threatened vengeance,

[1] Antigone, 519.

dreading no evil so much ὥστε μὴ οὐ καλῶς θανεῖν. and—when the scorching fire of heaven had parched the plain, and men had to take shelter from the hot wind pestilent with the corruption caused by their own inhuman decrees, exciting each other if any one grew remiss when the whirlwind united earth and heaven blasting all the foliage of the wood and the plain,—to approach like her; and albeit nature might break forth in some piercing notes like those of a sorrowful bird, when she may have beheld the bed of her empty nest destitute of young ones, to perform, with all solemnity and affection, the rites that Heaven commanded; patient and meek, yet unconscious of degenerate fear, and ready to proclaim, to the world that the will of God was to be done, and that the rulers or people of the earth had no power to reverse his unwritten and unalterable laws; not willing to offend Heaven, not dreading the breath of any man, knowing that death was inevitable, whether human powers chose to inflict it or not, and knowing this too, that if it came before the time it would be gain; (for how should it not be gain for him to die who falls upon evil times,) exhorting rulers to inflict their threatened vengeance, since no pleasure could be given or received, and finishing with a brave confession, though fear might enclose the tongue of those who felt that it was glorious; for,

——— "ἡ τυραννὶς πολλά τ' ἄλλ' εὐδαιμονεῖ,
Κἄξεσπιν αὐτῇ δρᾷν λέγειν θ', ἃ βούλεται."

If the Gospel be but the mystery of love; if love be the great fountain and essence of all things; if we

have life only inasmuch as we participate in the fountain of love; if, as Plato says beautifully and justly in a passage quoted by the Count of Stolberg*, that all which is beautiful, is beautiful only inasmuch as it participates in the fountain of beauty, the contemplation of which is the end and the highest happiness of men—a contemplation to which they can attain by degrees under the guidance of Eros, the genius of love, the medium which exists between the human nature and the divine: so all who have life, enjoy it only inasmuch as they partake of the Spirit of Life, which is God, who, says the disciple of love, is Love. If this be, "scientia scientiarum," so beautifully expressed in the motto which the Count of Stolberg prefixes to this golden little book, "Von der Liebe," taking the celebrated position of Descartes, "Je pense, donc je suis," and then adding, "Wir lieben, also werden wir seyn"—We love, therefore we shall exist hereafter,—can we approve of those who made the ancient religion of Europe the ground for exercising all the angry passions of human nature, and who, professing a regard for truth, departed from him who is the Author of truth? Love, not jealousy, is our life; love, not disputation, is our end; love, not disunion, is our health; love, greater than hope, greater than faith which can remove mountains, is properly the only thing which God requires of us, and in the possession of which lies the fulfilment of all our duties. "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore," adds the Apostle,

* Der Liebe, p. 16.

"love is the fulfilling of the law." "The law of the old covenant," says the Count of Stolberg[1], "which was born amid the convulsions of nature, under the sound of thunder and trumpets, was itself grounded upon love to God with all the heart and soul and strength, and upon love to our neighbour as ourselves. And what a living breath of love moves through all the pages of the New Testament! The whole of religion is but a bond of eternal love with God in Jesu Christ! a bond of eternal love of believers for one another in Jesu Christ with God! God is love; and whoso abideth in love, abideth in God, and God in him." Is it then to grieve or scandalize the faithful servants of God, to express a fervent wish that the names which perpetuate jealousy, differences, and disunion, might be blotted out from the language of every Christian people; so that then each of us might be able to solace himself, when he comes to die, with those words which St. Teresa repeated with her last breath, "A contrite and humble heart, O God, thou wilt not despise?" Then will men feel the beauty of these lines of Crashaw, the friend of Cowley, who said, in allusion to her spirit of martyrdom,

"She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to do;
Nor has she e'er yet understood,
Why, to shew love, she should shed blood;
Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
She can love and she can die:"

[1] Geschichte der Religion Jesu Christi, I. p. 13.

they will then be able to repeat with St. Francis,

> " I ask'd thy love, the soul's sweet balm,
> The bliss of heav'n, the sea's great calm.
> Grant, oh my God, who diedst for me,
> I, sinful wretch, may die for thee
> Of love's deep wounds.
> ——— then join'd with thee above,
> Shall I myself pass into love[m]."

" When a great understanding and a great affection meet together," says Jeremy Taylor, " it makes a saint great like an apostle; but they do not well, who make abatement of their religious passions by the severity of their understanding." And again; " the way to judge of religion is by doing of our duty; and theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge. In heaven, indeed, we must first see, and then love; but here, on earth, we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts, and we shall then see and perceive and understand." I do not mean to hold that there is more to satisfy the understanding of a thinking man in the institutes of Calvin or the epistles of Luther, or the orations of popular modern preachers, than in the works of St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, St. Bernard, Bourdaleue, or Fenelon, but that the ground to which some men do virtually confine their religion is too narrow for so mighty and divine a thing.

[m] Translated by Butler from the Italian. St. Francis is considered by the Italians as their earliest poet in the vulgar tongue, according to Ginguené.

Dr. Fletcher, in his "Reflections on the Spirit of Controversy," places this matter in its true light. "Religion," he says, "is a system of piety and humility; and it is in holy communication with God, by prayer and meditation, that he speaks most plainly to the heart and unfolds the truths and beauty of his law. The acuteness of human criticism must be attended by Christian simplicity, and every feeling of human respect absorbed in the generous ardour for salvation; vice must be avoided, and the feelings of the heart reformed. By these means the ray of truth would soon beam upon the soul; and that knowledge easily be attained, compared with which all other knowledge is but romance, all other science folly." That, with respect to the religion of our ancestors, we have had hitherto but a violent *ex parte* statement; that it has been most grossly misrepresented, not merely by hypocrites and traitors, but by learned, honest, and witty men, (who, from unconscious indifference, or the pressure of their more immediate pursuit, seem to have considered the subject as a kind of resting-place on which they might indulge in an oratorical flourish, conformable to the popular notions, to refresh themselves and their reader after some elaborate investigation of history or the phenomena of the physical and moral world,) and afterwards most foully calumniated by the miserable vulgar, who love a ready accusation, and delight in reviling whatever is noble and exalted above their level,—is my firm conviction; the result not of poring over dusty vo-

lumes of old controversy, in which the zeal leading almost to bad faith of all parties, arising of necessity from the very constitution of human nature, may be stated as pretty equal, rendering it quite impossible to determine in favour of any upon such ground, but of a candid inquiry as to the real causes of difference, of some experience in the world, and of not having been tempted in the first instance to check the natural and obvious impressions to which the history of religion must give rise. As a specimen of the harshness of which the best writers have been guilty in alluding to this subject, take an extract from Mr. Southey's History of the Peninsular War. Speaking of Buonaparte's plan to degrade the ecclesiastical schools, he adds, "the object of the government in thus mortifying the teachers would be defeated by the *wise policy of the Romish Church*, which has taught its ministers to regard every act of humiliation *as adding to their stock of merit.*" Again, take the following passage from Sismondi's Hist. des François. After relating the orders of Clovis to his messengers, that on entering the church of St. Martin at Tours they should observe the verse which the priests were singing at the moment, and relate it to him, (for that church was one of those in which the Psalms were unceasingly chaunted night and day,) the historian informs us that the Church had forbidden this mode of consulting futurity in the most express manner, many councils, that of Ayde the year before, that of Orleans four years after, having ranked it in the list of sacrilege; then he

concludes, "Le clergé ne vouloit point demeurer responsable d'oracles trop souvent démentis par l'évenement, et qu'il ne dirigeoit point à son gre[a]." Sentences like these require no comment, and they are a fair specimen of the style adopted on this subject by almost all the popular writers of the day. As a contrast, it may be well to point out the kind of view which other men take of the same subject, to exemplify how the same fact may give rise in different men to opposite conclusions. "The clergy," says Warton, "observing that the entertainments of dancing, music, and mimicry, exhibited at the annual fairs, made the people less religious, proscribed these sports and excommunicated the performers. But finding that no regard was paid to their censures, they changed their plan, and determined to take these recreations into their own hands. They turned actors; and instead of profane mummeries, presented stories taken from legends or the Bible. This was the origin of sacred comedy[b]."

I hold it unnecessary to point out what would be the inference of such writers as Sismondi, Ginguené, &c. &c. &c.

"I cannot but feel," says a gentleman who has written his recollections of the Peninsular war, "that the violence of the early reformers, who, in detestation of the Roman Church, abrogated many things, defiled perhaps by abuse, but decent in

[a] Tom. I. p. 321.

[b] Hist. of E. Poetry, III. 194.

themselves, and allowed in the primitive Church, very greatly assisted to render the breach between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Church unnaturally wide. Do we not, I would ask, in essentials think alike? And is not the grand and blessed scheme of man's redemption, through the mediation of Christ, the first article of belief and the resting place of faith with us both? I certainly, in the course of my residence in Spain, had occasion often to reflect that my countrymen were too apt to confound the errors and abuses of the church government" (I only repeat his words) "among the Roman Catholics with the belief and practices of their religion." That this opinion agrees with the conviction of many candid observers, at this day, is pretty certain. Nor are they to be accused of adopting this view merely from a taste for antiquity; albeit, the unreasonableness of yielding to antiquity some degree of religious reverence is one of the extravagancies of this self-conceited age, which can never be reconciled with philosophy any more than with revealed religion. The wisest men, in all ages, have regarded the antiquity of an opinion as a strong evidence of its justice, even when they were themselves incapable of discerning it. Observe what a solemn tone and manner Socrates seems to assume, changing, as it were, his very countenance, when he speaks of what he has heard or learned, by tradition, from his fathers; as, for instance, in the Phædo, where he begins, παλαιὸς μὲν οὖν ἐστί τις ὁ λόγος οὗτος, and where he explains why

he made the weeping women retire saying, that ἀκήκοα ὅτι ἐν εὐφημίᾳ χρὴ τελευτᾶν: a tone of mind which Plato ascribes also to the Spartan in the IVth book de Legibus. Not that antiquity alone is always of itself a sufficient recommendation, for vulgar errors have, in every age, had its support, and been exposed, as they were, by Thucydides[p] and Sir Thomas Brown. If such then was the judgment of wise men in the old world, how much more ought the professors of revealed religion to esteem this evidence of a religion, which may be called historical, and the truth and sense of which can only be looked for either by means of a knowledge of antiquity, derived from tradition and the fulfilment of the promise that Christ would be for ever with his Church, or by a reliance on our own personal infallibility in the interpretation of Scripture, a supposition which the sacred volume itself, and which the experience of the whole world must render totally vain. Really St. Augustin places the point in the only true light, when he declares that "it is madness to quit the traditions of the Church to follow our own opinions." In general, I must affirm, the attempt to ascribe the modern opinions to antiquity only injures the cause it is intended to serve. The moderns would much better abandon this ground, for it is quite impossible that they can keep it with the aid of learned criticism, and ignorance is the least evil that it will lead them to display.

[p] Lib. i. c. 21.

Bishop Newton admits that "the seeds of Popery were sown in the Apostles' time." Certainly the old religion of Europe was the religion of the Fathers: their testimony, as far as that may be valued, whether gathered from such works as the "Bibliotheque des Peres de l'Eglise," by the learned Abbé Guillon, or from their original writings, is decisive in justifying the religious views and character of the middle ages; and it is well known that the value of their testimony was then very highly estimated: nay, among the moderns, Berkeley deemed the Fathers men of great parts, eloquence, and learning, and much superior to those who seem to undervalue them; and, "on this head," he continues, "our reformed brethren say things which neither piety, candour, nor good sense require them to say." If we formed our opinions from the writings of the men who supported the new learning, we should conclude that the world had never beheld any thing so detestably wicked and pernicious as the scholastic theology; and yet what says Berkeley, who may well be esteemed a competent judge of such matters? "I deny that a volume of the schoolmen doth so much mischief as a page of minute philosophy." And where that philosophy is not now received, a wise man will find it hard to say. Among the attempts that were made to enlist the evidence of antiquity on the side of the moderns, that by the authors of the "Centuriæ Magdeburgenses" was the most curious; but Ginguenê acknowledges that its chief effect was to produce the annals of Baronius, which, with all their

imperfections, will remain an amazing monument of genius as well as a justification of those who remained unconverted by the new opinions. But, indeed, it would have puzzled the old scholars if they had been required to make the Fathers reconcileable with the modern system, even on the point touching the supremacy of Rome: whether they considered St. Augustin, throughout his works, or St. Irenæus (iii. 3.,) or Tertullian, (de Præscript. xxxvi.) or St. Jerom, (Ep. iii.) cont. Ruffin. 4., or St. Cyprian (Ep. 55) to Pope Cornelius, where he calls, "the chair of Peter ecclesiam principalem unde unitas sacerdotalis exorta est;" or St. Jerom, (Ep. 57) to Pope Damasus, or St. Bernard, de Consideratione ad Eugen. P. lib. ii. c. 6. (for though his age be late, his character gives much importance to his testimony.) Now that these, particularly the evidence of St. Irenæus, are remarkable passages in support of the claim acknowledged by our ancestors, I need not remind those candid scholars who have turned their attention to the subject[1]. Some superiority of the Bishop of Rome over other Bishops has been often conceded by modern scholars; it might almost be proved from the very passages which others bring to deny it; for instance, Eusеb. (lib. v. c. 24.) Leibnitz held the preeminence of the Pope to be essential; so did Grotius; so did Puffendorf; so did Casaubon, but he

[1] Many moderns, Deyling, for instance, Observat. sac. Pars. iv. p. 39. have affected to treat these with contempt.

rather alluded to the past: as it was understood and explained by divines, it must have seemed to the most short-sighted among the lovers of peace no such mighty ground of offence: they found that there were men of undoubted integrity and learning to whom it seemed the very perfection of wisdom, even though led by circumstances to appear against it: to reject the doctrine so explained might almost have seemed to reject a bond of unity, to protest against order and peace, and to envy the Church a blessing which they could foresee so many great men, in a subsequent age, would desire, and which Melancthon, at the very period of the separation, wished to have obtained. Of course the friends of antiquity will be of opinion that Le Maistre, in his treatise, "Du Pape," and the Count of Stolberg, in his dissertation, "ueber den Vorrang des Apostels Petrus und seiner Nachfolger," affixed to his great history of the Church, (not to mention the larger works, less calculated for ordinary readers,) will justify them in drawing a still more decided inference. But it is only for peace that I labour, and for obtaining some shew of deference from men whom I would persuade that their forefathers were not altogether so despicable in their religious opinions as they are pleased to affirm.

The religion of Christ was indeed spiritual, yet still, in condescension to the weakness of men, the word became flesh and dwelt amongst them;

which divine truth might alone condemn the men of these later times, who are sensual in their philosophy, and, if we may say so without a solecism, abstract in their imaginations. A body and a government became essential to the Church: and hence the apostles, taught by their Divine Master, in building up their spiritual kingdom, adopted that model of government which God, in his first dispensation, which the reason of men and the world itself then pointed out as the most desirable. The German empire in a later age was composed precisely upon analogous principles, and that this is a true statement of the final arrangement of the body of the Christian Church may be made more evident by bearing in mind what were, undoubtedly, the views of government entertained when both these were organized: it is in this manner that the learned and impartial Vogt[a] proceeds to relate the progress of the Church.

That the Roman See was, in a very early age, the object of ambition to men who were dazzled with external splendour is clear from the complaints of Ammianus Marcellinus, and from the saying of Prætextatus, afterwards Prefect of Rome, who said to Pope Damasus, as we read in St. Jerom[b], "Make me Bishop of Rome, and I will be a Christian tomorrow." Still, with respect to the accidental acquirements of the Roman See, it should be observed

[a] Vogt. Rheinische Geschichte I. p. 174.

[b] Ep. 61. ad Pammach, c. 3.

that these give rise to a totally different enquiry from any thing required here. When Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, was asked by the Committee of Parliament whether the political character of the Church had not changed, he replied, "I do not consider that the Church, by its constitution, has any political character; as a Church, I conceive that its object is wholly spiritual, the salvation of souls. I cannot conceive that it has any political character, except such as the state chooses to bestow upon it:" and indeed with respect to its spiritual character, it argues no stupidity in our ancestors that they disapproved of the measures which were proposed consequent upon giving up the authority of the Church as they had found it constituted: it was no marvel that they should be unwilling to agree with the sentence of Bishop Taylor, that "the king's authority is appointed and enabled by God to end our questions of religion!" "Divination and a wise sentence is in the lips of the king, and his mouth shall not err in judgment:" upon this text, from the Proverbs, he goes on to say, "in all Scripture there is not so much for the Pope's infallibility; but by this it appears there is divinity in the king's sentence[a]:" and this from Taylor, who had so often shewn that the silence of Scripture was no argument against diverse institu-

[a] Sermon on the opening of parliament. This was the opinion of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke: see Characteristics I. p. 231—300. Leviathan, p. 238, on what principle it is needless to shew.

tions of the Church! Goëthé, bred a Protestant, confesses, in his memoirs, that his young reason had led him to the same opinion, that the Sovereign had the right to dictate to the Church in matters of faith.

The method of conducting the attack upon the ancient faith, from first to last, seemed to proceed from a very ambiguous spirit. Now it was natural that there should arise in men of refined feelings a disposition to lean to whatever side they saw unfairly and illiberally attacked. When they reflected upon the scurrility and profaneness of Skelton, tutor to prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII.,

> I will no priestis for me sing,
> Dies iræ, dies illa, &c. &c.

upon that spirit of churlish mockery, worthy of Thersites, which so infected the court of the reformed king, that the poet Wyat states, as one ground of his inability to frequent it, that he cannot prefer Chaucer's Sir Topas to his Palamon and Arcite.

> Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale,
> And scorne the story that the knighte tolde;
> Praise him for counsell that is drunke of ale:

and upon those horribly prophane pieces of parody, which were certainly not first used by those who stood on the defensive, and examples of which may be seen in Warton's History of English Poetry, (vol. iv. p. 22. note, edit. 1824.) When they observed, marshalled in the same ranks with these, the sermons

of Hugh Latimer, the satires of Bishop Hall, in which he speaks of the priest who drinks the eucharistic wine, the Tale of a Tub of Swift, the affirmations of Fox, the martyrologist, "that Chaucer has undeniably proved the Pope to be the Antichrist of the Apocalypse," the stanzas of the new worship proposed as more worthy of God than the ancient proses of the Church, the versified creed, decalogue, Lord's prayer, and Te Deum of Whyttingham, Dean of Durham, Wisdome's invocation for defence from Pope and Turk, the psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, "chiefly dear because to be sung without authority," as Sir John Birkenhead once said, and the seven penitential psalms in metre, under their reformed title, "Seven Sobs of a sorrowful Soul for Sin," under the patronage of Frances, Countess of Sussex, foundress of Sydney College, in Cambridge, or, in general, the works and reasoning of that day against them which placed their religion in the same point of view in which it is now made to appear in the tracts of societies, or the columns of a gazette,—when it was thought quite sufficient to have a few vituperative phrases ready for delivery, and to assert ἄφοβως και μεγαλοπρεπως, as Socrates said, that their religion was only fit for men of weak minds, (instances, the tendency of which we can well appreciate, after seeing, in our time, the controversy gravely published as the combat between light and darkness[v];)

[v] At Stuttgart, in 1820, a volume was published with the title Voss und Stolberg oder der Kampf des Zeitalters zwischen Licht und Verdunklung.

after reviewing the events which took place in the literary world of Germany, upon the conversion of the Count of Stolberg, after beholding him, in his old age and on his death bed, abandoned and outraged by his former friends, after being invited to examine wie ward Fritz Stolberg ein Unfreyer! how Fritz Stolberg became a slave; similar to the assertion of Dr. Knight, in his life of Dean Colet, that "some of the prelates took off Sir Thomas More from his freedom of thinking, importuning him to employ his abilities in defence of the Catholic Church[w]:"—after being told by this writer that "Sir Thomas More was a leading reformer, but that human fears and worldly policy stopped him short, and turned him out of the way he saw to be right[x]." When instances like these obtruded themselves upon observation, nothing was more natural, perhaps there could have been nothing more agreeable to humanity and to justice than that there should be a strong, though perhaps secret re-action in the minds of ingenuous men. If we even suppose that they were wavering and undecided, no philosopher deserving the name will be surprised or grieved that these things turned the scale, that men of learning and wisdom and high honour were seen to blush and to withdraw, leaving all other persons to judge for themselves.

If men proceeded to examine the arguments which were employed against the peculiar tenets of the Church, against its ceremonies and offices, against its discipline and the monastic institutions,

[w] P. 145. [x] P. 147.

we shall be inclined to confess that, although not calculated to excite surprise if delivered by men of the world who did not disguise that they were incapable of comprehending spiritual feelings, yet coming as they did, from persons who professed religion, and even an eminent degree of it, there was nothing unaccountable in the harsh insinuations to which they gave rise. "Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?" was the question often addressed to the leaders and supporters of the Revolution, and all who are conversant with the writings which gave rise to it, must be prepared to admit its propriety. What a contrast do they present to the spirit of men like Dante, who was afraid to write the blessed name of Jesus in that division of his poem where he describes the abyss of hell, lest the same page should contain words unsuitable to the infinite reverence which is due to it? Truly Bossuet was right in concluding that it is by silence we can best denote our feelings at the passages which so frequently occur in these awful compositions. What a lesson of humility for our unfortunate human nature that, for successive centuries, there have been always men ready to accept a chair founded for the purpose of proving the Pope to be Antichrist, and always men ready to read their lectures! Why should we wonder at the blood-stained annals which record the wars of France and England, when crimes and folly, amounting to madness, mark even their religious history. In their religious animosities it is that

" Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima
Stultitia caruisse."

The friends of antiquity are not then dismayed by the character of those who are opposed to it: for to begin with a more general view, what if the people themselves, discarding all that is not exactly agreeable to their natural views of wisdom and virtue, have brought it in guilty, is that sentence of such awful weight that no man can venture an appeal to some higher tribunal? "That the voice of the common people is the voice of God, is the common voice of the people," says an old writer[y]; "yet it is as full of falsehood as commonness. For who sees not that these blacke-mouthed hownds, upon the meere scent of opinion, as freely spend their mouthes in hunting counter, or, like Actæon's doggs, in chasing an innocent man to death, as if they followed the chase of truth itself in a fresh scent. Who observes not that the voice of the people, yea of that people that voiced themselves the people of God, did prosecute the God of all people with one common voice, He is worthy to die." Who can forget that awful sentence of the same people, and remembering it, who can prevent its memory from affecting all his philosophy concerned with the judgment of mankind. "He saved others, himself he cannot save"? And is human nature changed? Are the people, when left to nature, (for

[y] Warwick's Spare Minutes.

there is the line which makes this judgment just,) governed by different principles, and unaffected by the same passions? Τεθνηκε Φιλιππος; Look for an answer to

> "The present works of present man—
> A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
> Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile[a]."

Nay, to extend our caution even beyond attending to the vulgar, does not Berkeley justly say that, "in the present age, thinking is more talked of, but less practised than in ancient times? Since the revival of learning" (mark the epoch) "men have read much and wrote much, but thought little[b]." And at the present day what a vast number of followers have a few men of extraordinary mental powers, who, like Gorgias, never even pretend to make men good, but, like that master sophist, openly laugh at those who talk of doing so,—and whose maxim it is, respecting those who look to them for instruction, ποιειν δεινους λεγειν[b]; an engagement which the providence of God enables them most truly to fulfil: we may construe the Greek literally; awful declaimers indeed they make them. In taking a more detailed view, it has often been demanded of the men who love Christianity, that they would reflect how large a portion of the writers who came forward to attack the Church were undoubtedly men of no decided religious principle, of no attachment to any

[a] Coleridge. [b] Minute Philosopher, VII.
[b] Plato Meno, 35.

faith. Observe how often do we find Villers' Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation quoted with applause by modern doctors, and yet the opinions expressed in this book are avowedly Socinian, or conformable to the views of the French philosophy! In this the two Socini are spoken of as having adopted the reform; (p. 163.) in this, the religion of the human heart, spread over the world, is said to be Christianity anterior to Catholicism; in this the advance in mathematic and military science, under Gustavus Adolphus and Frederic of Prussia, are treated of as among the happy effects resulting from the Reformation of the Church! Villers asks, "What modern state can boast of a king like the immortal Frederic II.?" But his opponents probably found no ground for humiliation in the reflection, that their religion was the only creed which was pronounced incompatible with the views of this monarch. I am not astonished that they should feel the importance of pointing to works of this nature, that men might be aware of what was depending upon certain popular questions, and that they might not be misled by any ideal portrait of their own creation, or by the deceitful use of expressions which conveyed different ideas in the minds of the men who used them from those that were obvious and ordinary, that they might not separate principles and practices from a system under which they will be always forbidden and retained. This advocate pronounces that "none of the institutions of the middle age were calculated for the new humanity. As lances and shields had been laid aside for fire-arms, so

must the other characteristics of the olden time be altered. It was requisite that every thing should change. The new spirit could not subsist in the ancient forms. It is therefore," he concludes, "under this point of view that the Reformation must be considered as a necessary product of a new age, as a manifestation of a new spirit." Those, on the other hand, who saw not the necessity for such a change, were pleased at being presented with such plain statements of the position, that others might not be mystified and hoodwinked: and though it would be great injustice to many of the first leaders if their opponents had ascribed such views to them, yet when they considered to what extent even their best principles were carried by those around them, and what were the real and most operative causes in accomplishing the changes of the Church, (I do not say the Reformation for that was necessary) we must acknowledge the ground to have been valid for believing that, after all, it was not so much in consequence of any real advance in the spirit of Christianity that those mighty changes of religion in the northern kingdoms of Europe were proposed, but rather of the politics of princes and statesmen, the avarice of the nobility and gentry, and the irreligion and licentiousness of the people.

> "Confessions, fasts, and penance set aside,
> Oh! with what ease we follow such a guide!"

It was in vain to think of silencing such vulgar charges. "Call you this the Gospell," says Wilson, a zealous gospeller, "when men seke onlie for to

provide for their bellies, and care not a groate though their soules go to helle? Doe you not see how every one catcheth and pulleth from the Churche what thei can[c]?" As far as England is concerned, one fact might set the question at rest. In our nation, drunkenness first became prevalent in the reign of Elizabeth. Before that period, ever since the entry of the Normans, the sobriety of the English was remarked by all Europe. "If any one wish," says Musculus, "to see a multitude of knaves, disturbers of the public peace, &c. let him go to one of their cities." "Who," says Erasmus, "are those Gospel people? Look around you, and shew me one who has become a better man; shew me one who, once a glutton, is now turned sober; one who, before violent, is now meek; one who, before avaricious, is now generous." "Indeed," says Melancthon, weeping while he says it, "speaking modestly, any other state of things, in any other age, exhibits the beauty of an age of gold, when it is compared to the confusion which the reformers introduced[d]." Let the reader consult Mr. Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church for other testimonies to this truth. (p. 172.) And what was the state of this country before this revolution? "A numerous clergy," says Mr. Butler, "administered the rites and blessings of religion; numerous portions both of men and women, whose institutes were holy, furnished the young with means of education, the old with comfortable retreats, and all with opportunities of serving God in honour and integrity. Throughout England the

[c] Warton, Hist. IV. p. 165. [d] Ep. Lib. IV.

Roman Catholic religion only was acknowledged, so that the Reformation found the whole nation one flock under one shepherd. Almost every village contained a church, to which the faithful, at stated hours, regularly flocked for the celebration of the eternal sacrifices, for morning and evening prayer, and for exhortation and instruction. In a multitude of places, the silence of the night was interrupted by pious psalmody. England was covered with edifices raised by the sublimest science, and dedicated to the most noble and most salutary purposes; commerce prospered; agriculture, literature, every useful and ornamental art and science was excellently cultivated, and was in a state of gradual improvement; the treasury overflowed with wealth; there was no debt; and one-fourth part of the tithes in every place being set apart for the maintenance of the poor, there was no poor law. Such was the temporal prosperity of England when the Reformation arrived. Will it suffer on a comparison of it with the condition of England at any subsequent era, or even with its present?" This gentleman proceeds to examine, in his Twelfth Letter, 1. Whether England has gained by the Reformation—2. in spiritual wisdom*—3. or in morals? 4. Whether the revival of letters was owing to it? 5. Whether the conduct of the religious orders called for the dissolution of the monasteries? The first reformers themselves acknowledged, repeatedly, that the people only desired to have their own way and live at their pleasure. "Men," says Luther, "are more revengeful, avaricious, and much

* It will be no answer to this question to prove that the most learned and judicious body of the moderns is not Socinian.

worse than they were under Popery[f]." Those who are acquainted with the history and literature of that period, must know that it was the era of the decline and fall of chivalry, and of the greatest corruption of manners in every rank of society. When the city of Berne had abolished the convent of Inter Lachen, (the church of which is now a wine cellar,) and supplied its place by reformed teachers, the subjects of the convent were in great joy. "No more convent," said they, "no more taxes, no more tenths!" But Berne soon required taxes and tenths; and immediately the peasants turned back to be Catholics out of rage, and drove out the new teachers. It was the same case in other countries: England, Camden says, seemed to be raving mad[g]; and, without doubt, these were the secret causes and the weighty arguments which produced such a sudden and violent revolution. It is generally believed that these changes in England were immediately succeeded by a flourishing state of letters: the Reformation and the revival of learning are made to constitute the blessed whole; but the writers of our literary history[h] have shewn that this was by no means the case, and that for a long time afterwards an effect quite contrary was produced; the grammar schools and Universities were deserted, degrees were abrogated as anti-christian, Duke Humphrey's library at Oxford was totally stript by the spiritual reformers, and a total stop seemed to be placed to all improvement in

[f] Luth. in Postil. Evang. Advent, but I grant from his declamations nothing can be proved.

[g] Camden, Apparat. ad Annal. Eliz.

[h] See Warton, for example.

knowledge: the persons ordained by the bishops were artificers, and other illiterate persons; so that, about the year 1563, there were only two divines in Oxford, the President of Magdalen and the Dean of Christ Church, who were capable of preaching before the University.

Again, it were well if the attention of religious men had been directed to the fact, that the arguments and principles which were employed against the Church, might be urged in the same manner against all the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith. As Zuingle explained the words, "This is my body," so in like manner did Socinus interpret the passages which proved the divinity of Christ. Again; it was said that ceremonies and points of doubtful meaning ought not to be pressed upon the people, who began to dislike and disbelieve them. To this Jeremy Taylor makes a remarkable answer. "The boy was prettily peevish, who, when his father bade him pronounce Thalassius, told him he could not pronounce Thalassius, at the same time speaking the word: just so impotent, weak, and undiscerning a person is that who would forbid me to do an indifferent action, upon pretence that it makes him ignorantly sin; for his saying so confutes his ignorance, and argues him of a worse folly." "See that you be perfect at home," he says in another place to the clergy, "that all be rightly reformed there; as for reformation of the Church, God will never call you to an account. Some things cannot be reformed, and very many need not, for all thy peevish dreams; and, after all, it is twenty to one but thou art mis-

taken, and thy superior is in the right; and if thou wert not proud, thou wouldst think so too[1]."— Berkeley has remarked that there is no sort of sophism that is not employed by minute philosophers against religion; and I dare undertake to shew that there is not one which has not been employed against the clergy and the monastic institutions of the middle ages by men who profess religion and learning, who have attacked them in the way that Dryden calls "the slovenly butchering" oftener than in that of those fine strokes which separate the head from the body, and leave it standing in its place. They are guilty of a *petitio principii* in taking for granted that the way to heaven is the broad and strait way inconsistent with occasional austerity, and that men may follow the guidance of philosophy in all things while they resist the authority of the Church;—of *non causa pro causa* in affirming that the people were kept in ignorance by the clergy, and that the wealth of the Church was the fruit of their avarice and pains; that if Pope Adrian in 785, and the Roman see after him down to the seventeenth century, did regard the canons of Isidore Mercator as the basis of the canon law and discipline, then for eight hundred years the clergy were wilful impostors. They are guilty *fallaciæ accidentis* in confounding the vices of particular men and of the age with the great body and with its general essential spirit;—of *ignoratio elenchi* in expecting to find the benefit resulting from the labours of the Christian priesthood recorded by historians and satirists and

[1] Minister's Duty.

poets;—guilty *plurium interrogationum* in many of their sentences where they ascribe beneficial effects to the revival of learning and the Reformation; as also when they demand, "Can any one doubt of the wickedness and superstition of Pope Alexander VI. and his Clergy, of the superstition of Louis XI. and his nobles, of the falsehood of the tales about St. Dunstan and the other saints?" They are guilty *fallaciæ consequentis*, when they discover, with modern writers, in the early life of St. Dunstan strong indications of hypocrisy, turbulence, and ambition. Though "to me," says Mr. Butler, in the language of unassuming wisdom and piety, "these are invisible, unless it is certain that a person, who retires in his youth from the dignities and gaudes of the world, spends many years in privacy and humble occupations, and afterwards attains great dignities in the Church, must necessarily hence have been hypocritical, turbulent, and ambitious in his youth."

But the worst of all is *mentitionis*, (I would there were a softer word); as when Robertson, copying Maclean, proves the corruption of the Church from a garbled extract out of Dacherii, "Spicilegium veter. script." which speaks quite differently from the real passage before him[g]; as much so as if a writer were to quote St. Barnabas's Epistle, where he describes the way of light, and affirm and prove that he says, "You shall confess your sins, this is the way of light." And, lastly, if I may be allowed to form another composed of many of the preceding, they are guilty "*deliberationis*," as in the case of

[g] See Lingard's Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, p. 460.

one of the most admired writers of the day, who dresses up another of the odious figures with which we have been made too familiar, in defiance of history even in the particular instance he selects, and then unblushingly affirms, and appears to suppose that a nation of scholars is to take his word for it, that this hateful portrait "is a just specimen of all monks down to the Reformation." Nay, others have even converted into crime their virtues and accomplishments. Ginguené complains of their having thought more about copying Bibles and Missals than about Greek and Latin manuscripts. Others again attacked them for having splendid libraries. And Wickliff, in his tract, "Why poor priests have no benefices," condemns Wykeham his contemporary on the ground of his skill in architecture, as one of those "wise in building castles, or worldly doing, though he kanne not read well his sautern."

So much for the conduct of those who pretended formally to argue touching the points in dispute. But we come to a more painful spectacle in beholding the conduct pursued by gentlemen of birth and honour towards those who remained unconvinced by the modern expounders, towards the men whom the late Mr. Wyndham called obscure, yet not meaning that they were destitute of hereditary virtues and hereditary dignities, that they were not a part of that class which ought to be denominated *ultimi Romanorum.*

It is not strange that men of low origin, whose breeding has been learned in a college, or that professed controversial writers should pursue the ob-

jects of their resentment with unfair representations and viperous calumny. There is nothing in the acquisitions of a critical scholar, or of a popular preacher who must court the itching ears, that can supply the place of religion or the high feelings of a gentleman; but if sad experience did not prove the fact, it would be incredible that gentlemen of birth and honour, condescending to be their vile echo, should be guilty of seconding and approving of such injustice. The phraseology of a conventicle ill agrees with a corslet, the illiberal jealousies of fanaticism appear still more odious when exhibited by men whose circumstances were favourable to the developement of every generous feeling. But our ancestors would account for this by pointing at the plundered abbey, and the palace built of church stones, while they repeated the words of Tacitus, "Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris."

Charles I. tells his parliament that he has issued out a proclamation for the due execution of the laws against Papists, and that he has most solemnly promised, on the word of a king, never to pardon any priest without their consent, &c. They were to be put to death for singing the mass. Charles II., as is well known, owed his escape to gentlemen and various persons of this religion, who fought for him to the last; and yet the defenders of the crown never seemed to feel that they had incurred an obligation[b].

[b] See "a Catalogue of English Catholic Peers, Knights, and Esquires, slain in the defence of King Charles I." London. Keating and Brown.

From the first, the fear of exciting too intense and dubious a feeling has restrained me from entering upon any detailed view of the history relating to the Church, even to the policy which was pursued till very lately towards those who had not followed the age, of which the examples, as the amiable Mr. Alban Butler gently says, "are not to be related or called to mind without melting into tears;" while simpler souls will find the sign of the cross their safest mode of expression. Far from me the wish to remind generous youth of the facts of this history, disguised and falsified as they are by the moderns. It may be necessary for some to undertake the task of relating these things honestly, "sed ita tetra sunt quædam, ut ea fugiat et reformidet oratio." Still I must venture to select some instances of the evil that I would correct. Lord Clarendon says himself, that he had broken off all friendship with the Earl of Bristol from the time that the Earl had changed his religion. He mentions the law, "that all priests for saying mass were to be put to death," without one word of horror or censure; and he relates that, when Charles II. desired to know whether actually such was the law of England, he proceeded to explain "the seasons in which, and the occasions, and provocations upon which these laws had been made;" and he clearly hoped to establish their justice and wisdom. But indeed I must leave to other writers the odious task of going through with this history. Every name, every circumstance that stands conspicuous on its page, might give rise to the most bitter reflections,

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though very opposite from those which modern writers would suggest. After reading the sad detail we may mournfully repeat the words of St. Augustin: "Hæc facta sunt in pace post Bellum.—Pax cum bello de crudelitate certavit, et vicit. Illud enim prostravit armatos, ista nudatos. Bellum erat, ut qui feriebatur, si posset, feriret: pax autem, non ut qui evaserat, viveret, sed ut moriens non repugnaret[h]."

Indeed, however natural it might have been for ordinary men to view, with impatience or anger, those who injure them, it should have been remembered how very inconsistent it was with philosophy, and particularly with that divine wisdom that should govern every member of the city of God, to betray any great concern about the evils which the world, which the vulgar, "whether in robes or tatters," could inflict upon the brave. The favour of God and the love of our friends rest upon a basis which their strength cannot overthrow, and with these we have every thing. "Multis miseriis turbatum est hoc seculum," says Alcuin, "et non est refrigerium in eo, nisi in misericordia Dei et fide Amicorum[i]." To be consistent with their religion, to retain the dignity of their nature, the consciousness of their own honour, the spirit of that high chivalry which was their boast, they ought to have disdained those evils which were only material and bodily, "and therefore could be no bigger than a blow or a cozenage, than a wound or a dream." Gentlemen of

[h] De civitate Dei. III. 28. [i] Epist. xxxii. apud. Caniss. vol. ii.

honour might have learned a lesson in this respect from a poor cloister monk, Luis Ponce de Leon, who, after a confinement of five years in the Inquisition without seeing the light of day, being at last released, and restored to his theological chair, an immense crowd being assembled to hear his re-opening lecture, as if no such melancholy interval had taken place, resumed his subject with the usual formula, "Heri dicebamus," &c.

But it will be urged, on the other hand, that men can deprive us of the very treasure which we deem sufficient and secure,—the faith of our friends. "How is it possible," said Theseus, in the tragedy, "that mine and the interests of the sons of Œdipus should ever be at variance?" Have you forgotten the reply?

"Ὦ φίλταθ' Αἰγέως παῖ, μόνοις οὐ γίγνεται
Θεοῖσι γῆρας, οὐδὲ καθανεῖν ποτε·
Τὰ δ' ἄλλα συγχεῖ πάνθ' ὁ παγκρατὴς χρόνος.
Φθίνει μὲν ἰσχὺς γῆς, φθίνει δὲ σώματος.
Θνήσκει δὲ πίστις, βλαστάνει δ' ἀπιστία.
Καὶ πνεῦμα ταὐτὸν οὔποτ' οὔτ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν
Φίλοις βέβηκεν, οὔτε πρὸς πόλιν πόλει.
Τοῖς μὲν γὰρ ἧδη, τοῖς δ' ἐν ὑστέρῳ χρόνῳ
Τὰ τερπνὰ πικρὰ γίγνεται, κἄυθις φίλα[k]."

You have acknowledged the instance of the Earl of Bristol, with whom Lord Clarendon boasts that he broke off all intimacy in consequence of his acquiescing in the religion of his ancestors. And might not these affecting lines of Sophocles have been repeated, in our time, by the high-minded and truly virtuous Stolberg, who was insulted in his last moments by the man whom he had once cherished in

[k] Soph. Œdip. Col. 600.

his bosom?' Alas! my reader, what can I reply to these things? Certainly I have not a word. Even our swords are formed to remind us of the cross. You and I may live to shew "how much men bear and die not." "This is a place of sorrows and tears, of great evils, and a constant calamity. Let us remove from hence, at least in affections and preparation of mind."

Again, those who adhered to antiquity were struck with the want of what they deemed wisdom, of the deep old philosophy; or rather of spirituality in religious and moral views, which distinguished the men who opposed them. It was a very remarkable appeal which Fenelon made to his readers, in these words: "Cherchez tant qu'il vous plaira hors de cette sainte unité, (I would understand this as alluding to the unity of affections and faith) vous n'y trouverez que des docteurs secs et éblouis de leur science, qui languissent sur des questions sans fin, et qui s'evaporent dans leurs propres pensées."

This is not the place for entering upon a review of the character which the new principles succeeded in fixing upon the men who supported them, for the subject would be unbecoming and most ungracious. Certes, if antiquity knew not the spirit of holiness, that spirit hath not been tempted since to alight upon the earth. "I see them," said Erasmus, "coming forth from hearing the preacher with a ferocious air, and menacing regards like those of people who had been hearing bloody invectives and seditious discourse." "In these harangues," says he, "the leaders inflamed their fury to madness: they inspired such rage that they seemed even pos-

sessed by the evil spirit." And it was Mr. Gibbon who made the observation, that "there actually subsists in Great Britain a dark and diabolical fanaticism, perhaps beyond any other country in Europe."

And what was the portrait of the leaders besides Luther and Calvin, who are not to be spoken of in few words, nor described as Tillotson described Luther, calling him "a bold rough man:"—a Carlostadius, whose character might have been found described by Melancthon:—a Zuinglius, painted by himself:—an Œcolampadius, of whom Luther gave his opinion:—an Ochin, whose opinions were not concealed:—a Beza, whom governments at least, had reason to fear:—a Muncer, of whom it is well not to speak:—a Knox, whose office in the Reformation was proclaimed by Dr. Johnson:—a Cranmer, of whom every man had means for forming his own opinion in the page of our English history?

With regard to the wonderful man who was the chief actor in the tragedy of which Erasmus spoke, there were many reasons to induce the advocates of antiquity to be humble, even when they alluded to him. Against whom should mortal man dare bring "a railing accusation," when the Archangel Michael durst not do it, when disputing with Satan about the body of Moses. They knew too the degree of deference to which learned and wise and good men, who might differ from them in opinion respecting him, were entitled, and even besides the motive of not wishing to offend them, the subject itself was not to be approached in a light careless style of declamation, (nor indeed without a combat of the heart, if they had heard Martin Luther's hymn;)

and so those that were wise and moderate would not be forward in estimating what might have been his merits, who perhaps but lightly regarded man's judgment; and yet he had one to judge him, and to whose merciful judgment he has to stand or fall, and to which it will become all private men to leave him; for certes, besides the motives of piety, "modeste et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronuntiandum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damnent, quæ non intelligunt." And so I would pass on in silence, if the language and opinions of many men did not proclaim the necessity of reminding one another that, beyond controversy, we should beware of investing any common mortal with the gift of unerring judgment[1]; let our opinion of them be what it may,—"summi enim sunt, homines tamen." And though I firmly believe that much more than this might be reasonably and piously urged, yet it shall suffice for this place.

The dangers, which were sure to present themselves, arising from the neglect or abandonment of the Church, appeared an argument against innovation to most thinking men. We have lived to see the divinity of Jesus Christ rejected in a formal document, promulgated in the very centre of Protestantism, in that small democracy of Geneva, of which "the influence on some of the great states," says Villers, "particularly on France, England, and Russia, is incalculable:" not that I exactly agree to this.

[1] Some will be taking up this sentence to cast it back on me. Let them not be over hasty. The spear would glance to the ground.

Men predicted that it would be in the most frightful abandonment of all but a kind of natural religion, that these disputes would end, and that this would be found more tolerable to the person who had involved himself in the difficulties than the distractions and doubts which led to it. He would repeat a well known sentence:—"I am weary of conjectures, this must end them." Certes, foreseeing such a situation of the world, it was well to possess the power of being beforehand with parliaments and with men who meddle with matters that fall not to their province, and who take upon them sometimes to make new religions, or to change the old. It is a miserable thing when a silly traveller is deserted in a wild mountain by the guides in whom he confided, or obliged to join a band of plunderers into whose company they may lead him. The moment he can foresee such an event, it is high time to look out for some means of gaining a vantage ground, and of escaping from under their control before they have matured their plans and involved him in destruction. Certainly, in this crisis, it is both dangerous and criminal to bind oneself irrevocably to such company. Even those who are still faithful may be blinded and led astray equally with ourselves, or may fall to disputing and idle reproaches of one another, and still vainer remonstrances, while it would be for those whom they had forsaken to cry with the Roman poet:—

"Sic eat, O Superi, quando pietasque, fidesque
Destituunt, moresque malos sperare relictum est;
Finem civili faciat discordia bello."

Certainly these difficulties might not have been experienced by the men who sought honour one from another, and not the honour which cometh from God only; for if they aspired to that character of wisdom which carried with it such reverence in the world, and what is far more, amongst the men of intellect and learning too frequently, they were to be ready to follow the age wherever its opinions might lead them, and to give up all convictions of their own on matters of religion, or at least the scruples which would direct them to act accordingly. A total indifference to all religious distinctions will, in every age, among a certain class, carry with it an imposing air of philosophy and superior discernment, which few persons are able to disdain when they may obtain it for themselves with little trouble; for there is nothing so easy as to catch the phraseology which middle-witted sophists regard as the stamp of men of judgment. I, too, might talk of an enlightened age, and the absurdities of superstition, Καί κεν ἐγὼν ἐπέεσσι καὶ ἀθανάτοισι μαχοίμην· but there is nothing to approve of in such a proceeding if we regard it in reference to chivalry; and assuredly every holy man will tell us that it is a kind of wisdom incompatible with the folly of the cross. Certainly then it was not wonderful when the scene of the world seemed so fearfully to darken, when the opinions of the age became so violent in opposition to the principles of antiquity, that common prudence, the bare desire of salvation, was thought to require men of all degrees and circumstances, even to their own loss and hindrance, to adopt the measure that

placed a broad line of separation between the parties, and that they should cry out in the words of the Church,

["Libera, Domine, animam servi tui, sicut liberasti Enoch et Eliam de communi morte mundi. Amen.

"Libera, Domine, animam servi tui, sicut liberasti Noem de diluvio. Amen."

If we contemplate in a later age, the state of the continent of Europe, as to these events, the most cautious reader will admit that there is justice in the following observation of M. de Bonald, which, without this reference, is rather unguarded:—"in the time of Bossuet and Leibnitz," he says, "the question was between the Catholic and the reformed religion, because there were then Catholics and reformed; but to-day, when the indifferent are the majority, it is the Christian religion which we must defend; it is the civilization of Europe and of the world that we must preserve; it is order, justice, peace, virtue, truth—all morality, that is, all that is great and elevated in man as in society, in manners as in laws, in the arts even as in literature; and on this ground, without entering into any discussion, even philosophic, as to the truth of the respective doctrines of different communions, I fear not to say, in general, that the doctrine the most strong, the most inflexible, the most positive, the most hostile to indifference, is that, whatever it may be, which we ought to preserve*." So far M. de Bonald. Indeed, without lay-

* Melanges Litteraires, Tom. I. p. 298.

ing claim to any supernatural gift of prescience, an attentive observer may reasonably exclaim with the chorus,

"Ἀκμάζει βρετέων ἔχεσθαι[p]."

If there be in this selfish and unthinking age any man who has learned wisdom from the past, and who can view the future with the eyes of a sage, divested of the false colouring which the passion or prejudice or selfishness or wickedness of the heart creates, like Polydamas, "who alone," says Homer, (and had he fallen on these times the praise would still be his due,) "could see the past and future,"

"Ὁ γὰρ οἶος ὄρα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω·"

he would be ready to receive that passage of the Iliad where this wise man gives counsel to the Trojans, as conveying in an allegory the instruction which men of religion need; and, in the very words of Polydamas, he would give counsel to those that are willing to distract and divide the Church. It is painful to the pride of man to feel that he has been deceived, and to look for help from any thing besides his own wisdom; therefore in advising the obvious measure that prudence will dictate, he would even quote the words with which Polydamas prefaced his harangue, and he would say,

——— "αἴ γὰρ δή μοι ἀπ' οὔατος ὧδε γένοιτο·"

not indeed in confidence of persuasion, but knowing that it would be perhaps his own companion and

[p] Æsch. Sept. cont. Theb.

friend that would fiercely reply to him in the words of frowning Hector,

——— "σὺ μὲν οὐκ ἔτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα ταῦτ' ἀγορεύεις,
Ὃς κελέαι κατὰ ἄστυ ἀλημέναι αὖτις ἰόντας.
Νήπιε, μήκετι ταῦτα νοήματα φαῖν' ἐνὶ δήμῳ·
Οὐ γάρ τις Τρώων ἐπιπείσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω."

and that the result would be but a repetition of the Homeric record of the Trojan people—

"Ἕκτορι μὲν γὰρ ἐπήνησαν κακὰ μητιόωντι,
Πουλυδάμαντι δ' ἄρ' οὔτις, ὃς ἐσθλὴν φράζετο βουλήν[9]."

It must have been often remarked how almost all the eminent clergymen of the reformed Church of England, who adhered to the spirit of antiquity, have been in their time ridiculed and persecuted by the men who support τὴν καινὴν παίδευσιν. Chillingworth died in consequence of the treatment which he received from the Presbyterians, because he had once been Catholic. Jeremy Taylor was imprisoned in the Tower of London, because his bookseller had prefixed to his collection of offices a print of Christ in the attitude of prayer, which was thought scandalous and tending to idolatry. Sanderson, Hooker, Bull, Laud, and Butler, were formally accused of Popery; nay even religious laymen, from Charles I. down to poor Isaac Walton, thought themselves obliged to refute this terrible charge; and it would be hard to point out a time when a zeal to observe even the prescribed injunctions of the reformed Church did not draw down the charge of superstí-

[9] Il. xviii. 311.

tion, of holding antiquated notions, of being behind the age, and insensible to that second reformation which has abandoned by tacit consent the vestiges of Popery which had been suffered to remain;—vestiges, which, in the early stage of the Revolution, were essential to its final triumph, as Tiberius knew how he should preserve the form of the republic, with its titles and dignities, and show a form of respect to its edicts and its records; and while men of all ranks were rushing into slavery, he was anxious "ut vocatus electusque potius a republica videretur, quam per uxorium ambitum, et senili adoptione irrepsisse[*]." Still it must be acknowledged, however revolting may be the profaneness and bad taste and inhumanity of other opponents, these last are the most inconsistent and perhaps ungenerous among the moderns; for what arguments would be at their disposal, with what sentences could they prove the power of eloquence; nay, what command, arising from holiness of heart, could they exercise over others, if they did justice to antiquity and abstained from availing themselves of her arguments, which they have eluded—of her sublime feelings, which their principles tend to eradicate[†]—of her means and provisions and consoling images, which they have ridiculed and defaced and pulled down from the ancient sanctuary? Certes, it is from her armoury that they come prepared for the combat. Like Hector, who clothes himself in the panoply of Achilles; like Plato, who makes use of oratory to ridicule orators,

[*] Tacitus, Annal. I. 7. [†] Vide Locke, Paley, &c. &c. &c. &c.

as Cicero says of him, that he seemed chiefly admirable in the Gorgias, "Quod mihi in oratoribus irridendis ipse esse orator summus videbatur';" like Cervantes, who, with his imagination ennobled by the sublime images of romance, came forward to give the death-blow to the generous system of chivalry—so, in the case of these men, it is with the old arguments, feelings, and provisions, that they provide themselves: the lovers of ancient wisdom are slain with their own weapons: and behold their opponents arrayed in all the grandeur of their own panoply, standing on a ground which they hold it impious to attack, and impossible to conquer. But again, with respect to the laity, I must observe that they were generally placed, under the old system, in a state very favourable to their becoming holy knights, ready for heavenly adventure; sith they who were unlearned had not to choose between two evils: if they were not men of the world, void of all those chivalrous feelings, and disdainful of those practices which characterize heroic men, still they did not find themselves in the number of certain pedantic persons who confer but little honour upon religion or humanity, while it is a first principle with them that all but themselves are knights of poor faith and of wicked belief. In the case of antiquity, there was no such dilemma for the simple laity: the thoughtless respected the devout, and the devout were full of tenderness and charity for the thoughtless: a man was no less qualified for every place to which his own rank and personal endow-

' De Orat. I. 2.

ments, as well as the love of others, might call him, because he was known to be religious, to worship God with zeal and hearty affection, and with all the circumstances of piety; it gave him no pedantic or ungracious air in the estimation of others; the beauties of youthful behaviour were no less conspicuous in him; his growth was no less beheld with favour, his honour no less respected, his friendship no less sought for, his courage and his spirit no less undoubted, his personal accomplishments no less agreeable in the eyes of those who are to youth the dispensers of happiness and honour.

But to say a few words more respecting the character of the Reformers.

Of Calvin himself it is not necessary to speak here; some may think, "Dixi omnia, quum hominem nominavi;" and with regard to his disciples, it will be sufficient to cite the testimony of Grotius, when he says, "Calvini discipuli ubicunque invaluere, imperia turbaverunt." Most certainly, if ever the standard of rebellion was lifted up, it was in France by the Calvinists; and though the generous heart will be always on the side of brave men who resist oppression, still, unless we assume the position that subjects may make war with their king on account of his religion, (for this was their only pretence,) we cannot justly condemn those who resisted them; they were the first to provoke by conspiring against the king and his ministers, and then they said it did not become *gens de cœur* to suffer themselves to be put down; and that is very true; but then, as Bossuet says, if they were determined to be

gens de cœur in this manner, they should have renounced the character of religious martyrs. Calvin wrote to the Baron des Adrets to desire that his "soldiers should do violence to no man, and be content with their wages;" which was to recognize them as a lawful army; and Beze, by his sermons, as he himself confesses and boasts, was one of the principal instigators of the war; and it is certain, upon his testimony, (lib. vi. 282.) that when the prince desired peace, he only demanded the opinion of the gentlemen bearing arms; so that the ministers were not even heard, nor admitted to advise against it. Even writers on their side have said that the impartiality of history cannot blame the conduct of Richelieu in opposing them; and how do these professed restorers of the discipline of the Church refute the charges brought against them by the Bishop of Meaux? They are founded on the confession of their own writers; and perhaps they adopt the most prudent course, by making Bossuet give place on their shelves to the volumes of Voltaire.

Let us pursue the task for a few minutes longer of inspecting the characters of the men who have been distinguished by their zealous attacks upon the ancient religious character of Europe.

When Mary Queen of Scots was led to execution she carried a crucifix, and prayed, concluding with these words, "As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins." "Madam," said the Earl of Kent, "you had better leave such popish trumperies, and bear him in your heart."

(This was the grand charge against the Church, that it kept men from attaining to a spiritual religion,) she replied, "I cannot hold in my hand the representation of his sufferings, but I must at the same time bear him in my heart." It is often by means of several trifling circumstances which agree in testimony that we can arrive at a satisfactory conclusion; and of this kind of evidence there is indeed no deficiency in the case before us. Let us take a specimen. That heroic king, James of Scotland, who fell in Flodden Field, had been buried in the monastery of Sheen, in Surrey. Now, on the dissolution of that house, in the reign of Edward VI. the corpse had been thrown among some rubbish into a waste room, where some workmen for pleasure hewed off its head; and Queen Elizabeth's glazier kept it in his house, in Wood-street, London, on account of its sweetness and singular appearance[1]. Let it not be said that I bring forward cases of outrage committed

[1] While these sheets are in the press, the following account appears in an English newspaper, Dec. 31, 1825:—"We were yesterday led to examine a tomb in the very ancient church of St. Catharine, which workmen are now pulling to pieces for the purpose of forming the new Dock. It was the tomb of John Duke of Exeter, who was, we believe, uncle to Henry V., and was with him at the battle of Agincourt. His skull is now in the possession of the surveyor. The cranium is small and retiring, which those who profess to be learned in such matters, say, is evidence of royalty and legitimacy, as well as of valour. The teeth are remarkably perfect." But the late disinterment of Alfred and of several of his family at Winchester, and the demolition of the old abbey walls for the purpose of erecting a Bridewell on the spot which had contained for so many ages the bones of this renowned king, is the most remarkable fact of this nature that we can reasonably expect to find.

in the moment of popular fury, and that had nothing to do with the spirit and principles of what was then the new philosophy. It is not so; for it was the spirit of this philosophy which led to these very instances, and the advocate of its principles was answerable for them, and what is more, was perfectly willing to be so. Had the instance just related been proposed in any general assembly of enlightened moderns, the very most that could have been expected would be the acknowledgment that it might indicate somewhat of bad taste; but even this poor concession would have been made in a tone and a form that plainly implied they granted it more from compliance with a certain old custom of speech than from the dictate of their principles, and they might have been censured, as the Epicureans of old were by Cicero, for their inconsistency in shrinking from declaring openly the full length to which their opinions led. And as to the destruction of churches, abbeys, and chapels, which took place that our Lord's service might not be served nor said, and the purposes to which they were and are still applied—of wine cellars, or bridewells, or sheds for cattle, or to whatever else the publican, or the magistrate, or the farmer, or the nobleman who is the proprietor, may think them applicable—I must observe that here again is an instance in which we have less reverence for God than the pagans of old. Lampridius, the historian of Alexander Severus, records of him, that a certain idolater putting in a claim to an oratory of the Christians, which he wanted to make an eating-house of, the pagan emperor adjudged the house to

the Bishop of Rome, saying, "it was better it should serve in any kind to the Divine worship than to gluttony, in being made a cook's shop." In England I have seen feasting and revelry on the very spot where the altar of God once stood. Is not the paganism of Alexander Severus nearer to Christian truth than the system of men who are so utterly void of all human feelings of reverence? I have heard the walls of Roslin Chapel re-echo with shouts of mockery and laughter, and yet they were not brute beasts that lay there entombed; they were the human dead, at least, if the lordly line of high St. Clair had no other reverence. Would it not have been better to have met there these pagans of Greece and Rome than such Christians?

I shall not have occasion to spend many words to prove that from first to last the demeanour and temper of our ancestors were widely different. If it were only on the score of humanity, and hatred of affectation, placing out of the case all preference to any one religious system, I should feel constrained to be their advocate. Take what is considered the most intolerant part of our history, and the contrast will be striking. Compare, for instance, "The Summe of the Epistle," written by Doctor Redman to M. Latimer, with "The Summe of M. Latimer's Answer to the Doctor." (Wordsworth's Eccl. Biog. vol. iii. p. 20.) Compare the desire of Mary's government, that Latimer should escape with the inference drawn from it by Fox. (Ib. p. 121.) Compare the words of Queen Mary to Ridley—"My Lord, for your gentleness to come and see me, I thank you; but for your offering

to preach before me I thank you never a whit"—with the vehemency of Ridley on this occasion, wishing he had shaken off the dust of his shoes for a testimony against that house; "so that the hearers confessed their 'hair stood upright' on their heads." Or go back to the reign of Henry, and compare the opposite parties throughout that era: take, for an instance, the speech of Cardinal Campaine and that of the Duke of Suffolk, given in Cavendish; (Wordsworth's Eccl. Biog. vol. i. p. 434.) and without doubt every impartial reader must admit this conclusion. Far be it from me to adjust the balance of bigotry and cruelty between contending parties, or to draw conclusions from particular cases affecting the argument at issue. I know that violence and intemperance are the natural companions of men who rise up in opposition to ancient institutions, and that the cause may be good, though the persons who are its advocates be obnoxious to just censure; still I contend that the friends of antiquity may be justified in pointing out the fact, that the men who came forward to bring it in guilty of falsifying the faith of Christ, were themselves deficient in the essential spirit of this faith; and they may, perhaps with justice, argue, that though God hath ordained that good should ultimately result from evil, he hath in no instance made use of it to establish good, or given the sanction of his authority to men who effected a revolution in the world without being models of conformity to his will.

Again, the moderns themselves confess that there is little of meditative religion in the communities

that they admire. Indeed, their abolition of the monasteries, and their defence of that measure, proved it so as to place that question at rest for ever. Lord Bacon openly avows that divinity knoweth not mere contemplative piety; he means, which is not actually drawn out into some actions of benevolence to men—a which Cicero, who deemed the contemplation of heavenly things the highest part of action[1]—which Milton, who thought man for contemplation formed—which the Psalmist, who held the internal praise of God to be an act of virtue, would hardly, I presume, have granted. And yet, if shewn any of the practical catechisms which served to build up the ancient religious character, that is, the books which prescribe acts of mercy and love and penitence and thankfulness, these moderns deride the superstition of exacting mere works and performances, which, as they truly say, are nothing without faith, the love of God, and other Christian graces of the Spirit; and they quote St. Paul, "If I give all my goods to the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

It was notorious that preaching formed nearly the whole religious service of many of the new religious communities, while the apostolic and catholic institutions for the observance of continual prayer, and the repetition of the Psalms after the example of David, who said that "his eyes should prevent both the dawning of the day and the night watches, by meditating on God's word," were laid aside, as tending to laziness and useless superstition. But in

[1] De Finibus, Lib. V. 21

their place were sermons, which the ear was never to be satisfied with hearing; and surely the effects which soon presented themselves seemed to imply that religion might be very little profited by merely instructing the understanding, if men neglected to furnish their hearts and affections with proper exercise. The Christians in the middle ages heard sermons, and I believe, for the most part, such as might at least rival the finest discourses of the modern preachers; but then they did not go to church merely to hear a preacher. There are higher and more spiritual employments for that holy place. Formerly a Christian said, with St. Thomas-a-Kempis, "Tædet me sæpe, multa legere et audire; in te est totum quod volo et desidero." "Taceant omnes doctores; sileant universæ creaturæ in conspectu tuo; tu mihi loquere solus." Some of the reformed churches did indeed retain a few of the old ceremonies of religion; but how were these observed and esteemed by the great body of men in those communions? Men who had been educated upon modern principles, complained that the people in foreign countries, which had resisted the proposed changes, seemed to consider them as heathens; but might not an appeal have been made to any candid person who was conversant with the world and with antiquity, even who derived his opinion of Christianity from the articles of the reformed churches, whether the conversation of nine of those persons out of ten did not fully account for the conclusion, not that they were like heathens, but that they had no faith, principles, or feelings, in common with their fathers, or

with those who still repeated the creeds and professed the religion of the ancient Church, whether of the East, or West, whether of the Greek, or of the numerous Oriental Churches of the Nestorians, Eutychians, and Monothelites, who were unconnected with the Church of Rome from an early age?

The worship observed in the middle ages was admirably calculated to inspire devotion:—not the fleshly enthusiasm of excited passions, but the pure flame of spiritual religion. Those daily and midnight offices, too, which are so lightly spoken of by the unthinking moderns, were doubtless a source of blessing not only to the assistants but to temporal men in all their quests of earthly knighthood when they were in danger, or distress, or sickness; an observation, to which Alcuin alludes in a letter to Count Maginher, in which, besides giving him many admirable directions for a knightly life, he says, "Esto quoque Ecclesiis Christi quasi frater, ut per orationes servorum Dei, inter pericula hostium, fluminum, viarum, infirmitatum, divina te protegat dextera, regat, atque conservet semper, ubique *."

Nor is there wanting evidence that, on some occasions, they were made use of in affording some extraordinary information and relief to men.

They tell a strange tale connected with a monastery on the river Sanen, where I was once lodged for a night, which I will give in the words which first conveyed it to me:—"It struck four. The bell called the monks of the convent of Altenryf to

* Apud Canis. II. Epist. lii.

the Church. A fearful storm had raged the whole night long. Still the thunder roared in the distance, and the sky was lighted by the forked flashing. The rain had fallen in torrents, and had enormously swelled the waters of the river Sanen, which raged in a winding course round the convent. From the craggy cliff opposite the rain had caused a quantity of the earth and rock, with the trees which had crowned the brow, to fall into the river, which disturbed still more the muddy wave. In their white choir habits the monks glided into the Church like beings of another world. The lightning flash still lighted up at intervals the stained window which cast below a red and green tinge. The chaunt began; the full-toned organ accompanied and raised it." I cannot picture to myself that scene and hour without thinking of what passed in the Church of the monastery of Croyland, when the sons of Ragnar Lodbrog, having invaded England and carried devastation and blood before them, having just slain the undaunted Algar and Zolius, and routed the army opposed to them, a few youths of Sutton and Gedeney who had escaped in the night fled to communicate the fatal news to the monks of that house which stood in an island in a vast tract of water. The Abbot and monks were performing matins when they arrived. What a moment, when the youthful and the strong were ordered to fly with their charters and jewels, and to hide themselves in the neighbouring marshes with Toretus the anchorite, when the flames of the villages in Kesteven had already spread towards them, and the howls of the barbarians were heard as

they rushed on exulting to find Christian priests to massacre; while the venerable Abbot and those who were too young or too old to fly, in their sacred vestments, performed their mass and sung their psalter, till the cruel Oskitul and his ministers hewed them down at the altar, broke down the tombs, and committing the edifice to the flames, poured on to Peterborough! But to return to our peaceful choir at Altenryf. "The chaunt began. At the words of the 26th psalm: *Pater meus et mater mea, dereliquerunt me: Dominus autem assumpsit me* was Father Romuald seized with a certain presentiment, but he concealed what passed within his soul. The service was at an end. The storm had removed to a distance, and the sun shone in the east. The small fowl twittered on the branches which still gave minute drops amid the rustling leaves. The Sanen roared below less furiously." The story goes on, showing how, moved by an inward restlessness, Father Romuald wandered mournfully down to the sandy bank of the flood, sunk in himself and disturbed, "smiling nature," with all the charms of the summer beauty, not being able to overcome the impressions on his mind; till, at length, he observed on the bank of the river, still in part washed with the wave, a cradle, and in it a tender sleeping infant: he drew near. It was nearly naked, and embedded in mud and sand, only its innocent smiling face was free. Romuald threw himself on his knees, and drawing the cradle out of the reach of the threatening wave, gave thanks to God for making him the instrument of his mercy to the poor child. "Hapless

creature! thy father has forsaken thee. I will be thy father. Thy cruel mother has abandoned thee, I will seek a tender one, who will nourish thee in her place. Almighty God! I understand thy warning, and thy will shall be fulfilled." The child was brought up under Romuald in the convent which he left young; and, after a life of adventures, weary of the world, he became a holy hermit, and inhabited the lonely cell in the rock on the river Sanen, called St. Magdalena.

Gentle reader, you perceive I am not like one who stands on his guard against an adversary. I fear I ought not to have detained you with this story. The good monks of the house knew nothing of it. It may be true or it may be false, κακον δ' ανεμώλια Βάζειν. Nathless, having no character of solemn reserve or Thucydidean dignity of style to support, permit me to go on and add a few words more about this same monastery, because my remembrance of what passed in the Church on the night when I lay there, in the course of a journey, may serve to express more distinctly that sublimity and holiness in the old service which have been already spoken of. I was then young, but the impression was so strong upon my mind that I am able to give a distinct account of what passed.

The evening was closed when the bell rung for complins. Having expressed my desire to assist at the service, I was conducted to the gallery of the organ over the west door, where one of the monks followed to perform on the instrument, for which he required no light. The Church, an old Gothic

structure, was nearly dark, for the lamp which hung in the distance before the altar only shone like a solitary star, without enlightening what lay below. The monks, therefore, I could not discern, but they sat in the choir far off, as their voices indicated. At times they chaunted in a loud sonorous tone and rapid manner; at others, they kept silence, and then a feather would have been heard to fall on the pavement. At intervals the convent bell was heard to toll hastily. The effect was most solemn without for an instant suggesting the idea of any thing like contrivance; affectation in religion was not heard of among the old Christians. Indeed, so perfectly was this obviated that, until I came to reflect upon what had passed, the possibility of such an evil never occurred to me. I could perceive that the monk, upon rising from the organ, knelt by my side. His tall pale figure was just discernible through the gloom bowed down in silent profound devotion. At last, suddenly the chaunt in the choir ceased, and all was silence. It was the end of the service, but there was not a motion or sound in the Church for the space of ten minutes. This was ancient piety, the religion of our fathers, the calumniated spirit of the Church. There would the knights have knelt in silence like the stern figures that now kneel upon their graves. Chivalry teacheth us to hold our tongues, and Jeremy Taylor quotes Plutarch to shew that the "being taught first to be silent, then to speak well, is education fit for a gentleman or a prince." It was the spirit of heroes as well as saints, nourishing the heart of man, pre-

paring it for mighty deeds, for bravery and death. But no longer to play in romantic words with that which is so serious.

Much has been said and written with the view of proving that the old religion of Europe was mixed up with many of the ceremonies and much of the spirit of the heathens: but if these objectors had taken the pains to examine the question, they would have found that these ceremonies and circumstances of worship have been derived by the Church from the Jews, and herein she ordained nothing, but after the example of Christ himself; for he made no change but what was necessary. Bishops, Priests, and Deacons are in the Church what these were in the temple, to whom was committed the care of lamps, and the daily sacrifice, and the holy unction. "Baptism," as Bishop Taylor remarks, "was a rite among the Jews, and the Lord's Supper was but the *post cœnium* of the Hebrews, changed into a mystery, from a type to a more real exhibition; and the Lord's Prayer was a collection of the most eminent devotions of the prophets and holy men before Christ, who prayed by the same spirit; and the censures ecclesiastical were but an imitation of the proceedings of the Judaical tribunals; and the whole religion was but the law of Moses, drawn out of its vail into clarity and manifestation." The Jews did pray for the dead. "Now it is very considerable," says Bishop Taylor, "that, since our blessed Saviour did reprove all the evil doctrines and traditions of the Scribes and Pharisees, and did argue concerning the dead and the resurrection, yet he

spake no word against this public practice, but left it as he found it; which He, who came to declare to us all the will of his Father, would not have done if it had not been innocent, pious, and full of charity. The practice of it was, at first, universal, it being plain in Tertullian and St. Cyprian [r]." But, passing over this, what is the force of the objection if we should astonish our opponents by admitting that, in some points, there is a resemblance between the ancient religious character of Europe and that of the nations of the earth before Christianity? "There is not a doctrine of the Church," says Le Maistre, (and nothing is more true than his assertion) "there is not a doctrine, there is not even a usage, appertaining to the higher parts of its discipline, which has not its roots in the profoundest depths of human nature, and, consequently, in some universal opinion more or less altered here and there, but common, nevertheless in its principle, to all people of all times." He continues. "The developement of this proposition would furnish matter for an interesting work." Certain it is that the philosophy of the East, as it appears in the writings of the Greek sages, was held by the early Fathers to have served the purpose of an introduction to the Gospel, and, no doubt, the man who, like Panætius, had always on his tongue, Plato, Aristotle, Xenocrates, and others, would be well prepared for receiving the most awful and mysterious doctrines of the Church; but the study of

[r] Liberty of Proph. i. 20.

these old sages did not in the least prepare the mind for admitting the spirit or the principles of the new theories which, under one general name, belonged to a school of philosophy, only to be described as a system which dignified with that epithet whatever was held by the ancients to be opposed to all philosophy. In England however for the last three centuries, "during which interval," as Bishop Berkeley says, "there has been much talking and writing, but very little thinking," the dignity and importance of this old philosophy, that is, of natural religion, has been less and less regarded. So that this argument would have been but lightly valued. However, I shall build upon the fact one proposition; namely, that the charge of Heathenism brought against Christian antiquity by Dr. Middleton may be turned in an awful manner against the persons who thoughtlessly produce it. What, because the Greek and Roman heroes trusted in Providence, would it not be intolerable if every school-boy, armed with Homer and Virgil, were to laugh at our ancestors because they had the same firm reliance? And may not this reasoning be pursued further? Because Pythagoras, by far the wisest of all the philosophers, and his disciples after him, wished to keep the vulgar class of mankind in a teachable spirit and modest reverence for authority, was the wisdom of the Church to be condemned because it taught to the common people the duty of humility, of not trusting solely to their own judgment or to the fancied influence of particular inspi-

ration, when they had the successors of the apostles, for such were the ministers of Christ, to preach the Word of God? I know, alas! too well, with what bitter scorn such a question will be received by certain people; but I know also the state of society, the manners of the age, the blasphemy, the fanaticism, the madness of the vulgar, all which confirm the opinion of the wisest of men and the doctrine of the Cross:

> " ————Quid diceret ergo
> Vel quo non fugeret, si nunc hæc monstra videret
> Pythagoras [a] ?"

Because the heathens, taught by the light of nature, and by the tradition which, doubtless, had the revelation of God for its origin, made vows and offered sacrifice, and were scrupulous in the circumstances of religion, at certain times, to all the gods, δεξίας καὶ ἀριστέρας ἀνισχόντες, as we read in Demosthenes [a], (for which, by the way, St. Paul commends the Athenians in his famous sermon, of which the common English version does not give the exact force of the words,) are our ancestors to be accused of Paganism, because they paid their vows, and offered before the Lord daily in fulfilment of the divine prophecy, " that, from the rising up of the sun to the going down thereof, and in every place, sacrifice and a clean oblation should be offered up [b]." Which sacrifice, says St. Augustin [c], " per sacerdo-

[a] Juv. vi. [a] In Midiam. [b] Malach. i. 10.
[c] De civ. Dei. xviii. 35.

tium Christi secundum ordinem Melchisedec in omni loco á solis ortu usque ad occasum Deo jam videmus offerri."

Dr. Middleton, from his hatred of Christianity, pushes the comparison to a degree of extravagance that becomes perfectly ridiculous, and that must, I should think, produce a re-action in the mind of every reader who is not only a man of piety, but of common taste. "There are frequently erected on the road," he says, "huge wooden crosses, dressed out with flowers, &c., which always put me in mind of the superstitious veneration which the heathens used to pay to some old trunks of trees or posts, set up in the high ways;" and then he quotes Ovid's Metamorphoses. What because the Pantheon at Rome, with the single alteration, as this writer observes, "of changing the name and consecrating the temple, serves as exactly for all the purposes of the Papist as it did for the Pagan worship;" is it, therefore, a Pagan temple? What different thoughts ought the view of the Pantheon to inspire! "Tous les saints á la place de tous les Dieux!" cried the Count le Maistre, "quel sujet intarissable de profondes meditations philosophiques et religieuses!" Because the Jews were to extirpate the nations who served their gods upon the high mountains, must we argue with Middleton that our ancestors were like heathens, because he heard that they had a chapel on the top of Mount Cenis? Where is the necessity for concluding that the Pope is the successor, not of St. Peter, but of the Pontifex Maximus; that the processions, incense, holy water, lamps and tapers, votive gifts,

expressive for ever of gratitude for deliverance, (just as men, in later times, return thanks once by word of mouth,) and other ceremonies and circumstances which prevailed with our ancestors, were contrary to Christianity, because the heathens, out of their natural piety, had observed the same, or what resembled them? Because, in the Homeric age, it was held impious to speak reproachfully to the poor, like the suitors of Penelope, exclaiming

Πτωχὸν ἀνιηρὸν ἓαίτων ἀπολυμαντῆρα,

or, like Melantheus,

Ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὖν δὴ ἔργα κάκ' ἔμμαθεν, οὐκ ἐθελήσει
Ἔργον ἐπόιχεσθαι, ἀλλὰ πτὼσσων κατὰ δῆμον
Βούλεται αἰτίζων βόσκειν ἣν γαστέρ' ἄναλτον·
Ἀλλ' ἔκ τοι ἐρέω, τό δε καὶ τετελεσμένον ἔσται,
Ἀι κ' ἔλθῃ πρὸς δῶματ' Ὀδυσσῆος ζείοιο,
Πολλά οἱ ἀμφὶ κάρῃ σφέλα ἀνδρῶν ἐν παλαμαων
Πλευραὶ ἀποτρίψουσι δόμον κατὰ βαλλομένοιο [d].

or, even to give an air of philosophy to the rebuke, as Antinous reviled the swine herd, who had led a poor strange beggar to the house, saying,

—— ἢ οὔχ ἅλις ἥμιν ἀλήμονες εἰσὶ καὶ ἄλλοι
Πτωχοὶ ἀνιηροὶ, ἓαίτων ἀπολυμαντῆρες;

or because Penelope said of Antinous, for raising his hand against the beggar, μελαίνῃ κηρὶ ἔοικεν, were therefore the Christians of the middle ages in the errors of Paganism when they did not agree with the moderns in thinking that the system of monastic relief to the poor, and the giving of alms at the doors of castles,

[d] Od. xvii. 226.

was a prodigious evil, or because they called them the poor of God, and thought that in helping them they helped Christ? Because the heathens, at the beginning of a journey, before they went to sleep, or rose in the morning, when they entertained a stranger, in short in all the smaller affairs of life, desired the protection and favour of the gods, by incense and drink offerings, are therefore the Christians of the middle ages, and of the primitive age too, to be called heathens because they prescribed the sign of the Cross, and holy water and secret recommendations to heaven, to express their hope and trust in the mercy and grace of God preventing and prompting them, and bestowing a blessing upon the smallest evidence of faith and love? Because Nestor would not appoint an embassy to appease the wrath of Achilles till he had ordered a libation to gain the mercy of heaven, because these warlike messengers as they went along the shore of the resounding sea offered up their prayers to the Deity who could alone soften the heart of him whom they would propitiate, ought we to brand the devout preparations, the pilgrimages of our ancestors, and their prayers by the way, with odious epithets? Upon the gathering of a thunder storm over the mountainous region of Bavaria, I enquired from my host at an Inn, the occasion of the bells being tolled. "It is, Sir," said he, "because we are simple Catholics, and it is our custom thus to remind folk that they ought to pray in such moments." This might remind a man like Middleton of that trait of natural piety described by the poet, of the Trojan heroes who

held a feast on that terrible night when Jove gave his thunder,

> Οἶνον δ' ἐκ δεπάων χαμάδις χέον, οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
> Πρὶν πιέειν πρὶν λεῖψαι ὑπερμενεῖ Κρονίωνι.[e]

but would this justify an inference unfavourable to the custom, or rather to the spirit, of the old religion of Europe? Because that divine philosopher Plato expresses his opinion that men should not only erect decent monuments to their dead parents, but should also every year discharge the accustomed rites in their honour, not sparing the necessary expense, that so, by a continued commemoration, they may always honour them[f]; or because the same philosopher holds that, next to the gods, we should pay reverence to the souls of the men who worship them, and that, in the second degree after the gods, we should reverence such souls, evidently meaning that they merit reverence only inasmuch as they resemble the Deity, and that he is to be revered in them[g]; because there is something in this resembling the doctrine of Christian antiquity, which enforced the sentiment of natural as well as of revealed religion, touching the regard due to the saints of God, was therefore the Christian of antiquity, was St. Augustin, infected with heathen superstition when they taught that men should pray for the dead, and not regard all communion with them as at an end when they were removed from this life, and that the saints and martyrs were to be had in honour, and

[e] Il. vii. 480. [f] De Legibus iv. [g] Ibid. v.

their memorial to be retained in the Church on earth? But let us take a less subtle instance. Achilles, when he states his intention of departing from Troy, announces that, having loaded his ships, he shall be seen hoisting sail,

αὔριον ἱρὰ Διὶ ῥέξας καὶ πᾶσι θεοῖσι.

Does Dr. Middleton mean to claim credit to himself and to his followers because they have no such custom, neither the religion to which they belong? Really it is a little too much to expect that men of thought can be silenced by such atrocious and insulting sophistry. Who would not rather belong to the religion of Hector than to that of the modern philosophers? Who would not rather worship in the Parthenon than be a philosopher in the saloons of Paris? Than such a creed, Paganism is ten thousand times more philosophical, more holy, more spiritual, more generous, more lovely, more Christian. The philosophy of Socrates was thought by the Fathers to be a good introduction to the Gospel, to prepare men for Christianity. According to Cicero, the object of that philosophy was, first, to lead us to the worship of the gods, then to a knowledge of justice, afterwards to promote modesty and greatness of soul [h]. Collius [i] has shewn, from a review of the ancient sages and from the testimony of the holy Fathers, that philosophers had, in some measure, under God, prepared the Gentiles to receive the instruction of the Holy Spirit; but

[h] Tuscul. Quest. i. 26. [i] De animabus Paganorum.

what does the modern sophist, who teaches the philosophy of Dr. Middleton, prepare men for? It is religion to make no reply. I reverence him and his philosophy as fate and death. This gentleman, whom the new divines are so fond of quoting, has indeed proved one thing fully in these famous letters, that if he had been living with the same mind in the days of Plato or Cicero, he would have been a despiser of the gods, and would no more have had regard to the spiritual elevations of Socrates, than to the fables of Cerberus, but his understanding must, indeed, have been obscured and weakened by the indulgence of a scornful temper, if he imagined, for a moment, that by a string of classical and trite quotations, he could convince any scholar or man of sense that the old religion of Europe and the legal religion of pagan Rome were the same, or that any corruption of men, in the darkest ages, was able to make approximate, in the smallest degree, two systems so essentially different. The truth is, (and the conclusion is not the hasty result of a superficial glance upon the world) the spirit and system which have grown with the age, have succeeded not only in exciting a hatred and contempt for the forms, institutions, and principles of the ancient religion of Europe, but in branding with the epithet of superstition what the common natural piety of the human heart would always dictate: have made men, (let us never fear to speak the truth) less devout than the de-

spised pagans; have succeeded in obliterating, in a greater or less degree, from the minds of men who trust to them, all regard and reverence for those devout exercises of religion which the light of nature before Christianity was able to point out—the aspirations, the tears, the feelings of awe and love, the outward indications of natural piety, the bended knee, the stretched out hands, the pouring out of wine, the first observance before even an answer is made to inquiries, the solemn silence of an adoring supplicating spirit,

"Ἄπυστα φωνῶν, μηδὲ μηκύνων βοήν[1]"

such as we find exemplified in Homer and Hesiod, in the Argonautica ascribed to Orpheus, in Æschylus and Sophocles, in the father of history, Herodotus, and in all the early records of mankind; the conviction of sin lying heavy on the soul, of the necessity of averting judgment, (however that truth might be obscured in the horrible penances of the East,) the voice of conscience, that God has claims upon the soul and body of his creatures, that knowledge which was appealed to by the Apostles; and have succeeded in separating from religion, that is, by taking away the proper object on which they should be exercised, all those delicacies of feeling, and those ennobling faculties of the imagination which were in unison with what the Gospel afterwards revealed to mankind; such, for instance,

[1] Soph. Œdip. Col. 479.

as Demosthenes ascribed to the Athenians, calling it the conceding spirit of piety, Τῆς εὐσεβείας τὸ συγκεχωρηκός· (in Midianâ) such as that tender regard for the graces of a humanized spirit which gave rise to the "injecto ter pulvere;" such as that quick sensibility in distinguishing between actions, which the bold rough assurance of the moderns deem identical; of which apprehension Demosthenes furnishes a striking instance in this same oration, shewing how it was necessary, when a choragos was to be prevented from exercising his office, to take him by the hand and lead him out, and not merely summon him to withdraw, Ἁπάς τις ὤκνει τῆς ἀσελγείας τάυτης αὐτοχεὶρ ὀφθῆναι γιγνόμενος· and how, when a man had been appointed to the office who was disqualified by law and whose pretensions were fatal to the interest of others who had expended their substance on account of the dignity, and had resolved (the law and their own interests conspiring) to prevent his discharging it, when the theatre was filled, and they saw the people collected, Ὤκνησαν, ἔιασαν, ὀυδείς ἥψατο. Doubtless it was facts like these which led Tertullian to exclaim, "O testimonium animæ naturaliter Christianæ;" and yet these are the very facts and features of antiquity, which, if pressed upon the world at this day, if applauded even when sanctified, and recommended by the additional authority of Scripture and the Church, (much as this position will surprise and scandalize the mere superficial observer who has never studied either himself or others,) would be laughed at as trifling, false in philo-

sophy, useless, superstitious, the spirit of the dark ages, the abominations of the popish Church."

With respect to what was advanced by Calvinists and others, that their communion existed before the Reformation among the Vaudois, the Albigenses, the Lollards, and the Bohemians, some held immediately that this very claim might be converted into an argument against them; because what the tenets were which these sects professed, that some were destructive of all civil order, others of the fundamental points of the Christian religion, even according to the new confessions of faith, was a matter of history which all the controversy in the world could never overthrow; and most candid and judicious men were of opinion that Bossuet, in the Eleventh Book of his "Variations," furnished a complete evidence against the possibility of making these sects the authors of any reformation which did not entirely destroy the Christian faith. So that the attempt seemed to imply a criminal indifference to the means by which certain men sought to justify themselves. St. Jerom writes, "Whoever is united to the chair of Peter, he is mine[m];" but these theologians took up the converse of the proposition, and seemed to say, "Whoever is separated from the chair of Peter, he is mine."

But again; how could any unprejudiced observer account for the fact of so many men of undoubted piety and learning remaining constant in their attachment, or becoming converts, like the

[m] Ep. xvi. aliæ lviii. ad Damas, p. 22.

Count of Stolberg, to the ancient religion, (no divines carried their affection and reverence for it farther than such men as St. Bernard, Pascal, and Fenelon, Sir Thomas More or Fisher, though some, in defiance of all truth, would have made them out to be half inclined to the modern opinions,) if it had been really guilty of the crimes and follies laid to its charge? "Remarquez s'il vous plait," says Fenelon, "que les plus grands saints, et les écrivains de la vie intérieure qui ont eu les plus touchantes marques de l'esprit de grace," were, as Saint François de Sales, in the ancient communion, "et prets à mourir plutôt que d'en sortir. Les ames humbles et pacifiques, qui ne vivent que de recueillement et d'amour, sont toujours petits à leurs propres yeux et ennemies de la contradiction; elles sont bien éloignées de s'elever contre le corps des pasteurs, de décider, de condamner, de dire des injures." And here I must observe what unfair conclusions have been drawn from the opposition of men in different ages to the vices and abuses of their time. A true historian knows well that with respect to the Church, even the men who suffered from the exercise of its power, and who exposed the abuses which had crept into parts of its discipline, were firmly attached to its communion. This remark is true with regard to the great men of the earth like the Emperor Frederic II. of Suabia, who, after scandalizing Europe by employing Saracens against the Pope, died a devoted and generous benefactor of the Church; and it is most true also, in reference to men of genius and learning, as in the

case of Dante, who makes a pope ascribe the event of his conversion to the time of his becoming Rome's pastor:—

——————— "Late, alas!
Was my conversion: but when I became
Rome's pastor, I discerned at once the dream
And cozenage of life; saw that the heart
Rested not there, and yet no prouder height
Lur'd on the climber: wherefore, of that life
No more enamour'd, in my bosom love
Of purer being kindled. For till then
I was a soul in misery, alienate
From God, and covetous of all earthly things[a]."

Dante, who knew what were the faults of Boniface VIII., and what the wrongs of his predecessor Celestin, yet loudly condemned those who had outraged the person of the former pontiff. He makes Hugues Capet enumerate the crimes of his race, and then to say—

——————— "to hide with direr guilt
Past ill and future, lo! the fleur-de-luce
Enters Alagna; in his vicar, Christ
Himself a captive, and his mockery
Acted again. Lo! to his holy lip
The vinegar and gall once more applied,
And he 'twixt living robbers doom'd to bleed."

Petrarch, the source and subject of whose complaints have been so grievously misunderstood or misrepresented by men who wished to bring him in as an evidence on their side, was a most devoted servant of

[a] Purg. xix.

the Church. Boccacio and our Chaucer both lived in much esteem with divers holy men in orders; nor would any good Catholic have blamed them for inveighing against the vices of particular priests in their age. And certainly, if Ariosto could have foreseen the circumstances of a future time, and what dull falsehoods pedants would then draw from his ingenious fiction in the "Orlando Furioso," he would rather have deprived his Benedictine or Augustinian friend of a harmless smile, than have left a line which could be made use of in the cause of such stupid malignity. Even Erasmus, upon his "Encomium of Folly" being censured by Martin Dorpius, solemnly declared, that "if he had foreseen the troubles by which the Church was afterwards, at no distant period of time, afflicted, he would not have composed a work so gay, on subjects which unexpectedly proved so serious[o]." However, Sir Thomas More came to the aid of Erasmus; he justified his intentions in composing the work, defended many passages and expressions to which Dorpius had objected, and extenuated the apparent culpability of others. Nay, still further; Boccacio, in the most scandalous as well as perfect of his works, has found a defender in an orthodox and learned prelate, Bottari, who shews, in his lectures in the academy of La Crusca, that the objects proposed by Boccacio were reasonable and just, that he employed his satire against hypocrisy, against the accidental vices of the court of Rome, against false miracles and false relics,

[o] Life of Erasmus, by Charles Butler, Esq. p. 151.

and that for so employing it he had even the authority of the fathers and councils, who were equally severe against similar impostures [p]. Poggio published his "Dialogue on Hypocrisy," in which he so violently attacks the clergy, under the eyes of Pope Nicholas, who was his patron, and who continued to extend his favour to the author of the "Dialogue." Muratori relates and deplores the traffic of indulgences, under Leo X., without being less the faithful servant of the Church of Rome; and Trissino, who, in his great poem of the "Italia Liberata," is so unmeasured in his description of unworthy successors of St. Peter, lived in the enjoyment of the highest favour and most honourable offices at the court of Rome during the reign of two successive popes.

Dr. Knight, in his "Life of Dean Colet," dwells with peculiar satisfaction on the proofs that this great and religious man was detested by the men whose vices and follies he exposed. Have not good and holy men, in every age of the world, been exposed to the calumnies and hatred of the profane? And how utterly fallacious is his argument, unless he takes for his ground that the Catholics and men of corrupt lives were identical? Has he not, however, been obliged to record the peculiar esteem and veneration which Sir Thomas More always entertained for him, making him his confessor, and constantly attending his sermons? (p. 139.) and that he was "not out of confidence in the court of Rome, from whence some commissions were directed to him?"

[p] Ginguené, Hist. Lit. de l'Italie, III. p. 129.

(p. 184.) What an atrocious and sophistical line of argument it would be, if a modern writer were to assert that all the holy and contemplative persons in the Church of England belonged to the Methodist communion, and that the Socinian and worldly-minded ministers were the representatives of the Church! And is it not the very same fallacy that such writers as Dr. Knight propose to us, saying, that all the good and wise men were among those who were for the new communion; and that the old, vicious, ignorant theologians, (to dispute with whom was like fighting with beasts at Ephesus,) "the monsters," the lovers of ignorance and corruption, were the representatives of the ancient Church?

I am aware that the reader who is accustomed to associate all religious considerations with polemical divinity, must have risen unsatisfied from the perusal of these miscellaneous remarks, if not with some impatience towards the writer; for besides that the advocates of antiquity will generally say in the words of Sir Thomas Brown, "We have no genius to disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them," they never could have so totally forgotten all that had been inculcated by their masters in philosophy, as "to suppose that it was easy to attain truth and avoid error, to get rid of old prejudices, to purify the interior eye," as St. Augustin says, "and render it capable of contemplating the sun of the soul, truth; to suppose that difficulties could be removed amidst confidence and false information, pedantic learning,

and confirmed habits of mind leading to one conclusion;" and reasoners, such as Le Maistre describes, "dont l'embarras n'embarrasse pas." How could it have been expected that the great part of men, in modern times, should have seen these things in the light through which they appeared to their fathers? It would have required a long and careful study of the profound writers of what Lord Bacon terms, "the Georgics of the mind," concerning the husbandry and tillage thereof, to have been able only to trace out the complicated involutions of the bandage which covered many eyes. "For three centuries," says Le Maistre, "all history seems nothing but one great conspiracy against truth[1]." So it was on this particular point with literature in general, from the novel to the controversial essay; and, by the way, I appeal to every man of letters and taste, whether, excluding the religious question altogether, upon purely literary grounds it is not sincerely to be wished that an evil should be removed which imprints a stain upon the whole of our literature, making it obnoxious to the charge which Voltaire brought against the provincial letters, that "il ne s'agissoit pas d'avoir raison, mais de divertir le public[2]!"

One of the most profound and eloquent of the moderns has made an observation which should be placed along with the above testimony of Le Maistre. "I have not a deeper conviction on earth," says Mr. Coleridge, "than that the principles, both of taste, morals and religion, which are taught in the com-

[1] Du Pape. [2] Siecle de Louis XIV.

monest books of recent composition, are false, injurious, and debasing." But this progress of mind had long before been lamented by men of discernment. Even Sir William Temple said, "Whoever converses much among the old books will be something hard to please among the new." The evil is progressive. A student who is conversant with the English writers of the 17th century, upon coming to the perusal of our more recent literature, finds himself in a new world where "the new humanity," the second reformation is fully established. From the 17th to the 19th century, the progress of opinion, in an opposite direction from antiquity, increases in a geometrical ratio, as mathematicians would say, the accelerating force varying with the distance from the fixed point at the centre. Moreover, as long as men denied the positions of antiquity, there was hope; for, by argument and evidence, its friends might bring them back to it; but, in our age, men adopt a course which seems to place an invincible bar to their return. With provoking complacency they consent to generals with a salvo that renders them without effect. They will grant that all might be right and wise in a former age, but they will insist that, in our time, "the new humanity," our population, perhaps our commerce, our increased civilization, have rendered the modern positions just and essential; that is, have abrogated the wisdom of all ancient philosophers, and the experience and judgment of all past ages of mankind. So, indeed, as for seeking to draw men towards antiquity, the case, humanly speaking, might have seemed hopeless:

for, as Solomon saith, "he that cometh to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find matter for his humour, but no matter for his instruction;" and, indeed, those who are ever diving into antiquity for the purpose of spying the nakedness of the land, "grubbing and searching," as Büsching says, "for weaknesses and failings that they may paint a horrid caricature, full of loathsome deformity and horror, whilst every thing noble vanishes under their coarse hands[t]," will be only like the wolf in the fable, who went to school to learn to spell, "but whatever letters were told him, he could never make any thing of them but *agnus*, he thought of nothing but his belly." And again, as Lord Bacon says, "arguments are ever with multitudes too weak for suspicions[t]." And again, as it is said of old, "audacter calumniare; semper aliquid hæret," upon which the same philosopher comments: "it will stick with the more ignorant and inferior sort of men, though men of wisdom and rank do smile at it and despise it; and yet the authority won with many doth countervail the disdain of a few[u]."

"It is no breach of charity," as Sir Thomas Brown says, "to call these many fools; it is the style all holy writers have afforded them, set down by Solomon in canonical Scripture, and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of multitude, do I only include the base and minor sort of people;

[t] Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen. I. 16. [t] Hist. of Hen. VII.
[u] On the Advancement of Learning.

there is a rabble even amongst the gentry, a sort of plebeian heads, whose fancy moves with the same wheel; men in the same level with mechanics, though their fortunes do somewhat gild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies."

It might have been predicted that every fresh attempt to encourage a more charitable, manly, generous, and reasonable spirit, would almost aggravate the evil.

"Sincerum est nisi vas quodcunque infundis, acescit."

Still it was right to make the attempt, in reliance upon the power that could control unruly wills; still it was wise to remind men that there was a possibility of their being mistaken, that something depended upon previous habits, for "Suo quisque studio maxime ducitur;" that there was a kind of wisdom far above "knowledge," which "puffeth up," that will teach its possessor not to draw hasty general conclusions, though he set out with a just conviction of error. A pedant would call the angels to behold him, when he lights upon a false date or the transposition of a letter; but a wise man discerns such a fault and is silent. It was in vain for those who argued against peace and charity and brotherly bonds in Christ, to sound a trumpet, and proclaim the mistakes and the blemishes which other men had discerned before them. Their charges might have been true, there might have been those mistakes and blemishes, and yet they were no less proper fools for their pains. "Justus Scaliger," says Dryden, "would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him

after the possession of three thousand years. has he succeeded in his attempt? He has indeed shown us some of those imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind: but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger?" There were indeed pedants and fanatics in religion from whom the friends of unity and love had nothing to hope. Woe was me had I been constrained to dwell with them. Whoso adopted the opinions which are here expressed would have had occasion to use the words of king David: "I labour for peace, but when I speak unto them thereof, they make them ready to battle."

But to proceed with certain other observations, in a cursory way, such as can hardly fail to have proper weight with men of intelligence and moderation who are Christians, not alone from the spirit of party, but from reason and affection: observations "quæ si singula vos forte non movent, universa certe tamen inter se connexa atque conjuncta movere debebunt." And, as Lord Bacon says, "it cometh often to pass that mean and small things discover great, better than great can discover the small."

And first. I hold that we have a vast debt of gratitude to discharge: not to speak of Christianity, letters, and civilization, which we first derived from the old Church, I confine the amount to what is acknowledged by one of the bitterest enemies who ever wrote against it, and yet who concedes that "the Papacy with all its errors, its corruptions, and its crimes," (I do but repeat his words,) "was morally and intellectually the conservative power of Chri-

tendom. Politically, too, it was the saviour of Europe; for, in all human probability, the West, like the East, must have been overrun by Mahommedanism, and sunk in irremediable degradation through the pernicious institutions which have every where accompanied it, if, in that great crisis of the world, the Roman Church had not roused the nation to an united and prodigious effect commensurate with the danger[1]."

And truly this consideration will give rise to another argument which may be urged with considerable force against the spirit which is opposed to the religious character of ancient Europe. For if men are not attached to it from a similar feeling, they ought to honour and defend it as the moral principle which can save their respective countries, whose freedom and best interests are inseparable from the Cross. Nor let it be thought an argument against this position to point at the present condition of any country, where the old religion still prevails. The fate which seems to hang over the miserable race of men is not to be explained by a few flippant sentences and abusive epithets upon things we may despise and understand not. "O my good friend," says the Spartan stranger, in Plato, to an Athenian, who seemed to think that the success of his country in war was a proof that its peculiar notions were the best, "do not say that; for many defeats and victories are and will be unaccountable. Therefore

[1] See also the remarkable concessions of Sismondi. *Hist. des Repub.* tom. iv. p. 144.

we cannot say that it is a clear, but rather a very doubtful criterion in estimating good and evil institutions, to have respect to success or reverse in war. So that, putting success and subjection out of the question, let us proceed to argue how such an opinion or law is good, and such other not good[1]."

With regard to the particular objection which the present condition of some nations is so likely to suggest to the superficial reasoner, we may observe that, when the old religious feeling glowed in every bosom, the monarchies of Europe were limited and consistent with the personal freedom and dignity of their subjects, and certainly it is from a very different source that the modern system of internal military police has arisen. But let an honest answer be given to this question, what would have been the fate of Christendom if her only legitimate guardians had been the committee-men and patrons of modern societies? What would have become of that Evangelical religion, to the possession of which they may lay exclusive claim, if they had been its only defenders? The chief of the German reformers, we know, actually endeavoured to persuade his countrymen that it was resisting Providence to oppose the advance of the Turks, who then threatened Europe, and whom he represented as the scourge of God to chastise the idolatrous nations who professed the Roman Catholic religion. And Mr. Southey, in his Peninsular War, has given us an extract from "the Gospel Magazine," published during the momen-

[1] De Legibus.

tous crisis of our contest with Buonaparte, which compares the tyrant to Cyrus, because, having destroyed the persecuting spirit of Romish Babylon, and restored the liberty of religious worship, he had so far laid the foundations of the New Jerusalem. "It is of no avail," says the writer, "to object to any such character, that he is a man of blood, for such was David; and yet, as his wars were necessary to bring in the peaceable reign of Solomon, so the present wars, and the manifest destruction of the enemies of truth," (the persecution of that holy man, Pope Pius VII.) "may introduce the reign of a greater than Solomon, who shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." Who is there that loves his country, and will not shrink from any connection with such miserable betrayers of all that is holy in religion, and sacred in the estimation of brave and good men?

It has not been sufficiently observed, that the spirit of the ancient religion of Europe had a tendency to preserve the virtue and the fame of nations by cherishing against all the obstacles which a corrupt system of government could impose, that living principle which, though it may be the ridicule of scorners and of the religious sects who catch their manners, is assuredly the most lasting source of true heroism, that which secretly, but surely, nourishes the holiest and deepest feelings of the human heart, "the whole greatness of our nature, that power which may indeed lie dormant, and of which the possessors themselves may not suspect the ex-

istence till it manifest itself in the hour of trial!" This is one of the lessons which every man of thought and candour will derive from a review of history.

Much has been lightly said with respect to the influence of the new principles upon the knowledge and virtue of mankind. "Catholic Switzerland," we are told by Villers, in his celebrated essay, "has not a single man of eminence, of any description, to mention." It is very true, it may not have produced the most distinguished botanists or agriculturists, like those men who would never suffer the cattle to feed at large in the open air; nor such a genius as Iselin "the first," we are told, "who conceived the idea of writing a philosophical history of the human race;" nor may it be able to boast of such a city as that celebrated capital, where all the citizens are philosophers, and so very wise, that an ingenious traveller of our nation lately declared that after being there some days, he was obliged to go about with anxious solicitude to seek a fool. But it gave birth and principles to the men who fought at the pass of Morgarten; and though the Institute of France might take little heed of a bold peasantry, it should have been pointed out more than once, the Catholicism of the three cantons of Schwitz, Uri, and Underwald. But that our reflections may be confined within the narrowest limits, I shall endeavour to exemplify my position by referring to a few instances, furnished exclusively during the late Peninsular war. Mr. Southey is not the first English writer who has mentioned the bigotry and su

perstition which distinguished the capital of Aragon. "The French, too," according to this historian, "accustomed as they were to undervalue the Spanish character, had spoken with peculiar contempt of the Zaragosans. 'Few persons,' they said, 'are to be seen among them who distinguish themselves by their dress;—all is serious and regular—dull and monotonous. The place seems without any kind of resource, because the inhabitants use no effort to obtain any;—accustomed to a state of apathy and languor, they have not an idea of the possibility of shaking it off.'" Mr. Townsend, however, took a very different view of that city. "Here," says he, "I forgot all the hardships and fatigues which we had suffered in this long journey: nay, had I travelled all the way on foot, I would have freely done it to enjoy the sight of these Cathedrals. That which is called El Asen is vast, gloomy, and magnificent; it excites devotion, inspires awe, and inclines the worshipper to fall prostrate and to adore in silence the God who seems to vail his glory. The other, called El Pilar, spacious, lofty, light, elegant, and cheerful, inspires hope, confidence, complacency, and makes the soul impatient to express its gratitude for benefits received." Zaragosa possessed, also, the Church of St. Engracia, which Mr. Southey, while he calls it a monument of fraud and of credulity, grants to have been a place "wherein many feelings of deep devotion had been excited,—which many thousands had visited in faith, and from which, unquestionably, many had departed with their imaginations elevated, their principles ennobled, and

their hearts strengthened." We may learn even from history to what use these churches were applied; for, when the first national feeling was displayed in the city of Braganza, upon the sudden arrival of intelligence from Porto, it was in the church that Sepulveda was found by the messengers from the exulting multitude, and it was from prayer and meditation that the brave governor hastened to issue orders. Vulgar politicians and tyrants, blinded by the corruption of their hearts, might have despised these monuments and practices of ancient piety, which distinguished Zaragosa, "which the pedantry of war," says the historian, "described as a town not fortified." But the philosophic observer, taught by the collective lessons of history and wisdom, would look upon these things with a different eye; and, by referring to these very subjects of scorn, to the hours of meditation and prayer spent in these cathedrals, which, as Mr. Southey concedes, "had elevated the imagination, ennobled the principles, and strengthened the hearts of thousands," would be able to account for the event of that siege, than which, as the historian has justly said, "there is not, either in the annals of ancient or of modern times, a single event recorded more worthy to be held in admiration, now and for evermore." Well, indeed, might he exclaim, "let not the faith which animated the Aragonese be called superstition." It was virtually and essentially religion in its inward life and spirit, it was the sense of what they owed equally to their forefathers and their children; the knowledge that their cause was as righteous as any

for which an injured and insulted people ever rose in arms; the hope that, by the blessing of God upon that cause, they might succeed; the certain faith that, if they fell, it was with the feeling, the motive, and the merit of martyrdom! Nor is it beneath the notice of legislators to reflect on the importance of what is so often ridiculed as the popular faith of nations. The French trembled when they looked forward to the 30th of May, the anniversary of Saint Ferdinand. The eve of St. John had always been a festival in Coimbra before the year 1808, when it was celebrated with such uproar and overflowing joy. And Dupont, in his dispatches stating his distress, took care to mention, among other sources of his disquietude, that the anniversary of the great Spanish victory at the Navos de Tolosa was at hand, to which the Spaniards from religious, as well as national and local, feelings attached (as indeed they well might) great importance.

I have abstained from lengthening the present chapter, by alluding to the monastic institutions, because they have been already considered in another place, as belonging, at least in the principle, not to any peculiar system of any age, but to all spiritual religion, which is concerned with another world, arising naturally and necessarily out of the feelings which dictate retirement, meditation, and prayer. But here I feel compelled to observe how egregiously the moderns have erred in their judgment of the effects which follow from it. Mr. Southey pronounces that the persons in Spain, who went into nunneries by their own choice, would, in Protestant

countries, have been consigned to a Bedlam, and, doubtless, many there are who have experienced this latter fate in modern times, who would have escaped it if there could have been a haven open to them in time to fly from the storms and distractions of the world, and to heal the wounds of their afflicted spirit; but, that these institutions produced nothing but evil, as he affirms, is, indeed, a hard saying, and one which cannot possibly be just; one, too, which cannot be reconciled with the experience and judgment of the Spanish people, when, in their solemn proclamations, they called upon even the austere religious recluse nuns to take a part in their holy cause, to send up their prayers to heaven for the success of Spain, and to minister in their domestic œconomy to the necessities of their warlike brethren. Buonaparte hated and despised the whole order of regular clergy. "Experience," he said, "had shown him that countries where there were many friars, were easily conquered." "He was undeceived of his error in the Peninsula," adds the historian. Not to speak of the spirit and the religion which they taught and practised, and kept, as it were, continually before the eyes of the people, the annals of the war are filled with instances of the heroic devotion of the monks and clergy, than whom, with the exception of their Primate and those who governed the Inquisition, no men exerted themselves more strenuously in the common cause. They bore arms, (I speak as a layman, and dare not assert that they were right in so doing,) they exercised their spiritual offices to the dying, a service of no less

danger, of the merit of which there can be no doubt. During the whole siege of Zaragosa, no man distinguished himself more remarkably than the curate of one of the parishes within the walls, by name P. Santiago Sass, in whom Palafox reposed the utmost confidence, and whose deeds will live in memory for evermore. Wherever there was a service of danger, there was a monk or a priest ready to be devoted. Thus it was a priest (Mr. Robertson) through whom the British government communicated with the Spanish commander in Sweden. It would be but to repeat the most trite and familiar of subjects, to record the charities and humbleness and patience and piety of the religious orders, and of such prelates as the Bishop of Orense, whom Mr. Southey describes as one of those whose truly Christian virtues are the proudest boast and the truest glory of the Catholic Church. But when we discover also that these are the men who, when the crisis arrives, are the bravest and most devoted in the cause of humanity and of justice, yes, and even of every thing simple and innocent, beautiful and humble, it does indeed seem that they approach to the very ideal excellence painted by poets, or rather that they are living monuments of the truth of that dispensation which is from God.

Again. A man of refined and cultivated taste, had it been associated with a devout spirit, could hardly have been prevented from contracting an affection for that Church which St. Cyprian called the House of Unity and Peace. With our ancestors a multitude of causes conspired to make religion

form a great part of the pleasures of life. It was associated with every thing that could delight the imagination and soften the heart. It taught that "sine charitate opus externum nihil prodest, quidquid autem ex charitate agitur, quantum cumque etiam parvum sit et dispectum, totum efficitur fructuosum[a]." The practices which it enabled and recommended the faithful to discharge were all, more or less, capable of conducing to inspire the soul with happiness and peace, and of being united with the occupations and innocent diversions of life, in a countless variety of instances, so as to make these harmonize with religion. The mere view of our old English cathedrals and half-demolished abbeys, in the sweet retired lawns of Tintern or Netley, may have already directed the English reader to draw a similar inference. Whereas, beyond all doubt, in these later times the union of Christianity, or of what is thought Christianity and substituted for it with a kind of scornful spirit and gloomy pride in the absence of all restraint, a certain discontent and sullen indifference to every thing that gives expression and a body, as it were, to the overflowings of the heart, a kind of reality to the visions of imagination, oftentimes perhaps anticipating the felicity of a higher existence, has robbed men of much that made life a blessing. All this was condemned by the moderns: yet, without referring to the rites of the Jewish dispensation, our ancestors concluded, from the very nature of Christianity itself, as evinced by

[a] De Imit. Christ. i. 15.

the contents and by the revelation of the Gospel, first announced by the appearance of a star in the East, and then confirmed by a series of miracles, appealing to the senses, as in the case of the darkness at the crucifixion, that it was not the divine will that religious truth should be presented to men in the nakedness of metaphysical abstraction. Göthe laments, in the system of the moderns to which he himself was attached, the vacùum, the deficiencies, the want of harmony, which appear. He confesses that in the moral and religious, as well as in the physical and civil life, man does not act willingly impromptu. What he does, he ought to be led to do, and in a manner constrained to do by a series of acts which would give rise to habit. What he ought to love and practise should not be left to his solitary thoughts. The sacraments are the sublimest parts of religion, the sensible symbols of an extraordinary grace. He proceeds to charge the modern system, his own, in words that would seem too severe and decided for this place, but I may repeat his conclusion, that, " even what is left in the modern system cannot be enjoyed if that system has neglected to nourish in men the symbolical or sacramental sense, if they are not habituated to see, in the union of the internal religion of the heart with the exterior religion of the Church, one whole, one perfect harmony, a sublime and universal sacrament, divided into many symbols, to each of which it communicates its holiness." The modern system has destroyed this harmony: and, in leading to indifference, has deprived men of those sources of peace and consolation

which the mercy of God intended for them. Youth indeed, in some measure, triumphs over the circumstances of the world. Youth, in its hour of kingly state, may feel that existence itself is happiness sufficient; for the joy and manly diversions which nature every where affords in the mere prospect of her pomp, the rising and the setting of the glorious sun, the crossing midnight torrents, the encountering danger for some sweet friend, hearing the sound ἱππικῶν ἀγρύπνων πηδαλίων, of the sleepless bits of horses, the climbing of snowy mountains, the diving into the lonely depths of great waters, visiting the damp kingdoms where nymphs were said to dwell, the hard struggle in the bounding course of the well-oared cutter flying against the stream, a companion of the Naiads, the exercise of strength, and spirit, and generosity remains unaltered; and of these no reformer, however zealous, can deprive it. But then, to make no mention of such youths as appeared to Socrates so full of promise, who, when crowned, like Alcibiades, with beauty and riches and power and interest, if any god should say, do you wish to live, having what you now possess, or immediately to die, unless you might possess better things, would answer, that they chose to die[x]? I say, to make no mention of these, who, as Voght says of the German youth, find nothing in the world worth living for, but what love and the Christian religion form in the heart, the shades, the chilling shades of life's declension await every man, when

[x] Plato Alcibiad. ii. 4.

ordinary objects and the visible nature alone cannot suffice, when he stands in need of the comfort and delight, which the religious institutions of his country should yield, by keeping him conversant with the invisible world towards which he is hastening, when the retirement of a Church always open, the free discourse with the ministers of religion, who may be found without enduring the trouble and formality of an ordinary visit of compliment, the daily changes in the religious offices, and the general opinion that the attendance upon these is not a mere form, obligatory only upon such as fill responsible situations, and, therefore, a ridiculous superstition in one of independence; the very bond of union, which the old practices of piety unquestionably promoted amongst all ranks of men, producing that affectionate civility which strangers meet with in Catholic countries, and which no other religion produces, (I say this confidently from experience) and, as Fenelon says, "il n'y a point de veritable douceur par temperament:—pour etre doux á autrui il faut renoncer à soi;" the ear being soothed by always hearing the language of piety among the lower orders of the people, instead of being incessantly wounded by the sound of those horrid oaths and curses which interlard and eke out the language of the poor with the moderns,—assuredly a time awaits every man, when the loss of these resources, for such they are to the infirmity of the human spirit, is more than enough to counterbalance the advantage of those modern discoveries, that Christian people are to despise authority in their interpretation of Scripture, and that they may lawfully revile and dishonour,

instead of paying spiritual obedience to the prelate, elected out of all Christian countries, to fill the oldest, or, at least, according to the judgment of the second and third centuries, the first See of Christendom.

Again, was it wonderful that the ancients paid but little respect to the judgment of the persons to whom the characters of the Church had no charms? that is to say, its inclination to peace instead of controversy, to silence instead of prating about holy things, to peace and order instead of party spirit and disagreement, to generosity as a great characteristic opposed to every thing selfish,—its love of harmony and of all that can exalt the imagination, music and painting; instead of indifference for every thing but matter of fact, above all (let the men who would monopolize the Gospel look to this) its union of the humanized with the holy temper, of the amiable and gentle with the profound and solemn. Was it wonderful that the very fact of men being opposed to a Church that could shew forth such excellence, should be hastily taken up as a warrant to disclaim them altogether as proper judges of the question at issue? Truly, their disposition and balance of mind might have been well discerned in their countenances and habits, their manners and conversation. It was pardonable for a contemporary, if he had said it has never been merry in England since such pedants first came among us:—mark their expression, "quod nemo aspicere sine suspiratu posset;" look at their engraved portraits, "neminem nominabo, genus hominum signasse contentus."

On the other hand, if you but pause awhile to regard the portraits of your steel-clad or mitred ancestors, as they may look down between those of fair and noble ladies, from some old hall of chivalry——

> " ——Veterum effigies ex ordine avorum
> Antiqua è cedro————[1]."

looks you behold such as once

> " Drew audience and attention still as night,
> Or summer's noontide air !"

looks

> " Where Charity in soft persuasion sat,
> And in each gesture grace and honour high ;"

there, on one side, you behold " illam divinam gravitatem, plenam antiquitatis," as Cicero says. And see, on the other, what sweetness of temper do those features indicate ? You almost expect to hear the sound of that voice which goes to the heart, that voice which

> " ——was ever soft,
> Gentle and low ; an excellent thing in woman[2] ;"

as the old poet sings of the Hyperboreans,

> " Μειλιχίη δέ τοι αἰὲν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε γαλήνη
> Παίδεσιν ἠδὲ τοκεῦσιν·
> Αἰσιμά τε ῥέζειν πεπνυμένα τ' ἐξαγορέυειν[3]."

What humility is also manifest ? Humility is the essence of a gentleman, and humility, remember, was

[1] Æneid. vii. 182. [2] Shakspeare, Lear, v. 3.
[3] Orph. Argonautica. 1116.

the beginning and the end of their religion. That religion made the poor humane and gentle; the great, humble and charitable; youth, generous and mindful of its Creator; old men, venerable and forgiving and kind-hearted. But view these lovely images, which still can lighten up the stern warrior's brow, and mark how that religion gave to female beauty a certain characteristic grace and tone of expression:

> "Here that gentle smile receives its birth,
> Which opes at will a paradise on earth."

The angel-mild of the German somewhat describes it; that vision which instantly tranquillized, while it revived the heart of the poor young prince, James I., in his prison at Windsor, which he describes so affectingly, saying,

> "———for of menace
> There was no token in her sweet face:"

that look which yielded to Milton the image of our first mother,

> "Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love:"

that expression which cannot be defined, but which made the possessor appear, even to the rudest warrior, more beautiful than when she bestowed upon him the prize of chivalry in the lists of his triumph, —that expression, something, we might call it with Homer, the ληθηκήδεα μαζόν· albeit, striking suddenly upon his heart of rock, like the rod of Moses, it would open the fountains of waters which never

before were seen to flow; something that speaks of purer, happier, more enduring worlds; that tells of truth and goodness, of love without end, and without measure grace; that forms a spot like the garden of God, for the troubled spirit of one whose heart, though young, may be weary of this cold world and its empty shows, whose spirit and reason, as in a case contemplated by a holy man, and forgiven through his charity, may be too distracted to seek refuge in hearing the heavenly strain of evening choirs, or even the discourses of the Apostles, where he can lay down his sorrow, and recall his soul and find peace.

In a work by the amiable Mr. Alban Butler, there is the following anecdote:—"During the civil war, the famous Marquis of Worcester marching once in Cardiganshire, near the ruins of a monastery, at Strata Florida, a woman, who was a hundred years old, was presented to him, who had remembered the monks in Catholic times, and had lived above threescore years in great regret for the loss of the public service of the altar, and in constant private devotion, without seeing a priest, nor thinking that any could be found in England. The Marquis asked her, 'When the religion altered, you altered with the religion?' She answered, 'No, master, I stayed to see whether or no the people of the new religion would be better than the people of the old; and could see them in nothing, but grow worse and worse, and charity to wax colder and colder, and so I kept me to my old religion, I thank God, and mean, by God's grace, to live and die in it.' When the Mar-

quis told her, he would take her to Rayland castle, (his seat in Monmouthshire) where she would find a priest, and might hear mass every day, she was so transported with joy, that she died before the next morning. The Marquis wept when he heard of her death, and said, if this poor soul died where she might serve God, how joyfully will she serve him in a place where she will never die."

"It is wonderful," says Vogt[b], "with what knowledge of human nature the whole discipline and form of the Church was moulded. The year had its four grand festivals: Christmas for winter, Easter for the spring, Whitsuntide for summer, All-hallows and All-souls for autumn. The three weeks before Christmas, or Advent, were devoted to prayer and repentance. Then followed the pomp and joy of the great feast, and the third day after that, Holy Innocents; both of which were peculiarly the feasts of the young, when children were taught to associate happiness with obedience and duty and love." Christmas, on many accounts, was peculiarly the feast of youth; for then we celebrate, as the boy would say, for whom Erasmus wrote a beautiful declamation, "Imperatorum nostrum Jesum, ac eundem quidem omnium, sed tamen peculiariter nostrum, id est puerorum principem." We commemorate, "pueri puerum." Then men were reminded that they must become like children; that, as their blessed Saviour was at that time born in the flesh, so they should pray that he might be born

[b] Rhenische Geschichte i.

spiritually in their hearts; for, as Erasmus says, "Omnino Christianismus nihil aliud est quam renascentia atque repuerascentia quædam," restoring to them all the sweetness and peace, and innocence and joy of youth, for "justus ut palma florebit; etiam in hac vita perpetua quadam adolescentia vernabimus, non animo tantum, verum etiam corpore. Etenim quemadmodum floridus ille Jesu spiritus in nostrum spiritum redundabit, ita noster vicessim in suum corpus influet, et quoad fieri potest, in sese transformabit[c]." The very circumstance of its vacation from ordinary employment, which dispersed the boys of all nations throughout their respective districts, served to infuse the freshness and air of youth over the scene of nature.

Christmas was succeeded by the Feast of Kings: when kings and great men made their offerings at the altar, and kept hospitable court. In every family a king was chosen, who ruled for the day. The rest of the winter was the Carnival, or the time of feasting and joy. The three last days usually gave occasion for dancing and song, and other innocent diversions. But now came on the time of fasting, with Ash Wednesday. The people flocked to Church, and the priests strewed them, as they knelt, with ashes, and signed them with the Cross, and said "Memento homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris." Now the songs of joy gave place to the seven penitential psalms, which were solemnly repeated in all churches and chapels. The

[c] Conscio de puero Jesu.

plentiful board was exchanged for strict temperance, and the overplus given to the poor. Instead of the music of the bower and hall, the chaunt of "miserere" was heard with the eloquent warnings of the preacher. Forty days' fast overcame the lust of the people. Kings, princes, and lords, were humbled with their domestics, and dressed in black instead of their gorgeous habits. In holy week the mourning was still stronger expressed. The chaunt became more solemn, the fast stricter; no altar was decorated, no bell sounded, and no pompous equipage rolled in the streets. Princes and vassals, rich and poor, went on foot in habits of deep mourning. On Palm Sunday, after reading out of the history of Christ, every one bore his palm, and nothing else was heard but the sufferings of the Messiah. After receiving the sacrament of Maundy Thursday, the bishops and priests, kings and princes, proceeded to wash the feet of the poor, and to serve them at table. On Good Friday, the holy sepulchre was represented, the walls hung with black, and but a few lights burning, while verses were chaunted out of Jeremiah. The same was continued on Saturday, till twelve o'clock struck at midnight, and then the Church resounded with the joyful cry, "he is risen!" The bells sounded from the towers, the organs made the vaults echo with triumphant harmony, and three times the whole chorus sung "hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!" On Easter Sunday every one appeared again in his festive apparel, and all the expressions of mourning were laid aside. It was a festivity of church and state from Easter

till Whitsuntide. Divine service was performed with all the pomp and beauty of the Church; and the political opinions, called Fields of March and May, were held on the banks of the Rhine. All splendid ceremonies now took place; peace was proclaimed, kings were crowned, nobles gave chivalrous games, the people enjoyed themselves at their sports. On the first day of May, processions went into the fields to beg a blessing for the crops. The summer commenced with Ascension Day, and the thoughts of men were directed to the gifts of the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost. The feast of the Trinity was only an ordinary Sunday; for it was held to be presumptuous to represent so incomprehensible a doctrine by a festival: yet in a later age, Corpus Christi day was employed in festive pomp, when the host was carried about in grand procession, while the streets were hung with richest tapestry, every householder displaying his most beautiful pageantry, and kings and queens, princes and princesses, followed in humility to mark their reverence and loyalty for the Lord of all. Now came on harvest-time, and the blessing of God was then petitioned for at the Kirmess, or Feast of Consecration, when the Church and people rejoiced together. After the Assumption, the harvest being brought home, the hunting season commenced. Though at first, only that of small game, hares, quails, &c.; but after St. Ægiedius, or the holy hunter, St. Hubert, the nobles hastened to the woods in quest of the wolf, the wild boar, and the stag. At the end of the vintage, rents were paid and

worldly accounts transacted. All Hallowne Day closed the festivity of the harvest. As the labourer and vintner had now received the fruit of their pains, so it was proper that the labourers in the Lord's vineyard should be honoured with praises. The face of the country was now changed by the advance of the year, and the success of the husbandmen. The fields were naked, the leaves were falling fast from the trees, the dark clouds poured down rain, the brooks were swoln to rivers. All Hallowne Day was the last joyful feast of the year; the next day was All-souls Day, devoted to prayer for the dead, and to the remembrance of the death which awaited the living. A mournful colouring spread over nature, highly favourable to romantic feelings, high thoughts, and generous deeds. The altars were hung with black, men kneeled upon the graves of their relations, and strewed them with flowers, and held lonely vigils, and strengthened their hearts. This solemn season continued till Advent, and the birth of Christ, when the year again commenced.

The wisdom of the Church, in setting apart these particular seasons for the commemoration of subjects which must have so deeply interested all who had an affection for its faith, will for ever accord with the spirit and religious feelings of chivalry. Some of these seasons, ordained to remind the soul of heaven, were abandoned even by those reformed theologians who had imbibed the least contempt for antiquity, but by the more general consent of the moderns, nearly all of them were laid aside. I have no desire, in this place, to argue with the adversa-

ries of antiquity; though, to men of ingenuous minds, there might be much brought forward on this subject that could hardly fail to interest. The ceremony of the ashes on Ash Wednesday, is not one of the most essential; but we may well wonder, with Bourdaleu, upon what grounds it was discarded, since the authors of the division acknowledged that ceremonies might assist men, and that it is ever necessary to retain some, that it does not follow, because we are not under the law of Moses, we should abolish them all, that it is just to demonstrate the piety of our hearts by external signs, and that to banish all that may be called ceremony, is to introduce a monstrous confusion. "Or entre les ceremonies, quelle autre a du moins blesser l'Eglise Protestante que la céremonie des Cendres? Qu'a-t-elle de superstitieuse? Qu'a-t-elle qui ne soit autorisé par l'Ecriture? quel souvenir nous est plus utile que celui de notre foiblesse, de notre néant, et n'est-ce pas la ce qu'elle nous remet devant les yeux? Cependant cette céremonie dont la simplicité et la sainteté devoient édifier, a eté un scandale pour ces ministres. Ils l'ont reprouvée [d]." This is what Bourdaleu said, and truly a writer of the moderns has let fall words, in alluding to the change in the form of Confirmation, which an advocate for antiquity might think justly applicable to most of the alterations introduced. "These forms were certainly much more conformable to those that were used in the primitive Church than that which we

[d] Sur la Ceremonie des Cendres.

have now. What was the occasion of changing them I do not find[e]."

But, to let this pass, I must crave my reader's indulgence while I lament, for the sake of humanity, the disuse of that pious ordination which devoted a season to the commemoration of the dead.

Now that All-souls Day should have given offence seems marvellously strange, after reading what Bishop Pearson observes, in his exposition of the ninth article of the Creed, where a modern reader will be astonished to learn the meaning of what he has so often professed to believe, "the Communion of Saints." How that Christians on earth have communion, not only with God, the blessed Trinity, but also with the holy angels, with the saints departed out of this life, and admitted to the presence of God. "Indeed," says Bishop Pearson, "this is demonstrable by their communion with the saints alive. For, if I have communion with a saint of God, as such, while he liveth here, I must still have communion with him when he is departed hence; because the foundation of that communion cannot be removed by death." To the ancients, indeed, the argument of St. Augustin was no less satisfactory, when he says "Neque enim piorum animæ mortuorum separantur ab Ecclesia, quæ etiam nunc est regnum Christi. Alioquin nec ad altare Dei fieret eorum memoria in communicatione corporis Christi[f]."

[e] Wheatley, Illustrat. of Common Prayer, p. 411.

[f] De Civitate Dei, xx. 9.

But not to trouble my reader with the arguments and evidence that might be adduced[s], I would beg him to indulge a little natural feeling, good sense, and piety, while, discarding controversy, he meditates with me upon this affecting solemnity. "Some men," says Jeremy Taylor, "are wholly made up of passion, and this very religion is but passion, put into the family and society of holy purposes, and for these I have prepared considerations upon the special parts of the life of the holy Jesus." It was from a similar sense of the wants and desires, and individual peculiarities of the human soul, that holy Church, in her charity and in her wisdom, had ordained the celebration of this, as of her other annual seasons, and though the name hath vanished from some calendars, though the fears and hopes, and the love which gave rise to it

"May live no longer in the faith of reason!

yet still the heart doth need a language, still doth the old instinct bring back the old names."

As many men, under the influence of the new opinions, conceive this to be one of those subjects "wherein the liberty of an honest reason may play and expatiate with security, and far without the circle of any schism or heresy," and wherein each of us may put the private feelings and affections, and

[s] Council of Nice, A.D. 325. Can. 65. Arab. Third Council of Carthage, A.D. 397. Tertullian, lib. de Monog. c. 10. St. Chrysostom Hom. III. in Ep. ad. Philip. St. Augustin. Serm. 172. § 2.

recollections of his soul into "the family and society of holy purposes," there are even moderns who never suffer the 2nd of November, or its eve, to pass without some observance of this venerable practice, which can "exalt the soul to solemn thought and heavenly musing." Gray we know tells us, I

> "Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia, silver-bright,
> In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of folly,
> With freedom by my side and soft-eyed melancholy."

And it is on such a night as this, that a man of deep feeling, methinks, would never forego the solitary watch, either in the Church, the cloister, or on the battlements, even though that vigil should come as many remember it to have come, in vapours and clouds, and storms, "when huge uproar lords it wide, the wild winds howl, and the

> Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
> Hurtles in the darken'd air."

Like the night which Camoens describes:

> "A shrill-voiced howling trembles through the air,
> As passing ghosts were weeping in despair;
> In dismal yells the dogs confess their fear,
> And, shivering, own some dreadful presence near [h]."

Or, as our own poet says,

> "Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
> That, uttered by the demon of the night,
> Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death."

> "————κλαγγὴ νεκύων ἦν, οἰωκῶν ὣς,
> Παντόσ' ἀτυζομένων·————

[h] Lusiad. Mickle's Translat. viii.

Many well remember an All-souls Eve being attended with circumstances of this wild sublimity. That year, a furious tempest and flood were general over many parts of Europe. Great was the number of souls that in those few fearful hours took their flight, to join the company of which we speak, unassailed by the fears which Socrates ridiculed in Cebes and Simmias[1]. Men perished at sea with their ships and treasure, and on land, from the fall of trees and houses, which were blown down. 'Oaks were rent in sunder, and turned up by the roots; and sheep-folds with the shepherds were destroyed and beaten down, and mills and bridges were swept away.

> " The wind blew as t'wad blawn its last,
> The rattlen show'rs rose on the blast;
> The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd,
> Loud, deep, and long the thunder bellow'd.
> That night a child might understand
> The deil had business on his hand."

O it was awful then to keep the vigil in the cloister adjoining to the house where I lodged:

> " Ghosts rode on the tempest,
> Sweet was their voice between the gusts of wind,
> Their song was of other worlds."

Then you might pace that solemn walk, winding your way between alternate pillars, and occasionally stopping to gaze through the iron-grated windows upon the dreary scene without, the waning moon now giving, and now withholding her doubtful beam,

[1] Plato, Phædo.

while the trees with their tops bending to the ground, gave one protracted, deafening roar, and this you might continue to do till religion would dispel the vain phantoms of imagination, and you would desire to hear the vaults resound to the solemn prayer of "Requiem æternam," and "Fidelium animæ."

Historians have often remarked how frequently this season has been distinguished by its tempests. In the 18th year of Henry I., All Hallowne Day was attended by a storm of equal horror; "at which," we are told, "the people were marvellously amazed." And on All-souls Day, the year in which Richard I. was taken prisoner in Germany, the North-West side of the element appeared on fire a little before the break of day. It was on All Hallowne night, about midnight, that Cavendish was called up at Assher, to let in Sir John Russel and a troop of horsemen, who were come with comfortable tidings to Cardinal Wolsey of the king's returning favour, when he tells us it rained all that night most vehemently, as it did at any time the year before. So that after Sir John had delivered his message from the king, and given the ring, he concluded, saying, "And, Sir, I have had the sorest journey for so little a way, that ever I had to my remembrance."

The Greeks had a most expressive word for nights like these. Sophocles talks of νυκτὶ κατουλάδι, and the Scholiast says, σκοτεινῇ νυξ κατουλὰς καλεῖται, παρὰ τὸ ὀλοόν· And I will just remark that the ancients seem to have felt the same associations, in reference to the departing of spirits, amidst the raging of the

winds. In Quintus Calaber (iii. 697.) on the death of Achilles, Jupiter is described as sending for Æolus, who issues his summons to the winds, which soon sweep fearfully over the sea and land, and while the heavens are enveloped in clouds and thick darkness. And Tacitus has not failed to record the tempestuous night which followed the murder and funeral of Britannicus [k].

But perhaps the impression is more favourable when this season is attended by less stern circumstances, when

> " Assiduous in his bower, the wailing owl
> Plies his sad song,"

when

> " The full etherial round
> Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
> Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope
> Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole,"

when Milton would let his lamp at midnight hour

> " Be seen in some high lonely tower,
> Where he might then out-watch the bear
> With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
> The spirit of Plato————"

The poet has said

> " Some feelings are to mortals given
> With less of earth in them than heaven."

Such, I conceive, to be those that would dictate that tender desire,

> " Fond soother of my infant tear,
> Fond sharer of my infant joy,
> Is not thy shade still lingering here?
> Am I not still thy soul's employ?"

[k] An. xiii. 17.

words which seem to spring naturally from the occasion which brought us to walk abroad at that hour. Who can tell but that such things are as we do read about, like that great shade in the Odyssey which, for a moment, is permitted to behold the prosperity of an earthly kindred being, and then it departs, rejoicing, into the regions of everlasting peace.

> Φοίτα, μακρὰ βιβῶσα, κατ' ἀσφοδιλὸν λειμῶνα
> Γηθοσύνῃ·

It is in such an hour as this, that the Christian will feel a new force and truth in that beautiful sentence, "absentes adsunt et quod difficilius dictu est, mortui vivunt." It is then that he can break forth into that sublime rapture, "mihi quidem quamquam est ereptus, vivit tamen, semperque vivit."

"Manes enim mecum," as St. Ambrose says to his departed brother, "ac semper manebis." It is not doubtful that Christ has mercy on our tears. "Etsi nunc non tetigit loculum, suscepit tamen commendatum spiritum,—et si non resedit in loculo qui erat mortuus tamen requievit in Christo."—"Ades inquam et semper ostenderis, et toto te animo ac mente complector, aspicio, alloquor, osculor, comprehendo vel in ipsa quiete nocturna, vel in luce clara cum revisere et solari digneris mœrentem. Quid est mors frater?—Teneo igitur te frater, nec mihi te aut mors aut tempus avellet[1]." Surely it was no vain superstition, or feeling unworthy of the Christian faith, which made Tacitus

[1] Sermo de obitu Fratris.

address the spirit of Agricola, in these affecting words :—" Si quis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore exstinguuntur magnæ animæ: placide quiescas." Surely there is nothing to despise or to condemn in the salutation of Achilles to his departed friend,—

Χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδαο δόμοισι·

Or, in that of Neoptolemus, as he stood by his father's tomb,—

Χαῖρε πάτερ, καὶ ἔνερθε κατὰ χθονός· ὄν γὰρ ἔγωγε
Λήσομαι ὀιχομένοιο σέθεν ποτὶ δῶμ' Ἀΐδαο [m]

Enlightened by the scintillation of that essence of spirits, which is the life and strength of his own, the Christian will breathe without offence, without a thought rebellious to the divine will, or derogatory to God's truth, to the spirit of his blessed Gospel, to his unalterable justice and wisdom and mercy, that prayer, not of human invention, but belonging in its principle to the heart of man. " Requiem æternam dona eis Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis. Fidelium animæ per misericordiam Dei requiescant in pace." Such were the festivals and seasons of the Church [n].

Again, in those days there was no difficulty in distinguishing a place of Christian worship from a

[m] Quint. Calab. 0. 50.

[n] What a contrast to the above picture does a year now present, at least if past in the country! Does religion gain much by its being so effectually excluded from entering into the occupations and prospects of life? At least, are scholars and poets benefited?

Mosque, or a hall of assembly. There were many objects to keep at a distance Turks, Jews, and Infidels. Every thing in the churches and ceremonies spoke to the heart and soul of men who loved their religion. The appearance of a modern city will often resemble that of Acre, after it had been given up by the Turks to the Christian army under Richard I. and king Philip of France. "Who of the faithful," cries Vinisauf, "could behold, with dry eyes, the countenances of the venerable images of the crucified Son of God and of his saints, defiled in every manner? Who would not horribly tremble at the representation of the atrocities committed by that scornful race of Turks, who had thrown down to the earth the altars and the holy crosses, and had destroyed and obliterated all the indications of human redemption, and of the Christian religion[n]." Really on reading the description which Deshayes gives of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, an Englishman, without being malignant, will be reminded of grievances that exist nearer than Palestine. "L'on entroit autre fois en cette église par trois portes; mais aujourd' hui il n'y en a plus qu'une, dont les Turcs guardent soigneusement les clefs, de crainte que les pélerins n'y entrent sans payer les neuf sequins à quoi ils sont taxés."

St. Augustin, at one period, was tempted to dislike the music in the Catholic Churches. "Verumtamen," he adds, "cum reminiscor lachrymas meas

[n] De vita Richard. I., lib. iii. c. 19. apud Gale Script. Rerum Brit.

quas fudi ad cantus ecclesiæ tuæ, in primordies recuperatæ fidei meæ et nunc ipsum, cum moveor, non cantu, sed rebus quæ cantantur, cum liquida voce et convenientissima modulatione cantantur, magnam instituti hujus utilitatem rursus agnosco[o]." "Whatsoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony; which makes me," says Sir Thomas Brown, "much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all Church music." Socrates held philosophy to be the highest music[p], and to our fathers it seemed that the music of the Church was full of religion. "It consoles those that are sad at heart," says a monk of St. Gall, "it makes minds more gracious, it refreshes the studious, it invites sinners to contrition, it purifies the inward man, and renders him more prompt to works of piety[q]." What Beveridge says of himself was, doubtless, true of those successive generations of men who took delight in the beauty of the Lord's House, and in the exercises of Catholic devotion. "Their soul became more harmonious, being accustomed so much to harmony, and so averse to all manner of discord, that the least jarring sounds, either in notes or words, seemed very harsh and unpleasant to them." —"That there is something more than ordinary in music," adds this author, "appears from David's making use of it, for driving away the evil spirit

[o] Confess. x. 33.

[p] Phædo. See also Plato de Legibus vii. de Repub. iii. Plutarch περι μουσικης.

[q] See the very curious tract "De benedictione Dei," from Cassiodorus et Isidore apud Caniss. Lect. Antiq. vol. ii.

from Saul, and Elisha for the bringing of the good spirit upon himself. From which I am induced to believe, that there is really a sort of secret and charming power in it, that naturally dispels from the mind all or most of those black humours which the evil spirit uses to brood upon, and, by composing it into a more regular, sweet, and docible disposition, renders it the fittest for the Holy Spirit to work upon, the more susceptible of divine grace, and more faithful messenger, whereby to convey truth to the understanding." The wisest men of all ages have regarded music as worthy to accompany the prayers of men to heaven. The subject is indeed intimately connected with the profoundest investigations of philosophy. Pythagoras had himself cultivated music, and, as Athenæus remarks on this, Τὸ δὲ ὅλον ἔοικεν ἡ παλαία τῶν Ἑλλήνων σοφία τῇ μουσικῇ μάλιστα εἶναι δεδομένη. But then a distinction immediately presented itself in this divine art. The Doric and the old Ionic were the harmonies proper for all solemn purposes. As to the first, Ἡ μὲν οὖν Δώριος ἁρμονία τὸ ἀνδρωδὲς ἐμφαίνει καὶ τὸ μεγαλοπρεπὲς, καὶ οὐ διακεχυμένον, οὐδ' ἱλαρὸν, ἀλλὰ σκύθρωπον καὶ σφόδρον, οὔτε δὲ ποικίλον, οὐδὲ πολύτροπον. The old Ionic music nearly resembled this, for we are told οὔτε ἀνθηρὸν, οὔτε ἱλαρόν ἐστι, ἀλλὰ αὐστηρὸν καὶ σκληρὸν, ὄγκον δὲ ἔχον οὐκ ἀγεννῆ· διὸ καὶ τῇ τραγῳδίᾳ προσφιλὴς ἡ ἁρμονία· But the Æolic is represented as the music for inspiring mirth, and confidence, and pleasure. The later Ionian and the Lydian music Plato excluded from his republic, while he recommended what he

entitled the Dorian and Phrygian[q]. With respect to the music adopted by the Church, and the great importance formerly attached to it in the schools of Metz and Strasburg, a variety of curious and agreeable information may be derived. I confess, with Mr. Charles Butler, that, in this point, I am an admirer of antiquity, and it appears to me that the old music of the Church had a close connection with its primitive spirit of holiness and grandeur; and that if we could teach men to discern and feel its beauty, we should restore to them the ancient spirit and heart which animated our fathers; as Polybius[r] attributes the happy change in the manners of the Arcadians to their study of music; so that I even think the[s] position of Plato is true, in reference to the Church. "Negat enim," says Cicero, "mutari posse musicas leges sine immutatione legum publicarum[s]:" and that the experience of the states of Greece, as he states it, should be a lesson for ourselves, "quarum mores lapsi ad mollitiem pariter sunt immutati cum cantibus; aut hâc dulcedine corrupti atque depravati, ut quidam putant, aut," (which is indeed the most probable supposition) "quum severitas eorum ob alia vitia cecidisset, tum fuit in auribus, animis mutatis, etiam huic mutationi locus[t]."

It would be well if the modern composers of Church music had philosophized more on the subject

[q] De Repub. iii.
[r] Lib. iv.
[s] De Legibus ii. 15.
[t] Ibid.

of their profession, and had borne in mind the connection between the ancient style and the object to which all Church music is directed. It would be well if they had attended to the words of St. Augustin, where he approves of its use, but observes, "tamen cum mihi accidit ut nos amplius cantus quam res quæ canitur moveat, pœnaliter me peccare confiteor, et tunc mallem non audire cantantem." Still, however, in all essential parts of the service, the music of the Church continued the same, in her prefaces, prayers, and chaunts for the Gospel, where the Doric tones added such solemnity to the majestic strain, and which, when accompanied with the peculiar pronunciation of the Italians, must have attained its highest beauty. That the ancients were not insensible to these distinctions is clear, from the circumstance that the Doric dialect, consisting chiefly in the predominance of the long *a* in the place of *n*, retained itself even in later days in sublime poetry, to which, except among the Dorians, it was then confined. And with respect to the composition of music, we know that the introducers of the complicated style into Greece were thought worthy of stripes, if we credit the old poet—

'ως τὰς Μούσας 'αφανίζων.[1]

I confess it is to be feared that, with the progress of the age, the history of the Grecian music will resemble our own; and that the number of those who love the ancient harmonies of the Church will still

[1] Aristophanes. Nubes.

decrease: for, as the Greek said of the old Ionic already described, the manners of our age are in discordance with its tone. Τὰ δὲ τῶν νῦν Ἰώνων ἤθη τρυφερώτερα, καὶ πολὺ παράλλαττον τὸ τῆς ἁρμονίας ἦθος· Still, not to remark that, being the music of Catholic devotion, its continuance is secured, the principles of taste are immutable, and, doubtless, there will be always men possessed of a sufficient portion to comprehend and admire it*. The Sciolist in musical science with the pertness that must accompany every superficial acquirement may perhaps amuse himself at its expense, but if he has a foundation, if there be music in his soul, time, experience, and that taste which presides over the government of the heart, as well as the imagination, will alter his opinion. Just as the eye becomes wearied with even the exquisite and appropriate ornaments of a florid architecture, and turns to repose with pleasure upon the solid simple grandeur of the Doric or Norman temple.

These remarks may be extended to the whole ceremonial of the ancient worship, the grandeur and beauties of which were more likely to be felt upon reflection, and after long acquaintance, than at the first view, because they were directed to gratify the profound feelings which are the foundation of genuine taste, and which are excited, not by the most ordinary and obvious modes such as are used to produce them in their lowest degree, and on this very

* It is worthy of remark that Erasmus, when young, had an aversion to music; a fact which will not astonish the reader of his Colloquies.

account that ceremonial may disgust or weary, not alone the superficial and vulgar observer, but even the men of most delicate susceptibility, if they have not been accustomed, or have never been taught to trace the connection of parts, to mark the subdued lights, and to catch those faint tones of exquisite harmony, which subsist under the forms of the ancient ritual. And this remark will account for the surprise or displeasure felt by the moderns when they first witness the celebration of Mass at the Catholic altars, felt by Göthe himself, as he relates in his memoirs, describing his first visit to St. Peter's, and which he terms, with not quite sufficient reverence, "the original sin of Protestants." Cicero felt the difficulty, but expressed himself confidently as to the justice of his observation, saying "Difficile enim dictu est, quænam causa sit, cur ea, quæ maxime sensus nostros impellunt voluptate, et specie prima acerrime commovent, ab iis celerrime fastidio quodam et satietate abalienemur. Quanto colorum pulcritudine et varietate floridiora sunt in picturis novis pleraque, quam in veteribus? quæ tamen, etiamsi primo aspectu nos ceperunt, diutius non delectant; cum iidem nos in antiquis tabulis illo ipso horrido obsoletoque teneamur. Quanto molliores sunt et delicatiores in cantu flexiones et falsæ voculæ, quam certæ et severæ? quibus tamen non modo austeri, sed, si sæpius fiunt, multitudo ipsa reclamat[y]."

In connection with the old music of the Church,

[y] Cicero de Oratore, iii. 25.

it might be proper to notice the usage of the Latin tongue in her solemn offices; but, as the subject allied to what is most profound, would probably excite the spirit of controversy, and as I cannot, in this instance, extend a compliment to the moderns at the expense of Christian antiquity, I must retrace my steps. Yet I may venture to quote what a monk of St. Gall* says, in allusion to the music of the Church, "that, while it is true that a Christian ought to be moved not by a modulation of the voice, but only by divine words, yet still I know not in what manner by a certain modulation of the chaunter, there arises a greater compunction of heart. For many are found who, moved by the sweetness of the harmony, lament their sins, and are more bent to the spirit of contrition and of tears, and to a desire of amendment, in consequence of this tone and harmony than they would have been merely by the bare utterance of the words." In like manner it seems to me that there is something so very solemn and majestic in the sound of the particular words used by the Church; words, not translated in order that "servatur in eis antiquitas, propter sanctiorem auctoritatem," the sense of which is perfectly well understood by the most simple Catholic who hears them, while they are never heard but when the soul is occupied with heaven, with truth, with love, with God,—something so greatly affecting in the thought that it was with these same words the saints of the Church, during

* Eckerhardus de vita B. Notkeri, apud. Caniss. vol. iii. p. 564.

so many generations of men, gave utterance to their faith; that, while languages cease and knowledge passeth away, their sound is still heard over all the Catholic world, and that it will continue to reach to heaven with the hearts and understanding of holy men in all future ages till Christ's second coming. There is something in all this so strongly appealing to the heart, and even to the judgment, that I can hardly conceive how any man who has a heart and judgment, who is susceptible of the sublime, could ever hear the "Per omnia sæcula sæculorum," or the "Vere dignum et justum est," without an elevation, without feeling less inclined than before to admit the plausible and ready argument which is urged with such confidence by persons certainly the least qualified to determine any question of philosophy against the wisdom of the ancient Church.

Then with respect to the discipline and old ceremonies of the Church: "Disciplina," we are told, "qua ad justitiam erudimur, tota ad dilectionem Dei traducenda est[a]." "Ici quelle simplicité," cries Fenelon, "quel gout de l'Ecriture! c'est l'Ecriture elle meme qui, sous ces représentations passe successivement aux yeux du peuple dans le cours de l'anneé: spectacle qui instruit, qui console, qui, bien loin de détourner du culte intérieur, anime ses enfans à adorer le Pere en esprit et en verité." In some countries, in this age, there is a contemptible certainly a most base-born passion for making

[a] Cabassutius Juris Canonici Theoria et Praxis, lib. i. c. 1.

every thing appear ridiculous but what serves to satisfy the ordinary wants, or to gratify the grossest appetites of men. Where this awful spirit is suffered to prevail, it would be hopeless to think of justifying these ceremonies, or of pointing out wherein their beauty consists. But to such persons as are saved from its influence, it may be remarked, that all these outward symbols and manifestations, these processions, burning lights, flowers, incense, changing of habits, offices for children, belong not, as many ignorantly imagine, to an age of corrupt magnificence, but to one of primitive and patriarchal simplicity. From the perusal of the earliest books of the old Testament, before we read of the Jewish ritual, as well as from the study of Homer, and the oldest poets of Greece, the mind, if it can but free itself from the trammels of early prejudice, is fully prepared to feel the beauty and harmony of these different rites which still recommend themselves to the poor and the young, whose hearts have not been frozen by the influence of a selfish, calculating world, and whose imaginations are still free to give a form to the aspirations of nature. They bring us back to those ancient countries of the East, to the tribes of shepherds which peopled Asia, to the families that wandered over deserts, and to those dwellings of peace and innocence, the tents of the Patriarchs. They naturally recommend and suggest themselves to youth. Goëthe, in his memoirs, relates that, when an infant, he thought of offering incense, and whatever was most precious, and of burning a symbolical light to adore the Supreme

Being. To disbelieve the position of Fenelon, that the ceremonies of the Church were inspired by a love for the Scriptures, would be only to betray our own ignorance or our malice. In fact, notwithstanding all that may be rashly and ungenerously advanced by the moderns, they did the Church great injury when they accused her of withholding a due reverence for the Sacred Scriptures. Undoubtedly, as we have before seen, she did not hold their doctrines which limit to the volume of Scripture the blessings possessed by the Church [d]. The faith was supposed to rest on a totally independent foundation, and the study of the Scriptures, while recommended and practised, was not held as an indispensable requisite of a religious life. "Not only among barbarous nations," says the translator of Schleiermacher [b], "but at Antioch itself, in the most flourishing period of Christian literature before the Reformation; in short, at the scene and time of the labours of Chrysostom, it was thought by no means inconsistent with a reputation for extraordinary sanctity, that the person so distinguished was τῶν ἁγίων λογίων πάμπαν ἄπειρος [c]. Still the reverence for the Holy Scriptures was never laid aside. All the ceremonies and institutions of the Church grew out of that reverence, it was a profound, a child-like reverence, and its disposition may be expressed in the exhortations of Alcuin, where he recommends the perusal of the Holy Scriptures; or, in those of St. Boniface,

[b] Introduction, p. cxxxvi.. [c] Theodoret. Hist. Eccl. v. 20.

[d] See Bellarmin de verbo Dei.

in his first Epistle to Nidhart; or, in the words of William of Malmsbury, when he says, in the prologue to his book, "De Antiquit. Glast. Eccles."—"Si quicquam est quod in hac vita hominem teneat, et inter adversa et turbines mundi æquo animo manere persuadeat; id esse in primis reor meditationem Sanctarum Scripturarum." Our ancestors would read the Bible on their knees; they considered, as St. Ambrose beautifully says in a passage quoted by the Count of Stolberg [d], "That God walks, as it were, through the Scriptures as if in bodily presence, and that when the sinner reads the Scriptures it is as if he heard the voice of God;" "but," as the Count observes, "corrupt human nature hides herself from Him, as Adam and Eve hid themselves in the garden." When an emperor desired to testify his regard or reverence, he could find no present more expressive than a copy of the Scriptures. The Sacred Volume would be in letters of gold, covered with purple and ivory and precious stones. All persons who have any acquaintance with the old ecclesiastical literature, or even with history, must have remarked, that a perfect and familiar knowledge of the Holy Scriptures was the common acquisition of persons in every rank of life. The study of the Scriptures is even prescribed in the Capitularies of Charlemagne [e]. Of Charlemagne himself, we read "erat in omni latitudine Scripturarum supra cæteros modernorum temporum exercitatus [f]." Alcuin proposes

[d] Der Liebe. i. 7. [e] Bal. Capit. i. 203.
[f] S. Gall. Monach. de gestis Caroli Magni. 2.

the study of the Holy Scriptures as the highest and last to which his pupils should be led [g]. And of St. Boniface we read that he was "incessabili sacrarum Scripturarum meditationi deditus [h]." The fact is clear too from incidental evidence. Can we suppose that Charles V. of France had been kept in ignorance of the Sacred Volume, when upon his death-bed he was able to bless the young dauphin in the very words used by Isaac in blessing Jacob, a passage of some length, which he could have been able to repeat unpremeditately only from having had previous intimate familiarity with the Bible? There were many who, like St. Hilarion, the Abbot, knew a great part of the Holy Scriptures by heart. Every regular clergyman could repeat the Psalter without book. We may appeal to the example of a poor apprentice, like St. Eligius, who used to study the Holy Scriptures and meditate on them while working at shrines; or of a St. Charles Borromeo, who replied to some that said he ought to have a garden at Milan to take the air in, "that the Holy Scriptures ought to be the garden of a Bishop;" or, of a St. Edmund, who used always to kiss the divine book of the Holy Scriptures, out of religious respect, as often as he took it into his hands; or, of a St. Eusebius, who, for forty years till his death, did penance for having once been guilty of carelessness on a day when Ammianus, who had resigned to him the government of the abbey, was reading aloud out of the

[g] Grammatica Alcuini.

[h] De Vita S. Bonif. apud Caniss. vol iii pars i.

Scriptures, or of the Saxon Hermit, whose MS. of the Gospels in the British Museum, has been called "an incomparable specimen of Anglo-Saxon calligraphy," or of the holy Anchorets who lived in the mountains near Antioch, who, as St. Chrysostom records, used to devote part of every day to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; or of Charlemagne's successor, who continually read them, of whom the poet Theodulphe of Orleans testifies,—

"Est et Scripturis patulus tibi sensus in almis,
Lectio te quarum pascit alitque frequens;" [1]

or of St. Edmund, king and martyr, who, to learn the Psalter by heart, lived in retirement a whole year in his tower at Hunstanton, which he had built for a country solitude. But there is no end of instances in proof of this position. Pierre d'Oudegherst says of Charles the good, Count of Flanders, in the 12th century, who was killed by conspirators in the Church of Bruges while he was saying his prayers, "that he had always in his company three monks, doctors in theology, who used every day after supper to read and explain to him a chapter or two of the Bible;" adding "en quoy il prendoit un singulier plaisir." Bede, in the beginning of his history, testifies that it was the king his patron's delight to hear the Scriptures read. Alfred of Northumbria, the predecessor of this prince, was styled "most learned in the Scriptures;" and Alcuin records of him that he was

[1] Sismondi Hist. des Francois v. 205.

trained to sacred studies from his early youth, having been educated by Wilfred [b]. One of the first books sent into England by Pope Gregory was a Bible, adorned with some leaves of purple and rose colour, in two volumes, which was extant in the time of James I. But a very slight acquaintance with the private life of our forefathers will convince us that there is no want of evidence on this point. Their love and reverence induced them even to carry the sacred book to the camp, and have it buried with them in their graves. The Earl of Litchfield possessed a copy of St. John's Gospel, which had been found in the tomb of St. Cuthbert. In the British Museum there is a beautiful manuscript on vellum of a French translation of the Bible, which was found in the tent of king John after the battle of Poictiers; and all the world has heard of the book of the Gospels which was found on the knees of Charlemagne, as his corpse lay in the tomb, when it was opened after his canonization. And surely it is neither fair nor judicious to say, with Ashby, in his note to Warton, in reference to the first of these instances, "perhaps his majesty possessed this book on the plan of an exclusive royal right;" since these privileges of rank, as to the liberty of perusing the Sacred Volume, were the gift of the moderns, and did not appear until after the Reformation.

It was no uncommon picture of life which Christine de Pisan furnished, in describing the court of king Charles V. "En yver par especial s'occupoit

[b] De Pont. 718.

souvent à oyr lire de diverses belles ystoires de la saincte Escripture, ou des fais des Romains, ou moralitées de philosophes et d'autres sciences jusques à heure de souper :" and also at dinner, in the great hall, " durant son mangier, par ancienne coustume des rois, bien ordonnée pour obvyer à vaines et vagues parolles et pensées, avoit un preudhomme en estant au bout de la table, qui sans cesser disoit gestes de meurs virtueux d'aucuns bons trespassez."[c] Turn we also to the beautiful description of Madame Gabrielle de Bourbon, first wife of the Seigneur de la Tremoille by Jean Bouchet, in his Mémoires of the Chevalier sans Réproche[d]: " Ceste dame estoit devote et pleine de grant religion, sobre, chaste, grave sans fierté, magnanime sans orgueil et non ignorant les lettres vulgaires." Regular in all the ordinary offices of religion, " elle se delectoit sur toutes choses à ouyr parler de la saincte ecripture, sans trop avant s'enquérir des secretz de theologie; plus amoit le moral et les choses contemplatives que les argument et subtilitez éscorchées de la lettre par lesquelles le vray sens est souvent perverty."

Among the regulations made by Elzear, Count of Arian, in the 13th century, for the government of his castle of Pui-Michel, in Provence, we read as follows:—" Every evening all my family shall assemble to a pious conference, in which they shall

[c] Conformable to this is the precept of the Council of Trent: " deinde cum in eo loco," (in mensa) " sæpe otiosi sermones oriri soleant, ut in ipsorum Episcoporum mensis divinarum Scripturarum lectio admisceatur." S. II.

[d] Chap. xx.

hear something spoken of God, the salvation of souls, and the gaining of Paradise. What a shame is it, that though we are in this world only to gain heaven, we seldom seriously think of it; and scarce ever speak of it but at random! O life, how is it employed! O labours, how ill are they bestowed! For what follies do we sweat and toil!—Discourses on heaven invite us to virtue, and inspire us with a disrelish of the dangerous pleasures of the world. By what means shall we learn to love God if we never speak of him? Let none be absent from this conference upon pretence of attending my affairs. I have no business which so nearly toucheth my heart as the salvation of those that serve me[*]."

"If we would believe most of the moderns," says a late writer, "we should suppose that no one ever read the Bible before the Reformation. Let them read the Catholic writings of the dark ages, and blush for their own ignorance. Let them read the writings of the venerable Bede, in the 8th century, and of St. Bernard in the 12th, and say whether these men had not read the Bible. So innumerable, so easy, and so apt, are their quotations from the Sacred Volumes, that, if the latter were lost, they might almost be recovered again from these writers of the dark ages." A French writer relates that, "in her youth it was usual every day after dinner, for the young persons to read the Gospels, or the imitation of Christ, or some other pious book, under the guidance of Father An-

[*] Lives of the Saints, Sept. 27.

toine, a worthy capuchin friar;" and Mr. Butler has shown that, at this present day, Roman Catholics in England are recommended, from the highest authority, "before they go to bed to read a chapter or two in the Scripture, or some spiritual book[*]."

Most men of taste and candour, who have been present at the celebration of the ancient worship, have been struck with the ardent love and affecting reverence shown to the Sacred Volume by the Church. At the chaunting of the Gospels we can fully understand what St. Anastasius the Anchoret says of himself, "that in his tenderest years he listened to the Gospel with no less respect than if he had heard Christ himself speak." In the estimation of antiquity there was nothing more sublime, nothing that spoke more to the heart and understanding of men, than the ceremonies observed at the chaunting of the Gospel, the incense, the burning lights, the preparation made by the Priest, the tone of his voice while chaunting, and in some places, the attitude of the other clergy, as they stood with closed hands lifted up to express their wonder and veneration, as the mystery of love was announced to sinners.

Again, with respect to another peculiar circumstance.

Madame de Stael has pointed out the advantages of an ancient custom which has been discontinued and even regarded with contempt by those who profess the religion of Calvin, but which is as old as

[*] Book of the R. C. Church, p. 183. note.

the first Church in Christendom, and which can never fail to interest and comfort persons susceptible of religious feelings, who have loved the beauty of the Lord's House and the place where his glory dwelleth. Her remark is made upon a visit to St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna. "It is a pious custom of the Catholics, and one," she continues to observe, "which we ought to imitate[r], to leave their churches always open; there are so many moments when we stand in need of this asylum, and we can never enter without experiencing a sensation which benefits the mind, and which restores it to strength and purity, as if by a holy ablution." And upon another occasion, the same writer has observed, in allusion to St. Peter's at Rome, "I frequently enter and walk there to restore my spirits to the serenity which they sometimes lose. The view of such a monument is like a continual music, which is ever ready to produce a happy effect upon your mind when you draw near to enjoy it[s]."

In the treaty which Musa made with Roderic, the Gothic king of Spain, A.D. 712, on the conquest of that kingdom by the Mahometans, one of the

[r] The imitation would be useless and only a new instance of modern inconsistency.

[s] The moderns cannot be expected to relish these concessions to antiquity. Upon their side of the question the infidels and new philosophers will be found. A Frenchman of this class came up very officiously to my friend, who was entering a church in Germany, and observed that the custom of leaving the church always open was very good, "Pour les gens sans lumière."

articles insisted upon was, that the doors of the churches should be closed except at the time of worship. The infidels knew the effect of having them always open. In England this custom was universal. We may remember that Archbishop of Canterbury who refused to suffer the Church doors to be closed, though that measure might have saved his life, saying to those who recommended it, as they knew that his murderers were approaching, "You ought not to make a castle of the Church."

Now in these days a Church is barricaded like a castle to defend some stone figures. I remember observing how the floor of St. Mark's Church at Venice, of St. Antony's at Padua, and of St. Stephen's at Vienna, were marked with deep indentures caused by the tread of the faithful for so many successive generations, and I pity the taste which can find no higher object of admiration in a Gothic Church than white marble and a spotless pavement. It would resemble that of the spirit in Milton, of whom we read, that

> "————E'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
> Were always downward bent, admiring more
> The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
> Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
> In vision beatific."

"In the hour of affliction, distress, or terror," says the young soldier who wrote his recollections of the Peninsula, and he might have added, of joy and thankfulness of heart, "hither they come, and here, protected and assisted by the holiness and so-

leminity of the place, they repose their sorrows and their fears in the bosom of their God, and invoke his mercy and forgiveness. How many a prostrate penitent have I seen, too much absorbed in his devotions to cast one hasty glance of curiosity around him, disturbed, as he must have been, by my approach! Oh! there are, I believe, moments in the life of every man, when to fly to a consecrated temple and to throw himself at the foot of the altar, unsummoned by any bell for prayers, but urged solely by the tone of his mind and the overflowing of his heart, must be felt as a pure and a holy pleasure." These are the feelings of a young soldier; but, alas! modern theologians think differently: and a gentleman who travels over Europe, upon passing the frontier of a territory, need only observe the first church door that presents itself, to ascertain whether the people have there embraced the modern opinions. No distinction is more universal than this, failing in but few instances; the circumstance, however, is but the necessary consequence of the modern doctrines, which are not, in this instance, to be accused of inconsistency. But while the Catholic priest may exult at such an evidence in his favour, the sectarian zealot enjoy a gloomy triumph in this outward sign of his victory, the learned advocate of modern opinions reason upon the danger of wounding weak consciences by conforming with the practices of superstition, there is a class of men, distinct from these, who suffer injury and loss of happiness from this unnatural combat. It is not too much to affirm that many a wretch has been driven

to despair and suicide in modern times, from being deprived of those means which the Church formerly afforded to heal a wounded spirit. For young men, soldiers, and humble sinners have wants which the polemical divine may be able to ridicule and to deny, but not to comprehend.

> "These have
> Their lonely hours, when sorrow, or the touch
> Of sickness, and that awful power divine,
> Which hath its dwelling in the heart of man,
> Life of his soul, his monitor and judge,
> Moves them with silent impulse."

Still however it is a consoling truth that the power of man in his wrath, or in his fanatical zeal, is limited by the mercy of God. And though persecutors and reformers may overthrow the altars, and bar up the temples built with hands, they cannot defile, or violate, or shut up that still more awful sanctuary of the human heart, and there may be a Church and an altar which the Spirit of the living God will not refuse to hallow. Remarkable are the words of the Grecian orator:—δίκης γε καὶ εὐνομίας καὶ αἰδοῦς εἰσὶ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις βωμοὶ, κάλλιστοι καὶ ἁγιώτατοι ἐν αὐτῇ τῇ ψυχῇ ἑκάστου καὶ τῇ φύσει.[h] Nay, farther still, there are thoughts to console the heroic and sensible and devout part of mankind when the world shall frown upon their piety, for what, if they can no longer approach with revering feet the tomb of a Confessor, and kindle their poor flickering tapers at the lamp which burns over the

[h] Demosth. Orat. xxv. cont. Aristag.

mighty dead, they may still be reminded as they are driven back from the barred threshold, or constrained to shrink from the chilling blasts of a forsaken sanctuary, that the most glorious monuments of the men we honour are not the few feet of marble under which their bones and ashes lie, but what are sunk deep in the bosoms of all who revere and would feebly imitate their greatness:—*ἀνδρων γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος, καὶ οὐ στηλῶν μόνον ἐν τῇ οἰκείᾳ σημαίνει ἐπιγραφὴ, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τῇ μὴ προσηκούσῃ ἄγραφος μνήμη παρ' ἑκάστῳ τῆς γνώμης μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἔργου ἐνδιατᾶται.*[1] There is something very striking in what the gentleman, whom I have quoted, relates upon his entering Zarzo, in the middle of a scorching day, a town on the Spanish side of the river Elga, which had been abandoned by the inhabitants on the approach of the French army. "The streets were deserted, and the houses barred; the Church alone stood open."

Nor did the ancients overlook the tone of kindness and brotherly affection which pervaded the lowest persons employed in their churches. Here, at least, a poor man was secure from insult. Nor was it wonderful that the servant should resemble his master, and the Church did not disdain to offer up public prayer for her readers, doorkeepers, widows, and for all the holy people of God[k]. All this will be thought trifling by some, though it argues no wisdom to consider it in this light. "Ce n'est point élevation d'esprit," says Fenelon, "que

[1] Thucydid. ii. 43. [k] On Good Friday.

de mépriser les petites choses; c'est au contraire par des vues trop bornées qu'on regarde comme petit ce qui a des consequences si étendues." "Whatever ridicule to a philosophical mind," says an acute observer, "may be thrown on pious ceremonies, it must be confessed that, during a very religious age, no institution can be more advantageous to the rude multitude, and tend more to mollify that fierce and gloomy spirit of devotion, to which they are subject."—"It only remains to observe," says the author of the "Decline and Fall," in that passage where he eulogises the effects of the Reformation, "whether such sublime simplicity be consistent with popular devotion: whether the vulgar in the absence of all visible objects, will not be inflamed by enthusiasm, or insensibly subside in languor and indifference." Prospective reasoning of this kind, combined with the facts which present themselves at the present day, will excite the curiosity at least of every philosophic enquirer. On the one hand, without referring to the late proceedings at Zurich, which are but a repetition of what occurred in the same canton at the commencement of the Reformation, he may have beheld the meetings of the Welch Methodists, and he knows the character of their English brethren; on the other, he may have assisted at the service of the Church of England, in Vienna, where the walls of the apartment were decorated with tapestry representing scenes of debauch, and he may have attended the same service at home in a modern London chapel, designed, on principles of œconomy, "for use and general accom-

modation," that is, so constructed that the assistants are prevented from kneeling by the confined space in which they are placed. Surely then, if he has really religion at heart, he will arrive at an alarming conclusion. It is true, the most sceptical philosopher could find no ordained ceremonies to ridicule in the former case, nor any vestige of superstition to despise in the latter, "where he might see the images of Lions and Unicorns, Dragons and Devils," as King James I. described Queen Elizabeth's Griffins, but no crucifix or image of an Apostle. But there were extravagances that excited horror,—but there was an indifference that could not be disguised. No sign of the Cross made, but no interest, no tears, at the preaching of its doctrine; the Gospel read, but not a knee bowed at the name of Jesus.

Again, the wisdom of the Church was seen in her provision for the individual wants and peculiarities of her children. Much was tolerated and even recommended, besides that which must belong to every person who wishes, with the least possible desire, to be a Christian. Because certain observances would be inconvenient to men in great cities, who are engaged in the bustle of commerce or political affairs, they were not, therefore, withheld from the devout female sex, from the old and infirm, the contemplative and contrite, and from the simple followers of a pastoral life, a great latitude was allowed. In great cities, the Deity was adored in solemn *temples* with all the magnificent expressions of gratitude and homage that man can offer; but for persons who

loved simplicity, or rather I ought to say the absence of magnificence in their form of worship, there was also provision made. There were men like St. Gurthiern, St. Mandé, St. Enflam, and St. Julian of Brittany, sons of kings, hermits and solitaries in the green isle, and on the poor rock: and even in cities too; there were holy monks ever offering the great sacrifice and the tribute of praise, with such outward expressions only as suited the total deficiency of temporal riches[1]. In general, a great latitude was allowed for the indulgence of individual feelings and affections, and some persons were permitted and encouraged to profess a greater zeal for the observances of religion than would perhaps be compatible with the condition of human life, if universally adopted: at least, the Church did not push the democratical principle of equality even against degrees and distinctions of holiness, knowing well that such a policy would have been sure to fail: for, in truth, men of the laity in no age will be satisfied with the assurance that they have attained the perfection of Christian wisdom and practice, and that all are superstitious and fools who attempt to proceed further. They love to think that there are other men in a greater degree devout and holy; men who have attained to something like prophetic strain: it soothes the imagination, and it even lights a flame within their own breast, to behold the shining

[1] Thus Machiavel confesses that "the monks of St. Francis and St. Dominic were examples of the poverty and life of Christ."

lamp of the saints which burns day and night before the altar of God. They desire that others should be busied, not always and solely about themselves, but that they should have leisure and piety to pray also for other poor sinners; and the heart, in spite of its corruption, would have abhorred the policy that would lower the standard of religion to meet their weak efforts. Certes there was no ground for complaining that too much was done in the way of narrow party law, and a pedantic dull uniformity in matters which require it not; that when the day came for prayer all must go, and during the rest of the week no one must dare to approach, however he may be disposed; that, according to a monotonous system, framed indeed with the view of avoiding unnecessary pain, at precise moments, and by precise, unvarying rules, every thing was done: that no care was displayed in attending to the peculiarities of temper, sex, age, situation, or fortune; that the cold and the enthusiastic, the tender and the rough, the old and the young, the poor and the rich, the prosperous and the miserable must have conformed to one exact discipline; that hence some were wearied and others checked in their devotion, some would want indulgence and others due restraint, some be abashed and discouraged, others pampered, flattered, and sanctioned, and made more lordly in their worldly-mindedness, or else disgusted and humiliated in an improper way, contrary to edification; that some would be encouraged when they were already puffed up, and others broken

when they were already bruised. With our fathers in the Church it was not so. With them, "il n'y etoit point de pédanterie," says the Count de Maistre. Religion then moved by prudent laws, and conceded somewhat to different tempers. Hence the variety in the lives of holy men: "Bernardus valles, montes Benedictus amabat, oppida Franciscus, celebres Ignatius urbes." It possessed the wisdom of the serpent as well as the innocence of the dove, and by different methods applied to obviate different deviations, and to give the proper direction to different impulses, she promoted the one and the like conformity with Him who is the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.

Again, it may be remarked, with all reverence and scrupulous delicacy, upon a subject which I am aware demands, in the highest degree, the exercise of both,—that the old religion was admirably calculated to afford the relief which was to be expected from a divine revelation. It was not framed in a way of harshness, and human wisdom, and want of tenderness, and ignorance of what our imperfect nature requires, which would produce, in a multitude of instances, the very reverse of what is favourable to the increase of religion and virtue among men. It differed widely from that false and affected principle which the world calls honour, which a poet[m] has compared to a rocky island with inaccessible cliffs on all sides, so that when once we have

[m] Boileau, Sat. x.

been let down from it, by no efforts of our own can we return; it did not deny with the world's wisdom the efficacy of repentance, or that love and mercy can cover faults committed; but, if I may borrow such a term, it was in keeping with the character and preaching of the Messiah, quite accordant with those passages in his life, the woman taken in adultery, the eating with publicans and sinners; with those sentences in his discourses, "the publicans and the harlots," &c.—"this day is salvation come to thy house," &c. when Zacchæus stood forth and said "behold if I have done wrong to any man I restore it fourfold." Moreover it was not in this respect obnoxious to the judgment of human wisdom: for it decided a great question of eternal interest conformably to the lesson dictated by experience and philosophy: πεφύκασί τε ἅπαντες καὶ ἰδίᾳ καὶ δημοσίᾳ ἁμαρτάνειν, said Diodotus to the Athenians, when he opposed the measure of deadly vengeance advocated by Cleon, "and there is no law," he continued, "which can prevent this, although men should proceed to try every degree of punishment, increasing it by degrees, so that they might accomplish their object; for it is probable that milder punishments were formerly in use against the greatest crimes, but, when found ineffectual, the greatest part had recourse to death; and this also was ineffectual: so that either some more awful terror is to be discovered, or this will not refrain men; for poverty furnishes some with boldness because of their necessity, and power excites in others the

wish to aggrandize themselves by reason of their insolence and pride; and the other conditions of life drive men on to perils, according to the dispositions of different men, as each is governed by some more violent passion. And hope and love in every condition, the one leading, the other following, the one meditating on the way of aggression, the other suggesting the smiling facility of fortune, are of the greatest injury, and, being unseen, have more power than the awful dangers which are exposed to view; and, after these have done their work, fortune herself no less conspires to push men on; for sometimes, unexpectedly standing near, she tempts one, with too little means for the object, to adventure himself. So that, in short, it is impossible, and the height of folly for any one to suppose that there is any method of acting with human nature, when it is strongly tempted in any direction, whether by the force of law, or by any system of intimidation." Therefore, he concluded they ought not to resolve upon punishing the Mitylenæans with death, nor to deprive those who might revolt of the hope that there would be place for penitence and pardon [n].

Now in ancient times religion was this humane philosophy, embodied as it were and shadowed forth for the remedy of the woes of man. After the example of its divine Founder, it cared little for the reproaches of the worldly-wise and righteous, of the formal hypocrites of the porch or the temple, while

[n] Thucyd. iii. 45.

it was occupied in the care of those who were perishing. It repeated the memorable words, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." It chaunted that solemn and affecting verse, "Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine; Domine, quis sustinebit?" In one word, the parable of the Prodigal Son was its guide, and the seventy times seven was regarded but as an expression for infinity. God himself had pity for man in his state of ruin, and should not his Church be likewise pitiful? Never would she abandon her child as long as life afforded a chance of recovery; she watched over him in all his miserable distractions, she endured all the disgust and reproach and humiliation attending upon the care of his disease, she sat by in tears while the storm of distemper raged, and when its fury was spent and past away, then was she ready, in the first moment of calm, to set before him health and joy and heaven's blessedness. Now this is what the infirmity of human nature requires,—a religion for sinners, not a moral system adapted to the fancy of philosophers and men who think themselves wise and righteous. Heaven guard men of honour, as well as saints, from the wickedness of justifying baseness, and of supporting a compromising, unholy system, which would destroy all religion and all honour; but there was no unholy compromise furnished in the scheme which we are considering. Far was the Church from lending her sanction to the wretched hypocrisy of those tyrants, who wanted to be masters of heaven as well as of the earth, who thought to

serve her through their lusts, and to be pious before God while they did the works of the devil; but she did cherish a courteous, a delicate, and a loving spirit to seek and to save that which was lost, those simple children who had been led away by their own lusts, and enticed, she taught them, not by cold doctrines merely, but by a thousand means which led to practical conviction, that there was a hope of recovery even for them, a chance of salvation even for them, since the door was not for ever closed, as long as there was a spirit that could be made contrite. It was an usual saying of that holy Abbot, St. Pambo of Nitria, a great director of souls in the rules of Christian perfection, "If you have a heart, you may be saved." Now this was the spirit of religion, whenever the bad passions of human nature and the maxims and spirit of the age were not called forth against it by some open apostasy. Jeremy Taylor, though a modern, has pronounced in favour of its policy. "If we be arrested," he says, "yet let us not enter farther into our sin, like wild beasts intricating themselves by their impatience. For there are some who, being ashamed and impatient to have been engaged, take sanctuary in boldness, and a shameless abetting it, so running into the darkness of hell to hide their nakedness." The Church adopted a style and mode of expression which could gently and harmoniously move the benighted spirit during its occasional intervals of stillness, in the same manner, (to borrow a simile from Schlegel) as the lightest breath of air can produce the sweet

sounds of an Æolian harp; she spake to him in words like those addressed by Cowper

> " To the sad sufferer under nameless ill,
> That yields not to the touch of human skill;
> Yet seek him, in his favour life is found,
> All bliss beside a shadow or a sound."

And in the trying hour of parting agony she committed her charge to the merciful Creator, concluding her sublime and affecting prayer with these words: " Lætifica, Domine, animam ejus in conspectu tuo, et ne memineris iniquitatum ejus antiquarum et ebrietatum quas suscitavit furor sive fervor mali desiderii. Licet enim peccaverit, tamen Patrem, et Filium, et Spiritum sanctum non negavit, sed credidit; et zelum Dei in se habuit, et Deum qui fecit omnia fideliter adoravit." She knew that as in distempers of the body it is requisite to mollify the afflicted part and keep it tender, so it is in the case of moral evil; and hence she learned to treat the sinful spirit of man with tenderness. The heart was kept soft, and the surface which covered the dry bones was still moistened with the dew of heaven. Indeed its wisdom may be discerned even where men would seek an example to condemn it. Nothing is more notorious than the unhappy life of Raphael; yet how ill should we judge in confounding him who could bring down those heavenly images to refresh and exalt our earthly vision with any but such as are objects of respect and love? The truth is that Raphael, under the influence of this religion, was saved from the fate which would have awaited him in a later age. Under this

influence he fell, it is true, a victim to his passions. (It is not easy to speak on this subject without giving the rash and malicious an opportunity for bringing forward dreadful charges, but I beg my reader to exercise his candour in my behalf, I must depend upon his humanity for putting the favourable instead of the dark construction upon my words.) The unhappy life of Raphael, I say, is well known; yet still, be it remembered, he escaped many of the evils which might have been supposed necessarily to follow from it. There is no intention in this remark to attempt to soften the misery, or to dilute the turpitude of vice. Still, be it remembered, he was a grateful scholar and a faithful friend, a generous rival, who never felt envy and who thanked God for having brought him to live in the age of Michael Angelo; an enemy to himself, still he was the friend of every other man, and never refused a favour that could be granted; too often forgetful of his own eternal interests, still he was piteous and charitable to the poor, and liberal to men of merit. Of manners the most engaging, he made all about him mutual friends. "Not men alone," says Vasari, "but even animals themselves loved him." Living with princes, he could cherish an honourable pride and feel that he conferred honour upon them and upon his country; abandoned to an irregular connection, "not proof enough some object to sustain;" "falling at the beauty of a woman, as a man dies at the blow of an angel, or gives up his breath at the sentence and decree of God," still it was to his reverence and love for the blessed Virgin, that he

owed the purity of imagination which distinguished him from almost all other painters; for Raphael never painted an indecent figure: and it was this reverence which enabled him to produce those sublime Madonnas which are the joy and rapture of Christians. He founded a chapel in her honour in the Church of Saint Mary, of the Rotondo, and after a death of penitence, assuredly no mock display of woe and piety, in execution of his last will it was at the foot of this chapel that his body was buried.

Such was Raphael under the influence of this mild religion; and since, in the flower of his age, in the full career of his life and triumph, it pleased God that he should die suddenly, and receive the wages of that Master whom he had been for a time tempted to serve, we may be permitted to hope that some sanction was held out for the tenderness and hopes of that Church, which never gave up her poor unhappy son. Not alone "the good die first," but others too may God distinguish in his mercy by removing suddenly, while

> "they, whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
> Burn to the socket."[o]

It is not for man, however, to indulge in such contemplations. Let it be granted that Raphael, under this influence, was an inconsistent character; but what, we may ask, would have been Raphael under the influence of a system less careful of driving men to despair? What would he have been if he had fallen upon times when all the religion of his

[o] Wordsworth's Excursion.

heart would have been exchanged for indifference or mockery of goodness? We should have had a man not alone doing wickedness, but having pleasure in those who did it. We should have witnessed a degraded taste instead of sublime conceptions,—the melancholy images which prompt the pen of a debauched infidel, instead of those revelations which have been embodied on the walls of the Vatican.

I know not whether these remarks will convey a distinct idea; I am sure they stand in need of my reader's humanity to interpret them; but they flow from a feeling, not, I trust, opposed to the sanctity of religion, while it operates strongly in favour of what was deemed wisdom by our fathers.

Again, with respect to the clergy. Here, too, is a subject of admiration to those who defend the religious system of Europe in the heroic age of Christianity. If, during this period of the Church, the clergy could boast of men who possessed the essential virtues, and even the highest qualities that can belong to the sacerdotal character, (it may skill not repeating names of holy men, forgotten by the moderns, which perhaps will excite only a smile, though their images are like those of Cassius and Brutus in the funeral of Junia, in which these not being represented with those of twenty of the most illustrious families which were carried along, Tacitus saith, "eo ipso præfulgebant quod non visebantur[p]." Yet I will say, men who evinced the ability of a Bellarmin, the learning of a

[p] Annal. iii. 76.

Mabillon, the theological research of a St. Gregory and a Bede, the philosophy of a Pascal, the disinterestedness of a Pole, the goodness of a Borromeo, the piety of a St. Bernard,) if, to take a nearer view of their character, they were men of prayer and simplicity, thoroughly versed in Holy Scripture, spending much time in the study of the Fathers, and taking a lively interest in the old records and principles of the Church; if they kept themselves in their actions, conversation, and habit distinct from the laity, and avoided practices which offend that peculiar, nice delicacy of feeling and sentiment which in these days arises from a taste for antiquity, at least, if not from religion[q]; if they never closed the doors of their Church, save against the stubborn sinner, and, least of all, allowed them to be converted into concert rooms, when the purposes of charity might be obtained by hiring town halls, fearing, if they had done otherwise, that they might be obnoxious to the censure passed on him who would have sold the precious ointment in the alabaster box, that the price might be given to the poor—(who in these days would not maintain that he advised well?)—or, that they might hear, in allusion to themselves, the invocation of such men as Dante, praying the sovereign mind

" ——————— that once more
He may put forth his hand 'gainst such as drive
Their traffic in that sanctuary, whose walls
With miracles and martyrdoms were built[r]."

[q] Vid. Th[illegible] vetus et [illegible] ecclesiæ disciplina, tom. ii. iii.

[r] Par[illegible] ii

sanctuaries consecrated to the divine service, solemnly devoted to that exclusive object—

> "The walls at whose foundation pious hands
> Of priests and monks, and bishops meekly toiled!"

if they loved the simple chaunt of St. Gregory, and, tuned not their discourse to the times[a] and to the people's call, opposing, as far as they were able, the spirit of the Epicurean philosophy, and, nothing doubting, whether the priest can draw a blessing upon the people by offering up the body of Christ; if they were patterns framed according to Holy Scripture and apostolical tradition, not looking up to public opinion as the great standard, and not ready to smile with the laity at the bare mention of St. Chrysostom's six books "de Sacerdotio," the Apologetic of St. Gregory of Nazianzen, the Pastoral of St. Gregory of Rome, the Eighth Epistle of St. Dionysius to Demophilus, St. Austin's Epistle to Bishop Valerius in St. Bernard's life of St. Malachy, and St. Jerome's One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Epistle to Fabiola; but rather trembling when they read them; if there was found among them that mind which made St. Bernard refuse to be the Bishop of three rich cities which severally called upon him, and the Archbishop of two other,—St. Dominic to refuse four successively,—St. Thomas Aquinas to refuse the Archbishoprick of Naples,—and Vincentius Ferrarius to refuse the Sees of Valentia

[a] "Romana ecclesia semper gravitatem observavit, et nova non nisi cum difficultate et maturitate concedere consuevit."—*Rigordi gesta Philip. Aug, Duchesne* vi.

and Iserda,—and St. Bernard of Sienna to refuse those of Sens, Urban and Ferrara,—and St. Peter of Alcantara to decline the office of confessor to Charles V.,—and Adrian to prefer a cell in the monastery of St. Peter at Canterbury to the archiepiscopal throne of that city; if they had an ardent affection for the ancient practices of piety, conformable both to the letter and spirit of Holy Scripture, and if they rejoiced in living in an age which respected them; if they did not regard pure Christianity as confined to any one country or sect, but rather rejoiced in contemplating the Holy Church throughout all the world, its strength, its universality, and its triumph; if they never forged new words to ridicule old things, "ut verba etiam fingant, non solum crimina," and Doctors in Divinity never would call a king "a bigoted religionist," because he was firmly attached to the faith of his ancestors: if to the complaint of any lover of ancient simplicity, they never thought of the reply "We laugh to think

ὅτι παιδάριον εἶ, καὶ φρονεῖς ἀρχαϊκά·"

if they never disowned that authority which Christ left with his ministers, so as to declare themselves, even to the scandal of future protestant Chillingworths, incapable of exerting it, suffering that commission to be a vain form of works without any sense under them; if they were enabled to promulgate their opinions from time to time upon the new vices which rose up among the people, and would never submit to be hindered by any human power from exercising this office, and, moreover, if they

were enabled and willing always to act in union; if they were but little occupied in civil employments, and in the affairs of law, but spent much time in visiting and comforting afflicted spirits, after the injunctions of their blessed order; if they did not leave laymen at a loss to choose between their opposite contending opinions on religious subjects; if they did not appear in the capacity of individual ministers, each thinking that he held the proper doctrine, but came forward as members of one body, all imbued with the same spirit, teaching the same doctrine, and governed by the same head, and, therefore, each affording the same religious assistance to all men[1]; if, I say, this be the character of the ancient clergy, (and who that has studied antiquity with patience and candour will deny that it is?) then, assuredly, it is doing a great injury to the cause of religion to continue loading their memory with ungracious charges, and it is inconsistent with any feeling of piety to regard as an adversary whoever attempts to defend them. At least, to be consistent, totally opposite views of religion in general and of the sacerdotal character in particular, must, in that case, be adopted; and then will arise another difficulty; for it is no groundless suggestion to predict that, if the spirit and views of antiquity be so completely given up, the institutions themselves which grew out of them, affording security and advantage to individuals and to nations, and which only possess the vital principle as long as there remain some sparks

[1] Vid. S. Bernardi ad Guillel. Abbat. Apolog.

of that spirit and some tendency to those views, may also be overthrown, when it would be in vain to look for help from a few empty words; as Otho, in his distress, cried out "Senatus nobiscum est—mea cum vestrô salus, incolumitate senatus, firmatur;"—and from as empty a conclusion, saying of our glorious institutions, "Sicut a majoribus accepimus, sic posteris tradamus[u]." The time would be gone by for these words to excite a generous and holy flame[x],—it is no groundless suggestion to predict that the lower orders of society would relapse into the savage fierceness of their nature, from which nothing but the old spirit and views of religion preserved them, that the great lords of the earth would wax colder and colder in their devotions, for no book-learning will avail with them if there be pedantry, and there would infallibly be a tone and an air, a phraseology and an expression belonging to the principles of that revived sophistry essentially pedantic—it is no groundless prediction that men of thought and of noble natures, trusting in a higher guidance, would determine differently from what has been established by solemn acts; and that, in short, there is a possibility of what that noble prelate, Berkeley, has shown, to wit, the juncture relative to "men of genius," which you will find stated in his Minute Philosopher, ii. p. 409. in a way that will be rather startling to the delicacy of modern ears,

[u] Tacitus Hist. i. 84.

[x] "Confugit interdum Templi violator ad aram
Nec petit offensi numinis horrenda opem."—*Ovid. ex Pont.* ii.

to the delighted self-applauding readers of "practical evidences," and Sunday newspapers.

Again. The whole discipline and form of the Church in our heroic age, and I scruple not to say the monastic institutions, properly regulated, were very conducive to the delight of men of refined taste and feeling, by giving a religious character to society and even to the very outward appearance of a country. A Christian Plato could not be induced to believe that the end of all things around him attracting the attention of mankind was death. (Really, to be consistent, some new religion should be adopted that will not support passages such as this alludes to, if commercial prosperity is to be the sole criterion of a nation's happiness.) There are, indeed, a vast number of men in these days who cannot in any manner enter into this view of antiquity, or comprehend the excellence of these institutions; men like Ginguené who, in noticing the book of Petrarch, "De otio Religiosorum," after relating that Petrarch had sent the book to the Carthusian monks of Montrieu, where his brother had taken the habit, and where he himself had experienced sweet impressions, expresses himself thus:—"Que l'etat monastique eut des avantages pour ceux qui le professaient quand ils avaient pu vaincre les affections les plus naturelles et les plus douces, cela n'a jamais eté mis en question; la vraie question était de savoir *de quelle utilité il pouvait etre pour la société civile* qu'une classe nombreuse d'hommes jouit de tels avantages, en consommant une partie

considérable de ses produits, sans prendre la moindre part aux travaux," (are there no works beyond a counting-house or manufactory?) "aux dangers et aux agitations qu'elle impose. Mais cette question est décidée:" and who afterwards, in noticing the Confessions of Petrarque, where St. Augustin is made to point out the happiness of having the thought of death present, and of the soul being disengaged from the vanities of the world, concludes thus: "doctrine fausse, triste et nuisible," which, besides other evils, "tend toujours à rendre ceux qui la professent au moins inutiles à la société et au monde[r]."—"O hominem amentem et miserum qui ne umbram quidem umquam τοῦ καλοῦ viderit!" Observe this is from the critic who took upon him to write a commentary upon Dante and Tasso. Assuredly the men who can have such thoughts are not likely to be convinced that there is any thing to lament in the destruction of the old institutions; but, let this be as it may, I will repeat a passage which, though perhaps the most familiar and abused by quotation, still continues to be one of the most affecting in our literature:—"We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotions would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power

[r] Hist. lit. de l'Italie ii. p. 343 and 453.

of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." But this refers to generations of the holy and the wise who are passed away, and their mantles we keep in cabinets to divert the curious; "against whom to declaim with severity is now the ready passport," as Dr. Milner says, "to literary fame, but whether or no their life was real foolishness, and their end without honour, as the worldly-wise say, remains to be seen at the day of universal manifestation." Ours is a different age and a new philosophy; at present, in these kingdoms, we can travel but a short distance in any direction without meeting with monuments of the triumph of the new opinions.

"Who sees these dismal heaps but will demand
What barbarous invader sacked the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king,
(While nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,)
What must he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotion are*?"

"It is not only in Raasy," says Dr. Johnson, "that

* Sir John Denham's Cooper's Hill

the chapel is unroofed and useless; through the few islands which we visited we neither saw nor heard of any house of prayer, except in Sky, that was not in ruins. The malignant influence of Calvinism has blasted ceremony and decency together, and if the remembrance of papal superstition is obliterated, the monuments of papal piety are likewise effaced." —The fruitfulness of Iona is now its whole property. The inhabitants are remarkably gross, and remarkably neglected: I know not if they are visited by any minister. The island, which was once the metropolis of learning and piety, has now no school for education, nor temple for worship. It is now described by a recent traveller as "a solitary place amid the wide waste of rocks and water, where no sound is ever heard but the roar of the winds and waves, and the melancholy voices of the sea fowl."

In England or France a traveller like Dr. Johnson would experience in most places the same feelings of mournful interest. "Soon," says M. de Marchangy*, "the Gallic land, despoiled of the trophies of its glory, may become as void of memorial interest as are the banks of the Ohio and the Mississipi." On every mountain stroll, and on his entrance to every city, amidst the wild solitudes of Snowdon, or Cheviot, or the beautiful embowered banks of the Wye or of Loch Katrine, of the Avon or of Yarrow, how would he lament the want of the little chapel on the height of the pass or at the edge of the blue water, where,

* Tristan ou la F[illegible] 14e Siècle.

perhaps, some holy man would be offering up in silence the holy sacrifice as he entered; or the convent in the dark forest, where the murmuring of brooks would alone interrupt the unceasing hymns of praise? How would afflicted spirits be comforted, and how would the hearts of feeling men be strengthened by such objects and such scenes? How would the imagination be checked from error by the spectacle of the Cross? "Vide quam sim antiquorum hominum." These solitudes might become again a retreat for the miserable, a nursery for wisdom, the habitation of saints, instead of being only interesting to the grouse shooter or geologist; for even the painter, from a want of objects to contrast with the grandeur of nature, has no business here if other lands are open to him. Not that I would report these scenes as utterly deficient in matter for those who are on the quest of heavenly adventure. We have examples, not to refer to the print prefixed to this book, that will direct us how to profit by a visit to these forlorn monuments of great men, to Glastonbury or Lindisferne or Iona.

"Thus as Ector and Gawayne rode more than eyght dayes," says Sir Thomas Malore, "and on a Saturday they found an old chappel whiche was wasted that there seemed no man thyder repayred, and there they alyghte and sette their speres att the dore, and as they entryd in to the chappel, and then made their orysons a grete whyle. And thenne sette hem doune in the seges of the chappel."

"It is worthy of observation," says Schlegel, in his dramatic literature, "that Shakspeare, an eye-wit-

ness of all the animosities of different religious sects, evinces a kind of predilection for the monastic order, and that he almost always paints its influence as beneficial. We never behold in his pieces those odious characters of monks which cast rather a Protestant than a poetical tint over the works of many modern authors." But I must not recur to this subject[b]. It is not only our solitudes that have suffered loss. Our cities too can claim the affections only of a part of mankind. Petrarch, when he lived at Milan, hired a house which had no other recommendation than that of being near the Church of St. Ambrose, that he might walk and pray there at all hours. He dwells with pleasure on the recollection of his visits to the Chatreuse of Montrieu and that of Milan, in which latter monastery, while Linterno was his residence, he spent almost all the hours that were not devoted to study, when preparing his treatise "de remediis utriusque fortunæ." Dante is said to have composed many cantos of the Divine Vision in a monastery in the outskirts of Verona, that of Santa Croce di fonte Avellana, where strangers are still shown his apartment. And what son of chivalry can enter a religious house and not exult in a blessed institution which administered relief and peace to the gentle and the heroic Tasso! In our time poets are pleased to represent monas-

[b] Consult S. Bernardi Epist. ad fratres de Monte Dei.—De natura et dignit. amoris Divini.—Muratori Antiquit. Ital. tom. v. Statuta antiq. Abbat. Corbeiens. S. Adalardi Abbat. præscript. in Dacherii Spicileg. tom. iv.—Anonymus Cluniac. Monast. collect. S. Udalrico ibid.

teries as the abode of every thing wicked and base and contemptible; but how different were the views and the feelings of Tasso, the holy, the innocent and the pure in heart, to whose prayers the inhabitants of Ferrara ascribed the preservation of their city when threatened in 1570 by the waters of the Po during an earthquake? Early in his life it was in the abbey of Chablis that he composed many passages of his Jerusalem. In the commencement of his mysterious afflictions, it was to the house of the monastery of St. Francis at Ferrara that he looked for peace. After deliverance from his barbarous captivity, it was in the beautiful monastery of Mount Olivet at Naples that he began the revision of his immortal poem; it was with the monks of the same order at S. Maria Nuova that he was lodged at Rome when he composed his first dialogue, 'della Clemenza; it was with the same good monks that he resided at Florence. Afterwards he chose for his dwelling at Naples the monastery of Sanseverino. On his last visit to Rome, it was to the convent of St. Onofrio that he retired to prepare for death; it was from thence that he wrote that affecting letter to Constantini:—"What will my dear Constantini say when he shall hear of the death of his dear Tasso? I believe that it will not be long before he receives this intelligence, for I feel that I am at the end of my life, not having found a remedy for this miserable indisposition which is added to all my habitual infirmities, and which I can clearly perceive is hurrying me like a rapid torrent, to which I can oppose no obstacle. It is too late to talk of the ob-

stinacy of my evil fortune, not to say the ingratitude of men, which has at last desired the triumph of conducting me in poverty to the tomb, in the moment when I was hoping that this glory, which, in spite of those who do not wish it, our age will derive from my writings, would not be entirely for me without recompense. I have caused myself to be led to this monastery of St. Onuphrus, not only because the physicians judge the air to be better than that of all other quarters in Rome, but that I might commence in a manner from this elevated spot, and by the conversation of these holy monks, my conversation in heaven. Pray God for me, and be sure that, as I have always loved and honoured you in this life, I will do also for you in the other, which is the true life, that which is agreeable to a true and sincere charity. I commend you to the divine grace, to which I also commend myself. Rome. St. Onuphrus."

It was here that he died and left his bones. But all the institutions and resources of ancient piety had been the delight of Tasso, whether at Rome in the Jubilee, visiting the different churches, or at Mantua and Loretto, fulfilling his vow, or amid the memorials of the Vatican, revising the Jerusalem Delivered, or in the horrid prison of St. Anne, cheered by a vision of the Virgin. But hear his own words, addressed to his friend Maurizio Catane : he is describing the terrible emotions which visit him during that mournful confinement :— " I was afraid that I should lose my sight, I was tormented with aches in my head, in my [illegible], in my side, in my

thighs, in my legs; I have been weakened by vomiting, by a flux of blood, by fever. In the midst of so many terrors and pains, the image of the glorious Virgin Mary appeared to me in the air holding her son in her arms, surrounded by a brilliant circle of the brightest colours. I ought not then to despair of grace. I know well that this might be only a pure imagination, for I am frantic, almost always troubled by phantoms, and filled with an excessive melancholy; nevertheless, by the grace of God, I can refuse my assent to these illusions, which, as Cicero remarks, is the operation of a discerning spirit. I ought then rather to believe that this is truly miraculous."

Modern poets, perhaps, will deem this the ravings of a madman, while even the French critic cannot read it without the profoundest emotion, in observing amid such afflictions, "so much good faith and simplicity." But, whether madness or simplicity, where would have been the resources of such men in any of the cities or countries where the spirit of the French revolution or the modern philosophy had triumphed: in Lille or Dijon, where churches are turned into granaries; at Interlacken or Rolandwerth or Winchester, where convents are converted into wine vaults, and common inns, and bridewells; in Manchester or Birmingham, where "you see buildings rising up as large as convents, without their antiquity, without their beauty, without their holiness; where you hear from within, as you pass along, the everlasting din of machinery, and where, when the bell rings, it is to call wretches

to their work instead of their prayers;"—"where," continues the same animated writer, "they keep up a *laus perennis* of the devil before furnaces which are never suffered to cool?"—"Happily," he concludes, "our religion presents one obstacle to introducing the system of English manufactories into Spain; that incessant labour which is required in these task houses can never be exacted in a Catholic country, where the Church has wisely provided so many days of leisure for the purposes of religion and enjoyment." Plato says that the gods ordained festivals and days of repose out of pity for the laborious race of men [a]; and Pericles makes mention of them as among the glories of his country [b]. The Christian Church, indeed, proceeds on higher ground to recommend them, and yet, as this writer remarks, "against the frequency of these holy days much has been said; but heaven forbid," he continues, "that the clamour of philosophizing commercialists should prevail, and that the Spaniard should ever be brutalized by unremitting task-work, like the negroes in America and the labouring manufacturers in England [c]."

But again, there are considerations which peculiarly address themselves to the class of readers into whose hands this book is calculated to fall. For, as at this day it would be hard to persuade men of intelligence that the ancient religion of Europe was destructive of Christian faith, living, and dying;

[a] De Legibus ii. [b] Thucydides ii. 39.

[c] Espinell's Letters.

was contrary to a holy life, and to the death of the righteous: consequently, satisfied as the chivalry of England must be that the religion of its fathers, that of this knightly land, was, in all essential respects, conformable to the divine instructions of our Saviour; it is really very hard to sit in silent indifference while persons, in the spirit and the language of unlettered churls, calumniate and ridicule these objects of its gratitude and veneration. Lords and honourables from the manufactory, or the sugar-cask, or even crestless yeomen, may hold it absurd that, in the 19th century, any man should be found who feels concerned in the faith of the ancient heroes to whom England and Europe owe their glory. But to hope and believe that the faith of St. Edmund and St. Louis was pure and of the Cross, is associated with nothing ridiculous in the mind of him who has inherited, not perhaps the lands and castles, but the spurs and the spirit of his fathers.

True, there may be a time when the great and mighty of the world, whom he may serve and honour, shall agree in condemning the memory of their heroic forefathers, and in charging with folly the simple youth who thinks that they should be held in eternal remembrance, and that he should defend them from an evil hearing; but he will remember that if these, his Lords, should now condemn or scorn his poor tribute of fidelity, still it is for him to suffer with modesty, and yet not to be ashamed, seeing, as the divine poet of antiquity [d] hinted, there

[d] Soph. Antigone. 74.

are elsewhere too kings, and men who were heirs to kingly crowns, high princes and potent earls, and bold barons, and valiant knights, and holy prelates, and reverend priests, and sage chancellors, and learned judges, whom the grace of heaven and the consent of all people, whom power and dignity, and hosts of friends, and high birth and virtue, and justice, and holiness, and learning, once made illustrious, whom he will have to please for a longer time than those who are now here, since with those that are removed he will have to remain for ever.

The Church of Christ has, from the first been loved and defended by the sons of chivalry, by those too who bore its outward distinctions, by princes and men of generous birth who have been enrolled in the number of her saints. How did the lives accord with the high birth of St. Hilary, St. Canute, Juventinus and Maximinus, St. Chrysostom, St. Benedict, St. Thomas of Aquino, grand nephew to the Emperor Frederic I., and allied to many other sovereigns of Europe; St. Gregory the great, king Edward the Confessor, St. Isidore, St. Leo the great, St. Anselm, St. Antoninus of Florence, St. Comgall of Ireland, St. Ferdinand, St. Basil the great, St. Antony of Padua, son of Martin de Bullones of the army of Alphonsus I. el consultador, who, having defeated five kings of the Moors in the battle of Origne, was crowned king of Portugal, and whose mother, Mary of Savora, was one of the most accomplished of women; St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. Peter of Luxemburg, of the two most illustrious houses of Luxemburg and Pol, who have given

five emperors to the Germans, several kings to Hungary and Bohemia, a queen to France, and innumerable renowned heroes whose deeds are famous throughout Europe and the East; St. Bruno, of the noble family of the Lords of Asti in Piemont; St. Henry II., emperor; St. Germaine, St. Clare, St. Bernard, St. Ouen; St. Stephen, king of Hungary; St. Cloud, St. Omer, St. Cyprian; St. Wenceslas, duke of Bohemia; St. Jerom; St. Ethelbert, the first English Christian king; St. Rémi, the great Apostle of France; St. Francis Borgia; St. Ignatius Loyola; St. Bruno, founder of the Carthusians; St. Ignatius, whose mother, Procopia, was daughter to the emperor Nicephorus, and whose father, Michael, was himself raised to the imperial throne; St. Neot; St. Charles Borromeo; St. Martin, the light of the Western Church in the fourth age; St. Edmund, St. Gregory of Tours, St. Hugh of Lincoln; St. Francis Xavier, whose father, Don John de Jasso, was one of the chief counsellors of state to John III. d'Albret, king of Navarre, and whose mother was heiress of the two illustrious houses of Azpilcneta and Xavier; St. Ambrose, St. Cyril.—I know indeed the bounds prescribed to the pride of man, by nature and grace; I know with regard to the first,

> Οἵη περ φύλλων γενέη, τοίηδε καὶ ἀνδρων
> Φύλλα τὰ μέν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἄλλα δέ θ' ὕλη
> Τηλεθοῶσα φύει, ἔαρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη·
> Ὣς ἀνδρων γενέη, ἡ μὲν φύει, ἡ δ' ἀπολήγει·

And I know how the latter has confirmed and ex-

tended these in the mystery of the Cross[d]: that, as Fenelon has well said, "in Jesus Christ, there is no more distinction of slave or noble, bond or free; that in him all are noble by the gifts of faith:" that, as St. Hilary said before him, "we are all equal in Jesus Christ, and the highest degree of our nobility is to be of the number of the true servants of God." But this knowledge is far from condemning that feeling of respect and gratitude which every man of generous birth will experience when he repeats such names as these, when he remembers that the men who were the theme of minstrelsy and the fountains of mundane honour, the champions of innocence, the kings and princes and heroes of the earth are found among the worshippers of the Lamb in the assembly of the saints.

These and various other considerations have often led me to the opinion, that it argues a great hardness of heart, and insensibility to the associations of genius, not to say an unfeeling soul, and a dull fancy, and bad manners, to employ the same coarse wit and unfeeling argument against the harmless superstitious tales of our ancestors, as in exposing the folly of the most disgusting sect of modern fanatics, founded by some insane journeyman or self-willed mechanic. How admirable is the precept given by Pliny to his friend Maximus, who was ap-

[d] Hence the practice of the Church, "honores ecclesiastici sanguinis non sunt, sed meriti." Concil. xii. 1447. ii. xiii. 608. Bened. Petroburg. de vita Henrici II. et Rich. I. Innocentii III. Epist. 18. lib. i. Odo de vita Hugonis et Roberti Reg. Duchesne iv. p. 115. Chron. et. ibid p. 96.

pointed to the province of Achaia: "Reverere gloriam veterem, et hanc ipsam senectutem, quæ in homine venerabilis, in urbibus sacra est. Sit apud te honor antiquitati, sit ingentibus factis, sit fabulis quoque.—Nihil ex cujusquam dignitate, nihil ex libertate, nihil etiam ex jactatione decerpseris. Habe ante oculos Athenas esse quas adeas; Lacedæmonem esse quam regas:—vides à medicis, quanquam in adversa valetudine nihil servi a liberi differant, mollius tamen liberos clementiusque tractari. Recordare quid quæque civitas fuerit; non ut despicias quod esse desierit[e]."

Lastly. A candid and intelligent observer, who had the interests of religion at heart, would hardly fail to acknowledge that he owed reverence to the religion of our ancestors, from a consideration that it afforded the greatest security under God for the maintenance of Christianity itself upon the earth, for the continuance of the old simplicity, temperance, generosity, tenderness for the poor[f], and

[e] Ep. lib. viii. 24.

[f] In the same fortnight, early in January, 1826, the English newspapers announced the events of a lad in Manchester being starved to death, of a woman in Bishopsgate, London, perishing in like manner, and the arrest of a bookseller in a great provincial town, in consequence of his sister having given three pence in alms to a boy at his door, and of his remonstrating with a constable, who then proceeded to take this poor child into custody as "a vagrant." The magistrates were said to have "reprobated the practice of giving alms." Allusion is often made to Acts of Parliament which make it law that persons should not dispense them. The general opinion seems to be that, if a man has no money, he must be a thief. "The law of nature," says Blackstone, "being coeval with man-

spirit of sacrificing selfish interests and selfish pleasure; for the continued substitution of the Christian in place of the Epicurean philosophy of the moderns, who hold that each man may engross to himself the enjoyments and advantages of every profession and mode of life, without suffering the privations or loss attending any: in short, for the continuance of the Christian spirit of sacrifice, and principle of sanctifying our sufferings in honour of the sorrowful passion of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The thoughtless zeal of the moderns may, indeed, be little disposed to admit the proposition lately adverted to; but nothing is more certain than what we then advanced, that the world is indebted to the government of the Catholic Church, not merely for the first introduction of Christianity amongst these nations, but for its subsequent preservation; for the deliverance of Europe from the Mahometans, and for the existence of the Christian religion at this day. Men may read history and not have come to this conclusion; but short-sighted persons ought

kind, and dictated by God himself, is, of course, superior in obligation to any other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at all times: no human laws are of any validity if contrary to this; and such of them as are valid, derive all their force and all their authority, mediately or immediately from this original,"—"And as the moral precepts of the revealed law" (among which, that which commands to give alms, and not to turn away from a poor man, is included, unless we philosophise away what we receive as God's word) "are of the same original with those of the law of nature, so their intrinsic obligation is of equal strength and perpetuity."—*Comment. Introd.* vol. i. p. 40.

not to read history; they only lose their time. What has become of Christianity among the Lutherans and Calvinists of Germany[g], or among the reformed of France and Geneva? The words of Bellarmin are indeed well worthy of serious attention:—"Etenim de qua re agitur, cum de Primatu Pontificis agitur? brevissime dicam, de summa rei Christianæ. Id enim quæritur, debeatne Ecclesia diutius consistere an vero dissolvi et concidere[h]." And men of thought and learning will do well to examine the justice of what the Count de Maistre says: "Les églises ennemies de l'eglise universelle ne subsistent cependent que par celle-ci, quoique peut-etre elles s'en doutent peu, semblables à ces plantes parasites, à ces guis stériles qui ne vivent que de la substance de l'arbre qui les supporte, et qu'ils appauvrissent[i]."

Admirable, indeed, was the wisdom of the ancient Church. As the advocate of modern opinions acknowledges, it conformed in different countries to the peculiar character and spirit of each people, to the city and the pastoral life, taking care of the souls of the poor and rich, not suffering the different

[g] If the reader be inclined to peruse this melancholy enquiry, he may consult the ordinance of the king of Prussia, delivered the 28th May, 1825; or the small work entitled "Zeichen der Zeit;" or Rose on the state of Protestantism in Germany, Cambridge, 1825. But, perhaps, the first book of Goëthe's Memoirs may have already supplied the requisite information.

[h] Præfatio in lib. de Summo Pontifice.

[i] Considérations sur la France, p. 13.

ranks of society to be marshalled out in opposition and hostility to each other, but keeping them in perfect harmony and in their proper place, preserving, amongst all classes of men, the spirit and the hopes, the faith and the practice of Christ's religion.

Somewhat has already been said respecting the end to which the principles of the moderns seem to lead. Experience has verified the old predictions. "Gens Anglorum," says St. Gregory, "prave agere metuit, ac totis desideriis ad æternitatis gloriam pervenire concupiscit." Certainly not the proper allowance for a declamatory sentence, nor a consideration of the zeal natural to new converts will account for the contrast which the world around us now presents to this representation. Much might have been said, also, respecting the security which the old religion afforded to society and government against those frightful results which England and France have successively endured. All the world knows what Mirabeau used to say, "il faut commencer par decatholiser la France." Much might be brought forward on this point, but I must hasten on. Without doubt, the whole matter rests upon the result of the enquiry, "Are the charges against the religious doctrines of the heroic age true?" It is to such persons as are fully convinced that these charges are injurious and without foundation that the preceding observations may be consistently addressed. Much, indeed, still remains to be pressed upon the attention of such persons. In an age of

great excitement and infidelity, perhaps there are few who can enjoy a perfect exemption from the distraction to which they give birth; but it is a certain truth that there is a sensibility and a proneness to scruple and doubt which argue nothing but the presence of infirmity in the mind which cherishes them. Wisely was it said by St. Augustin, "sunt innumerabiles quæstiones quæ non sunt finiendæ aute fidem, ne finiatur vita sine fide." There are many subtilties even connected with religion, about which it is needless to enquire. "Sufficit nobis contra malitiam hujus seculi, præsens habere certamen." This is what St. Jerom said[k]. At all times we are bound to take especial care not to identify a great question with the character of some who may profess to defend it. On the one hand, we may have the inflated nonsense of some weak and passionate advocate, who forgets not only the precept of his faith, but that of human wisdom, which says, in the words of Seneca, "Si tantum irasci vis sapientem quantum scelerum indignitas exigit, non irascendum illi, sed insaniendum est[l]." Though assuredly there is something very unreasonable in the astonishment and indignation which his anger excites in some persons. Alas! the moderns do their opponents too much honour if they suppose that these are not men imperfect like themselves: let them not wonder if folly should be received with contempt, bad taste with ridicule, injustice with indignation, cruelty

[k] Vid. S. Bernardi Epist. exc.

[l] De Ira, lib. ii. 7.

with fierceness. There may be much to condemn, but the failings of my own nature require me to be slow in judging upon human principles:

———ἐγὼ γὰρ ἀνδρὶ συγγνώμην ἔχω,
κλύοντι φλαῦρα, συμβαλεῖν ἔπη κακά· [a]

saying with Electra:

ἐν οὖν τοιούτοις οὔτε σωφρονεῖν, φίλοι,
οὔτ' εὐσεβεῖν πάρεστιν· ἀλλ' ἔν τοι κακοῖς
πολλή γ' ἀνάγκη καὶπιτηδεύειν κακά· [b]

On the other hand, there may be degenerate misgivings, and unworthy and treacherous counsels of concession. In all ages of the Church there will be persons prompt at urging these. "The destruction of discipline," says Tertullian [c], "they call simplicity, having fellowship with all parties, with whom there can be no such thing as schism." But the formality of such a union could only produce the very opposite reality by weakening that religious sense which, while it is the only source of charity, is compatible with the observance of the Apostolic precept. The holy doctors of the Church are agreed on this point [d]. And, indeed, if antiquity is only to be defended by subscribing to the modern opinions, I for one must protest against contending for a shadow. A very able and learned French ecclesiastic of our day has addressed to such persons the manly language of good sense and honour. "If

[a] Soph. Ajax. 1301. [b] Ibid. Electra, 2..0

[c] De Præscrip. adversus hæret.

[d] See also Bellarmin de membris Ecclesiæ militantis, lib. iii. 19.

you follow antiquity, cease to offer violence to the Church which receives laws only from herself; cease to desire that the episcopacy and her chief, the only judges of doctrine, should be subjected to your thoughts. If you follow antiquity only in name, throw off, throw off quickly a vain disguise; leave the Church. She will lament the loss of some of her children, but she will rejoice at having to combat only open enemies."

There are yet, again, other dangers arising from professed friends of a different class. There may be the boisterous heroics of some vapouring descendant of Menestheus, who will prefer the whisper of the silly peasant, "hic est ille Demosthenes[a]," to the interest and the peace of thousands. The lovers of truth have nothing to do with the purpose to which some men may think proper to apply it: "ἀσώτους ex Aristippi, acerbos ex Zenonis scholo exire," said a philosopher[b]; and besides the inability of the vulgar to receive it, there may be external causes to make its utterance the note of death. All this its friends know well: they are prepared for every thing, they expect every thing, and under every possible evil that may arrive they will love with the same affection, and reverence with the same constancy, that truth which is as sacred and immutable as God himself. "Væ mundo a scandalis. Necesse est enim ut veniant scandala: verum tamen væ homini illi, per quem scandalum venit:"—by whom the scandal cometh, by whom the occasion, the fa-

[a] Cicero Tuscul. v.

[b] Cic. de Natura Deorum, iii. 31.

cility, the temptation cometh! So let not the moderns indulge the conceit, that these evils are to be identified with the cause of antiquity, or that they will weaken the just reliance of its followers, or supplant in their memories the evidence of an Irenæus, the arguments of a St. Augustin, the expositions of a Bossuet, or the example of a Sir Thomas More. Although it might be granted that there is no age of the world[p] when those who are on the side of justice can be sure that something like the experience of Cicero may not fall to their lot, almost justifying them if, in a moment of despondency, they should repeat his mournful confession, "quid quæris? nihil boni, præter causam[q]," in which event they would only have to follow his example, "et si minus in curia atque in foro, at in literis et libris ut doctissimi veteres fecerunt, navare rempublicam, et de moribus ac legibus quærere[r]." Above all, while obliged to be on their guard even against professed friends, let them not be deceived by confidence and common opinion, so as to think more favourably or highly of their enemies than they ought to think. Let them not wonder that, after all their explanations and entreaties, the majority of their opponents will permit no cessation of hostilities, will hear of no entreaties, no invitation to unity. "The present generation," says the Count de Maistre, "is witness of one of the greatest spectacles which was ever presented to the human eye: c'est le combat à

[p] See S. Bernard de Consideratione, lib. ii. c. 1. Epist. 189.

[q] Epist. ccccli. Schütz. [r] Epist. ccccl.

outrance du Christianisme et du philosophisme. The lists are opened, the two enemies are engaged, and the universe looks on[s].” Others there are, indeed, though in comparison but few in number, who seem to stand opposed to the wisdom of antiquity more by chance and mistake than by choice and absolute disagreement, more by necessity than by desire and disposition of heart. With respect to these, let conscientious views, generous spirit, a love of truth and of the heavenly life, learning, genius, and gentle affections have their due meed of honour: but let the common base herd of the enemy, who are less bitter only from dullness, and each of their readers “ cui sit publica vena,” and of whom is true, notwithstanding all their vapouring, what Livy says of the tribunes[t], “ fere semper reguntur a multitudine magis quam regunt,” be viewed aright. As for these, let us take counsel, though but from human wisdom, being assured with Menander and Pindar[u], that what is plausible has greater weight with them than what is true; with Plato, that they are incapable of loving or discerning or receiving truth[x]; with the Roman poets, that they follow fortune, hating what is oppressed, and ready to worship the prosperous[y]; and that the knowledge of their baseness is one of the blessings due to fate[z]; with Aristotle, that they have no understanding for

[s] Considerations sur la France, p. 79.

[t] Lib. iii. 72. [u] Olymp. i. 45.

[x] De Repub. iii. Hippias major. Axioch. de legibus ii. but the whole philosophy of Plato proceeds on this principle.

[y] Juvenal x. [z] Horat. car. ii. 16.

truth, and are guided more by necessity than by reason, by fear than by honour[a]; with Seneca, that they are the worst judges of truth[b]; that their honours and injuries are to be received with the same indifference, "nec his dolendum nec illis gaudendum[c];" with Milton, that "they praise and they admire they know not what and know not whom, but as one leads the other[d];" with Cicero, that their consent and agreement might only lead us from the truth[e]; with Demosthenes, that they love accusation and hate apologies[f]; with Socrates, that their calumnies ought not to afflict us, for they are ignorant of truth and judge only by appearance[g]; and let the words of Antisthenes be ever remembered, Βασιλικὸν καλῶς ποιοῦντα, κακῶς ἀκούειν. Small, however, will have been their advance in wisdom, and little will they have profited by lessons and examples, if the experience of their furious antagonists shall lead the followers of antiquity to no other reflection but that there is folly and great injustice in men. Far be from them the greater than human folly, that heartless inflation that would induce them to smile at any extravagance incident to our common nature. The greatest poet of antiquity represents Ajax mad and smeared with the blood of innocent herds which he has slaughtered in mistake for his enemies, chaining to a pillar a

[a] Ethic. iv. ix. x.
[b] De Vita Beata.
[c] De Constantia Sapientis.
[d] Par. Regained, iii.
[e] De Legibus.
[f] De Corona.
[g] Ad Demon.

great ram which he takes for Ulysses, and exulting in his imaginary triumph, to excite the mirth or contempt of none but the thoughtless and the base. To render men more humble and more religious, to exemplify what Pindar said, that a countless multitude of delusions fly without ceasing round the human mind, is the object of his sublime and mournful muse. For what mortal man can deem himself without concern in the fate of such as Ajax? What mortal man can behold him and be high-minded and proud of his own wisdom, and confident of its security? Assuredly there is but one confession left for the beholder, though he may possess all knowledge and all utterance. In sooth I pity him, though he be my enemy, beholding in his great calamity nothing more than what is incident to myself.

Ὁρῶ γαρ̀ ἡμᾶς οὐδὲν ὄντας ἄλλο, πλὴν
Εἴδωλ' ὅσοιπερ ζῶμεν, ἢ κούφην σκιάν.[g]

And still more than this, as for the madness of our age, is it not evident that all these poisoned shafts of calumny[h], sent forth with such eagerness by base

[g] Sophocles, Ajax. 121.

[h] If there be a religion which requires its followers to entertain a general disbelief in virtue, generating a spirit of suspicion and scorn, to maintain that three-fourths of the inhabitants of civilized Europe are not to be believed upon oath, which teaches one gentleman to ask another whether he means to keep faith with him, whether his words express his real opinions, whether he makes use of mental reservation, whether he condemns the doctrine of equivocation, whether there is any authority that can induce him to be disloyal to his king or a traitor to his country, or to injure the meanest and

ignoble hands, and hailed with such transports by so large a portion of the nobler class, who ought to be the first to interpose a shield, are accomplishing some gracious end in the vast designs of Providence? Assuredly they have already, in some instances, not been spent upon the desert air, but have been guided by an invisible arm to their proper object.

weakest of the human race, assuredly, and in defiance of all the doctors or preachers in the world, that is not a religion for a gentleman. It is not my intention to sully these pages by quoting any "vilain" words from the late writings of angry doctors. I understand some of these persons have thought proper to set down in print that the followers of antiquity falsify history, and that their word is not to be believed. It must be confessed such audacious pedants (it would be bad manners to give them a gentler name) are enough to make gentlemen a little angry: but they will not suffer the sun to go down upon their anger. Even the heathen heroes could laugh at these common slanderers. Plutarch tells us that one of them loaded Pericles a whole day with reproaches and abuse, which he bore in silence, and continued in public for the dispatch of some urgent affairs. In the evening he walked home, this impudent wretch following and insulting him all the way with the most scurrilous language; and as it was dark when he came to his own door, he ordered one of his servants to take a torch and light the man home.—Light the man home, I might say, but to pass a gentle threshold, or to sit down in the same hall with knights and ladies and esquires of honour, assuredly he should never have my permission. Telemachus was constrained to hear the disdainful laughter, and to witness the bitter scorn of the high-fed suitors and their silly affectation of superiority, and so, we read, "his eyes were filled with tears, and his soul was full of heaviness;" but, in the present instance, there is no such necessity, and gentlemen will do well even not to take advantage of all this, but to banish it from their thoughts, and leave it to work by itself the end for which it is permitted.

To make generous men suffer is to lead them to those fresh scenes where they may walk

> " In the bright visions of empyreal light
> By the green pastures and the fragrant meads,
> Where the perpetual flowers of Eden blow;
> By chrystal streams and by the living waters
> Along whose margin grows the wondrous tree
> Whose leaves shall heal the nations; underneath
> Whose holy shade a refuge shall be found
> From pain and want, and all the ills that wait
> On mortal life, from sin and death for ever[1]."

For after describing one, the colours of whose mind seemed yet unworn, the wild language of whose grief was high,

> " Such as in measure were called poetry."

a poet of our time proceeds

> " ——I remember one remark, which then
> Maddalo made: he said—' most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song[2].'"

They learn too, though in that far country to which they may be driven in despair, what is of more importance still. " Tibi laus," exclaims St. Augustin, " tibi laus, tibi gloria, fons misericordiarum. Ego fiebam miserior et tu propinquior[1]."

So let the arrows fly abroad; only let those against whose hearts they are aimed, remember what St. Jerom said, " apud Christianos non qui patitur, sed qui facit contumeliam, miser est;" and that every

[1] Lamb. [2] Shelley's Posthumous Poems. [1] Confess. vi.

detractor, as St. Augustin says of every evil person, "aut ideo vivit, ut corrigatur: aut ideo vivit, ut per illum boni exercerentur." "Barbarism," says Mr. Coleridge, "is, I own, a wilful headstrong thing; but, with all its blind obstinacy, it has less power of doing harm than this self-sufficient, self-satisfied, *plain good common sense* sort of writing, this prudent saleable popular style of composition, if it be deserted by reason and scientific insight; pitiably decoying the minds of men by an imposing shew of amiableness and practical wisdom. So that the delighted reader knowing nothing, knows *all about* almost every thing:" (ἄφοβοι γὰρ ἐγίγνοντο ὡς εἰδότες, says Plato [m], or as Tertullian saith, "omnes tument, omnes scientiam pollicentur.") "There will succeed, therefore, in my opinion, and that too within no long time, to the rudeness and rusticity of our age, that ensnaring meretricious *popularness* in literature, with all the tricksy humilities of the ambitious candidates for the favourable suffrages of the judicious public, which, if we do not take good care, will break up and scatter before it all robustness and manly vigour of intellect, all masculine fortitude of virtue." This is the spirit which breathes through our modern literature, besides animating all the "brief refutations," "practical evidences," "dissuasions," "preservatives," and the thousand other less euphonous treatises, of which Bellarmin saith, "non jam ut cancer serpunt, sed velut agmina locustarum volitant," so darkening the intellectual

[m] De Legibus iii.

atmosphere that men cannot apprehend the wisdom of antiquity, nor behold the star which guided their fathers; books greatly prized and kept in store by the vulgar to justify their harsh insinuations and their high opinions of their own kind of wisdom, while they adopt the style and often almost the words of Oliver, when speaking of his innocent brother, "I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder [n];" while "they catch up certain swelling phrases which hang together like those of a man that once told Sir Philip Sydney the wind was at N. W. and by S. because he would be sure to name winds enough [o]." "I must not omit the description of their conversation," says Tertullian, "quam futilis, quam terrena, quam humana sit, sine gravitate, sine autoritate, sine disciplina, ut fidei suæ congruens." Fellowship they have with all, "nihil enim interest illis, licet diversa tractantibus dum ad unius veritatis expugnationem conspirent." What concerns them is not the conversion of the heathen, but our overthrow. "This is their glory if they can work the ruin of those who stand not the elevation of the prostrate [p]."

I must repeat my caution, also, against being deceived by the modern compilers of history: for per-

[n] Shakspeare: "As you like it." [o] Defence of Poesy.
[p] De Præscrip. adversus Hæret.

fectly applicable to ourselves is what Thucydides said respecting the mistaken notions of history among the Greeks, "οὕτως ἀταλαίπωρος τοῖς πολλοῖς ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ἑτοιμὰ μᾶλλον τρέπονται·[q]" As also what Demosthenes lamented in the case of the Athenians, saying to them "πολύ τι σκότος, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐστὶ παρ' ὑμῖν πρὸ τῆς ἀληθείας·"

If, in the theology of the monks and clergy, "to patronise the order was esteemed the first of virtues," if they taught that "the foundation of a monastery was the sure road to heaven, and that a bountiful donation would, without repentance, efface the guilt of the most deadly sins," "they were undoubtedly," says Dr. Lingard, "the corrupters of morality and the enemies of mankind;" the enemies of natural religion; for, as Socrates says in the Platonic dialogue[r], "καὶ γὰρ ἂν δεινὸν εἴη, εἰ πρὸς τὰ δῶρα καὶ τὰς θυσίας ἀποβλέπουσιν ἡμῶν οἱ θεοὶ, ἀλλὰ μὴ πρὸς τὴν ψυχὴν, ἄν τις ὅσιος καὶ δίκαιος ὢν τυγχάνῃ. But that these were the doctrines which they taught there is no evidence in their writings. Although, were the fact otherwise, even on the supposition that it might be proved from the writings of many of the clergy in particular ages that such errors did prevail, we could not, therefore, justify the moderns without adopting an argument that would overthrow every thing and every man, and leave us no object in the world for which we could ever argue. The warmest friends of the reformed Church of England will admit that

[q] Lib. i. [r] Alcibiades ii. 21.

there was a period in her history, and that removed at no very great distance from our time, when the principles of Socinus had insinuated themselves into the writings of several, and not the least eminent, of her divines; but would it be reasonable or at all consistent with justice and honour to conclude from such a fact that the Church of England was Socinian in every age, or that separation from her communion was, at that period, the only measure left for those who professed their belief in the divinity of Jesus? † Unless, indeed, we could shew that those errors followed of necessity from the ancient system, and that the spirit of the reformed Church was essentially Socinian; but that both these positions would be totally untenable, the writings of the middle ages and those of the reformed Church, both previous and subsequent to that period in her history of which we speak, and those of our own time, supported as they are by the spirit and character of their authors, furnish a satisfactory and an undeniable proof. As for those whom we advocate, Dr. Lingard might fearlessly appeal to the writings of antiquity for a refutation of the charges brought against them. If their modern adversaries had consulted the venerable Bede, he would have taught them that "no offering, though made to a monastery, could be pleasing to the Almighty if it proceeded from an impure conscience." From the Council of Calcaith they might have learnt that "repentance was then only of avail when it impelled the sinner to lament his past offences, and restrained

him from committing them again." And in the acts of the Synod of Cloveshoe they might have found the declaration of the Prelates of the Saxon Church, "the man who indulges his passions in the confidence that his charities will procure his salvation, instead of making an acceptable offering to God, throws himself into the arms of Satan." Therefore we must not make it a charge against them, that they found occasions for saying, as in the passage quoted by Mr. Turner, "he that hath ability may raise a church to the praise of God; and if he has wherewithal, let him give land to it, and allow ten young men so that they may serve in it and minister the daily service. He may repair churches when he can, and make folk-ways, with bridges over deep waters and over miry places; and let him assist poor men's widows, and step-children, and foreigners. He may free his own slaves and redeem the liberty of those of other masters, and especially the poor captives of war, and let him find the needy and house them, clothe and warm them, and give them bathing and beds." If other substitutions for penance appear very objectionable, let us make use of that charity which will never permit us to believe that such wise and holy and spiritual men as many of these ancient clergy in authority incontestably were, would have sanctioned or allowed a practice if it had been so prejudicial to religion as we suppose. Different ages, different manners, habits, degrees of knowledge require, in small matters, different treatment. When these can be changed without

affecting higher points, when circumstances demand, they are reversed. This is all that wisdom can desire. But that, in every age, the clergy never lost sight of the moral good in these institutions there is the most satisfactory evidence [s]. As for the gross conceits of modern objectors, the Church by its discipline would not receive, even for the benefit of the poor, the offerings of public sinners, or money which was acquired by wicked means [t].

Such were the opinions too that prevailed in all parts of Christendom. The cruel Agnes, queen of Hungary, after her barbarous vengeance for the murder of king Albert, founded the rich convent of Königsfelden, and retired into its walls to lead a life of devotion; but the Church supplied her not alone with doctrine but with a living monitor. Brother Berthold Strebel of Oftringuen said to her in accents of horror, "Madam, it is an evil devotion to shed innocent blood, and to found convents with the wealth that has been unjustly seized." With equal wisdom, and certainly in conformity with what was taught by the Church and its ministers, sang the poet whose ode is quoted by Warton from the Digby

[s] See Alcuini Epist. ad Pueros S. Martini de Confessione peccatorum apud Caniss. ii. p. 454; Innoc. Epist. xv. 113. S. Bernard. de interiori Domo. de modo bene vivendi. Ser. xxvii; and what Bede has collected out of the holy Fathers on the subject of Penance, Opera, vol. iii. p. 534: and the canons of the Council of Trent s. vi. c. 14, in which the definition used by the ancient Fathers is repeated "secundam post naufragium tabulam."

[t] Constit. Apostol. l. iv. c. 56.

MSS. in the Bodleian library, written, he thinks, before the Norman conquest:

> " Send God biforen him man
> The while he may to hevene,
> For betere is on elmesse bifore
> Thanne ben after sevene[a]."

Similar to the verses of the old French poet, Marot;

> " Apres la mort n'est seurté de querir
> Remede aucun, pour l'ame secourir;
> Dont faire fault telles œuvres," &c. &c. &c.

And again, in the following beautiful Rondeau to princesses and noble dames:

> " Au coeur gist tout, et non pas aux parolles;
> Tel presche et dit saincts motz et parabolles,
> Qui a la coeur dé tout vice empesché
> Dame d'honneur, helas, fuy ce peché
> D'ypocrisie, autrement, tu t'affolles."

Perhaps our conclusion would be correct respecting the character of the clergy in the darkest age, that which closed the Merovingian dynasty in France, if we drew it from the circular which Charlemagne sent to the Abbot Baugulfe. " In the writings," he said, " which have of late been frequently addressed to us by convents, we have remarked that the sense of the religious men was right, but their language uncultivated; that what a pious devotion dictated to them faithfully within they were unable to express outwardly without reproach by their negligence and their ignorance of the language;" and then, after

[a] Vol. i. p. 9.

advising them to be careful in their elections, he concludes thus: "for we wish that you should be all as becomes the soldiers of the Church, devout within, learned without, chaste to live well, learned to speak wisely." This relates to the most unfavourable moment of history, and gives the darkest side of the picture; yet how unlike is even this to the character which the moderns have ascribed to the ancient clergy! supporting their charges by referring to the writings of licentious wits, profligate troubadours, professed jesters, satirists, and men of infamous lives. In general, however, the view is far more cheering. Read the proclamation of Pope Gregory VIII. upon the fall of Jerusalem in the 12th century, where he exposes the vices of the age[x]; read the homilies of the Anglo Saxon clergy, urging the emancipation of slaves and the abandonment of pagan superstitions; read the bull of Pope Alexander III. in 1167, which is directed against slavery, and has extorted the admiration of Voltaire[y]; or that of Clement VI., the protector of the unfortunate, who published two bulls defending the Jews from the persecutions raised against them; or read the epistles of Gregory the great, ordering the synagogues in Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia, which had been forcibly taken from the Jews, to be restored to them, concluding that "they are not to be compelled, but to be converted by meekness and charity[z]." View the clergy at the court of emperors

[x] Raumer ii. p. 408. [y] De Maistre du Pape ii. p. 29.
[z] Lib. i. 35. lib. vii. 5. lib. xii. 30.

and princes [a], or residing in their diocese during wars and pestilence [b], or preaching the word of God [c], or taking care of orphans and widows, and all the miserable [d], or in the discharge of their episcopal jurisdiction, appeasing animosities, and preventing law-suits and feuds [e]; or in their distribution of the goods of the Church in support of the poor and in hospitality [f], or in their ordinary conversations [g], or, in their gentleness when they would persuade, exhibiting the most amiable condescension to the young [h], and the greatest wisdom and charity in their counsels [i]. And when you have consulted and

[a] See Thomassini vetus et nova ecclesiæ disciplina, tom. ii. lib. iii. c. 58.—c. 65. Guillel. de Nang. gesta S. Ludov. ix. Duchesne v. p. 366.

[b] Thomass. c. 66.—c. 70.

[c] Ibid. c. 83.—c. 86. Nicolai de Clameng. lib. de studio Theolog. Dacherii Spicil. vii.

[d] Thomass. c. 87.—c. 94. Murat. Antiq. Ital. tom. iii. diss. 37.

[e] Thomass. c. 101.—c. 107.

[f] Ibid. tom. iii. lib. ii. c. 12—37. lib. iii. c. i.—c. 69.

[g] S. Bernard de consideratione, lib. ii. 13.—in obitu Humberti Monachi, a very curious tract, if it were only to contrast a monk described by St. Bernard with a monk painted by our modern poets and *historians* of the Church. Consult also the admirable epistle of Alcuin to Eambaldus, Archbishop of York, apud. Caniss. lect. antiq. vol. ii. p. 450. Chrodegangi Metens. Episcop. regula canonicorum Dacherii Spicil. i.

[h] See a beautiful little history "De Conversione Duorum Adolescentium," in the account "De vita B. Ottomis Pommeran. Apost." lib. ii. See also Muratori Antiq. Ital. tom. iii. diss. 43. Concil. xiv. 89. Raumer Geschichte. vi. 411.

[i] See the reply of Pope Gregory II. to St. Boniface, who had enquired how he should act towards certain unworthy persons. The

beheld these, you will blush for those ignorant and ungrateful writers who have calumniated the See and the discipline of Rome. Look to the pastoral care of Gregory the great, as exhibiting the duties performed by the clergy in the middle ages, thus briefly enumerated by another writer, "offerre, benedicere, præesse, prædicare[k];" or consult that collection entitled "Scintillæ," made by the venerable Bede[l] from the writings of St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, St. Jerom, St. Isidorus, St. Basil, St. Cæsarius, St. Effrem, on charity, on patience, on the love of God, on humility, on indulgence, compunction, prayer, confession, penance, abstinence, renouncing the world, on fear, on justice, on silence, on pride, on wisdom, on anger, on vain glory, on perseverance, on security, on folly, on faith, on hope, grace, discord, on the heart, on monks, on detraction, on mercy, on pity, on the life of man, on alms, on tribulation, on sadness, on the rich and poor, on accepting of persons, on the senses, on the dead, on old age and youth, on contention, on curiosity, on gentleness, on simplicity, on temptation, on idle words, on the shortness of life, on study: and then say what end of moral and religious and

Pope's answer concluded thus: "plerumque contigit, ut quos correctio disciplinæ tardos facit ad percipiendam veritatis normam, conviviorum sedulitas et admonitio blanda ad viam perducat justitiæ."—*Thomassin.* tom. iii. lib. iii. c. 67. See also Innocent. iii. Epist. 80.

[k] Espen. jus. ecclesiast. univer. pars. i. tit. i. c. 3.

[l] Opera, vol. viii. p. 515.

even profound philosophical instruction was not aimed at from time to time, and made the great object of their influence?—aimed at, for be it remembered how that influence was confined, who the nations were which they had to teach, and how many unbridled passions must have opposed their labours. "What mortal could reconcile the English with the French, Genoa with Arragon, the Germans with the natives of Hungary and Bohemia." These are the words of Æneas Sylvius when he lamented the impossibility of recovering Constantinople from the Turks. What human grounds of hope could the preachers of peace have had with such nations as the emperor Frederic II. describes as composing the armament in 1242, which was to oppose the torrent of Tartars from the North. "Furens ac fervens ad arma Germania, strenuæ militiæ genetrix et alumna Francia, bellicosa et audax Hispania, pacis ignara Burgundia, inquieta Apulia, cruenta Hybernia." What success could human wisdom have predicted to the preachers of a pure morality when the civilized part of society was polluted with the mean vices of wealth and slavery, so that every pleasure that was innocent was deemed insipid, and when the untutored tribes, "glowing," as is said, "with the warm virtues of nature," were exhibiting in the cold Northern regions the manners ascribed to the English and Swedes, by Archbishop Anselm and William of Nangis, and the ecclesiastical councils, and in the penitential books? "O quam contempta res est homo, nisi supra humana se erexerit!"

need not remark how easily the learned reader will proceed with this statement, but let me stay his hand:

"In pity from the search forbear."

I add not

"Smile on—nor venture to unmask man's heart:"

but rather, sith enough is exposed, I repeat the invitation of the great French preacher, when he chose for his text the words, "Veni et vide," and then compares the corruption of the natural mind with that of the corrupted body, saying "Venez donc et voyez, accourez à ce tombeau que la voix de Jesus Christ va ouvrir aujourd'hui à vos yeux, et venez voir dans ce spectacle d'infection et de pourriture, l'image naturelle de votre ame: veni et vide [m]." Come and see in these melancholy and in these infected pages what was the condition of these proud ungrateful nations when the poor monks of St. Gregory came to visit them. "Veni et vide." Then if you have a spark of honour in your nature, or the smallest love of truth and justice remaining, you will assuredly withdraw your accusations, or rather you will admire the persevering wisdom by which, as Mr. Gibbon observes [n], the clergy of Rome succeeded in cementing such discordant elements into the union of the Christian republic, and creating "those similar manners and that common

[m] Masillon, Homélie sur Lazare.

[n] Hist. of the Decline and Fall, vol. vi

jurisprudence which have distinguished from the rest of mankind the independant and even hostile nations of modern Europe;" you will reverence that great law of Heaven, "from which it follows," as De Maistre says, "that some lay-brother of the kitchen will be able to produce effects which all the sovereigns of Europe united could not accomplish[o]; you will grieve for your own indifference and timidity at the remembrance of their generous and unconquerable courage, and every high thought of your own virtue will be cast down in confusion and self-reproach before the majestic grandeur of their sanctity. And think not that they were satisfied with their own salvation. History records the difficulties they had to endure, yet what vice did they not labour to eradicate, what virtue to recommend? Open any of their writings and observe always with what zeal and often with what eloquence they delivered their lessons. Hear St. Ambrose teaching the duties of the young, that their peculiar office is to cherish the fear of God, to honour their parents, to pay reverence to old age, to maintain purity, not to despise humility, to love gentleness and modesty, which are the ornaments of youth: for as gravity in age, and alacrity in first youth, so in young men modesty and gentleness are given by nature as a certain treasure[p].

Can the moderns, with all their philosophy and professions of a more spiritual view of religion,

[o] Considérations sur la France, p. 74.

[p] Officiorum, lib. i. 17.

prescribe any line of conduct more suitable to a clergyman than that which a Saxon author ascribes to St. Neot, saying "he was in his youth addicted to book-like learning and to religious practices, and diligently enquired about the eternal life, and how he might most firmly live for God[q]?" There is a certain tact which enables men of the same school or rank of life to distinguish each other easily. In like manner the faithful disciples of Christ are seldom at a loss to recognize one another, and methinks it is by attending to minute shades that they have this power; an example of which appears to me to be the following expression of Alcuin, when he says, after lamenting the vast distance that separated him from his friend who lived beyond the Alps[r]; "Simus in Christo semper præsentes, qui sumus in seculo absentes[r]."

One lovely summer's evening I was straying through the groves of willow entwined with eglantine which cover the island of Nonnenwerth in the Rhine. I remember I had swum that morning from the left bank at the foot of Roland's Castle to the other shore, where I landed under Drachenfels. Most travellers in that part of the world have visited the convent on this island, which is connected with the history of Rolando by an interesting tradition. It was once a house of religion and peace and prayer. It is now a gast-haus, or inn, the king of Prussia having lately sold it to the highest bidder. I was

[q] Turner's Hist. of Angl. Saxons, ii. p. 141.

[r] Epist. xxxiv. apud Canisii. Lect. Antiq. vol. ii. p. 424.

lodged there for some days. The proprietor, very unlike the generality of men who had gained possession of these houses, had preserved the church from prophanation. I strayed into it one evening. On the pavement before the high altar was a slab, bearing the arms of the house surmounted with a coronet, and below an inscription purporting that there lay buried the reverend and most noble Lady Conradin, Abbess, who died in the eighty-fourth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of her having governed that house. But the stillness of these solemn vaults was interrupted by the loud laugh of pleasure from the menials of the guests who were carousing in an adjacent garden. To return however to the groves. As I listened to the sweet-toned nightingale, warbling beneath the green thicket, inhabiting the darksome ivy and the pathless foliage, as I passed over the meadow where blooms without ceasing under the heavenly dew the beautifully clustering narcissus, and gazed upon the sleepless wandering current of the Rhine, whose mighty force I still felt in my wearied arm, my foot struck against a book which lay beneath the long bending grass. Upon examination it proved to be some holy book of prayers in the German tongue, which probably had once belonged to some devout sister who might have dropped it in her walk of private devotion. What a treasure would this have been to Rolando if the tale be true of which we spoke! I found in it a German translation of a prayer composed by the venerable Bede on the seven words which our Saviour spoke upon the

Cross. I do not know to what page of the works of Bede I can refer my reader for the original of this composition, but I exhort him to discover and read it before he allows himself to be prejudiced against the religion of the middle ages[*]. Is it credible, I said to myself, is it reconcileable with the promises of Christ, with our belief in Christianity, that such men approved of a corrupt system of religion, and that what they loved and reverenced, for the possession of which they offered up incessant thanks to God, praying that it might flourish to his glory and the salvation of all men that should come after them, was contrary to His truth, and injurious to the piety of His worshippers? Only reflect what men they were! Spirits so high above the world, dead to every selfish and sinful thought; possessed of such perfect devotion of mind and heart to the eternal world, so occupied with learned and holy study that, as an old writer says, "the Sacred Scriptures, excepting when at table and when they rode by the way, never left their hands or eyes by day or by night[†];" and yet who could at the same time display that humanity and those gentle affections, which inspired St. Neot with the resolution to copy the predominant virtue of every person in his cloister

[*] De septem verbis Christi in cruce oratio. Opera, vol. viii. p. 1119. edit. Basil. 1563. Of equal interest is De meditatione passionis Christi per septem diei horas libellus, ibid. The Count of Stolberg remarking that our Saviour expired about vesper hour, three o'clock, adduces instances to shew that it was an hour peculiarly favoured by the mercy of God.—*Geschicte* vi. 99.

[†] Vita S. Eberhardi. Episcop. Salisburgensis.

that had any,—the continence of one man, the pleasantness of another, the suavity of a third, the seriousness, gentleness, good nature, and love of singing and of study in others; so that he became "humble to all, affable in conversation, mild in transactions of business, venerable in aspect, serene in countenance, moderate even in his walk, sincere, upright, calm, temperate and charitable."

Again, I say read any of the letters or sermons of Alcuin, breathing the warmest and most Scriptural piety, the most benevolent heart, the most spiritual wisdom. In other respects that great work by the learned Benedictines, "L'Histoire Litteraire de la France," will alone convince any impartial reader that the debt of gratitude and admiration has never been discharged to the ecclesiastical scholars of the middle age[v]. True, their style is imperfect. How could it have been otherwise?—in their language there is some barbarism, in their narratives there is repetition, in their eloquence some excess of ornament, but how often do they display the most heroic zeal for religion, how often do they astonish us by their intrepidity in censuring and correcting the vices of men in the highest station, what an ardour for the glory of God, what a tenderness for the condition of men! to their friends how generous, to their enemies how forgiving! for all the churches

[v] It will certainly justify the following testimony: "Ecclesia Gallicana, post apostolicam sedem, est quoddam totius Christianitatis speculum et immotum fidei firmamentum."—*Regesta Gregor.* ix. *year* 1. 303.

how full of pastoral solicitude![w] Is this the corruption of Christianity? Is this no merit? In their philosophy, too, what harmony and what profoundness! Their language might not have been that of Cicero or Demosthenes, but it was not that of political œconomists and plebeian sophists. The words with them were not always self-interest and expediency, the balance of trade[x] and profit and loss, but

[w] Sugerii Abbat. lib. de rebus in administ. sua gestis. Duchesne iv. 340. Epist. Histor. ibid. Muratori de religione Christ. per Ital. antiq. Ital. iv.

[x] The influence of the Church would certainly operate so as to place limits to the cultivation of the commercial spirit—so as to prevent all that is sacred and holy from being sacrificed at the shrine of national wealth.—Vide Thomassin, tom. iii. lib. iii. c. 17.—c. 21. It is the remark of St. Gregory, that those apostles who left their boats and nets to follow Christ were sometimes afterwards found in the same employment of fishing from which they were called; but St. Matthew never returned to the custom-house, because it was a dangerous profession, and an occasion of avarice and oppression and extortion. In conformity with these views, Castiglione maintains that a good prince should desire "the greater part of his people to be neither very rich nor very poor: for the very rich," he says, "are subject to pride and insolence, the very poor to baseness and deceit." This may sound strange doctrine on the exchange, but I marvel if it should be displeasing to kings or legislators, who are not themselves mere merchants. However, the Church has had an abundant share of censure for the obstacles which it has thrown in the way of heaping up riches; and harsh things have been advanced by political œconomists, at least by the writers of Adam Smith's school, who seem always, as an acute observer remarks, "to regard the people as so many cattle, working for an indescribable something which they call the public." Mr. Forsyth, the oracle of modern travellers in Italy, had adopted these views, and declared on one occasion the joy he experienced upon returning from dark

they made men familiar with higher sounds. "Officium, æquitatem, dignitatem, fidem, recta, honesta, digna imperio, digna populo Romano, omnia pericula pro republica, mori pro patria[x]." You condemn

woods, and stately castle courts, and vast gloomy convents to "a neat thriving town where he found a manufactory and a dinner." No doubt the music of cotton-wheels has more charms for some ears than that which is to be heard in convents: music by itself, this writer says, "is but a sensual art, to be classed with cookery and perfumery, capable of exciting sensations, but not ideas." Once for all, I must declare my conviction that all parties are consistent, the moderns as well as the followers of antiquity. By the way, it is wonderful that Dr. Middleton did not avail himself of this feature in the character of the Church, and confirm his comparison by quoting the classic authors. Plutarch would have furnished him with excellent parallels. Thus speaking of the Spartans, he says, "their discourse seldom turned upon money, or business, or trade, but upon the praise of the excellent, or the contempt of the worthless:" and in his comparison of Numa with Lycurgus, he censures "such as place the happiness of a state in riches, luxury, and an extent of dominion, rather than in security, equity, temperance, and content." But, with our men of sense, the placing the happiness of a state in "security, equity, temperance, and content," is being several centuries behind in light and civilization,—a practical evidence of the baneful depressing spirit of Popery. However, as I before acknowledged, the followers of the ancient religion of Europe, "that monstrous structure of deceit and wickedness," hold many opinions in common with these poor blind pagans. Sir John Chandos would have been more in his element on the banks of Scamander or the Eurotas than in many places of Christendom at present that I could name.

[x] De Finibus, lib. ii. p. 23.—It may be curious to give the definition of philosophy as taught in the *dark* ages: "Philosophia est naturarum inquisitio, rerum humanarum divinarumque cognitio; quantum homini possibile est æstimare. Est quoque Philosophia honestitas vitæ, studium benè vivendi, meditatio mortis, contemptus

their arrogance? Is that the term which their firmness merits? Was it arrogance in Peter, Bishop of Poitiers, to excommunicate Duke William for having carried off, with brutal violence, the beautiful Viscountess de Chatellerault, whom he kept concealed in his palace at Poitiers? The Duke, in a fury of rage, entered the cathedral, seized the Prelate at the foot of the altar, and commanded him to take off the interdict on pain of death. Peter refused; and the Duke returned his shining blade into the scabbard, saying, "Je ne t'aime pas assez pour t'envoyer en paradis."

sæculi, quod magis convenit Christianis, qui seculi ambitione calcata disciplinabili similitudine futuræ patriæ vivunt."—*Dialectica Alcuini-interlocutoribus Karolo Magno et Alcuino.* cap. i. apud. Caniss. ii. p. 1. p. 488.

It is remarkable that Melancthon, the most moderate of the reformers, was a Platonist. M. de Bonald observes "à juger la direction général que la réforme devoit faire prendre insensiblement à l'enseignement purement philosophique, il etoit naturel qu'une doctrine religieuse ou theologique qui, dans l'explication des dogmes de la religion chrétienne, se tenoit au rapport des sens et ne voyoit rien au-dela, fit incliner la philosophie au péripatéticisme qui n'admet d'idées que celles qui viennent par les sens, et c'est aussi ce qui arrivra; tandis que par la union contraire, les écoles Catholiques et meme Luthériennes penchoient davantage vers les idées de Platon." I need hardly observe that the doctrine of refined selfishness was not entertained. I must confess I am quite as much afraid of the moderns on account of their Paley as they profess to be of the ancients on the score of their *half-allegiance*, because while our annals testify the virtue of our ancestors, who abhorred this philosophy, we may use the words of Cicero to the modern Epicureans: "Sic in vestris disputationibus historia muta est."—*De Finibus*, ii. 21.

I omit to speak of their spiritual directions, for what limit should we find to the faithful exercise of their office? Woe and alas! to think how many wise and good men, opposed to antiquity, continue to deny that it possessed a spiritual religion! One page of St. Bernard, or of the "De imitatione Christi," would be enough to disprove the slanders brought against its writers[y]. And as for those precepts which required a grand and severe style of delivery, we may indeed demand, in the words of Cicero, "quam magnifice sunt dicta ab illis? quam splendide de justitia, de fortitudine, de amicitia, de ætate degenda, de philosophia, de capessenda republica, de temperantia?" and conclude with him, —"Ad eos igitur converte te, quæso.—Ab his oratores, ab his imperatores ac rerum publicarum principes exstiterunt."

So now I have done, and after all I know well that some men will think it a sufficient answer to say to me—

ὦ μῶρέ σν, καὶ Κρονιων ὄζων καὶ βεκκεσελήνε·

I expected all this, far from thinking that, by any pleading of mine, I could reverse the judgment either of Æsop's cock, that preferred the barley-corn before the gem; or of Agrippina, "occidat matrem, modo imperet;" or of the politicians, "who," as Lord Bacon says, "never look abroad into univer-

[y] See Ionæ Aurelian. Episcop. de institut. Laicali. Dacherii Spicil. i. Also Opuscul. de institut. Regia. ibid. v. 57. Smaragdi Abb. t. via Regia. ibid.

sality, but do refer all things to themselves, and thrust themselves into the centre of the world, as if all lines should meet in them and their fortunes, never caring in all tempests what becomes of the ship of state, so they may save themselves in the cock-boat of their own fortune;" or of the incredulous, like Philip, Chancellor of the University of Paris in the time of Louis IX., who obstinately retained his two benefices notwithstanding the decision of the faculty of theology, and on his death-bed, being visited by a Bishop and exhorted to give up a burden which would sink his soul to destruction, "eh bien," said the dying man calmly, "je veux essayer si cela est vrai." "For these things continue as they have been: but so will that also continue whereupon learning hath ever relied, and which faileth not: justificata est sapientia a filiis suis."

And now, since I am about to put an end to these remarks, let us dismiss the subject with a happy consoling reflection, which may be supposed particularly to suggest itself to one who has been engaged in justifying the religion of the heroic age of Christianity. The thought that men of the same country and language and manners, united in friendship, united perhaps from first youth in the same pursuits and studies, united in the same fellowship, the same tastes and dispositions, united in the enjoyment of the same generosity, whom the God of nature and grace intended should be of one mind and of one soul, that these should be divided in religion, which is designed to affect every movement of their lives,

to be the source and centre and essential principle of their harmony, that they should be debarred from visiting together the house of peace, the courts of God, from revering with innocence the same forms of a diviner world, and from hearing side by side year after year those anthems, long remembered, which would bring all heaven before their eyes, and revive the scenes of sinless youth again,—would no doubt be an intolerable weight, more than enough to depress the most buoyant spirits, and cast a cloud over the brightest hours, and dash the fairest hopes, and chill the warmest heart for ever. I know there have been, and are still, sophists who hold that a variety of religions is agreeable to the Divinity as the varied tints of nature are pleasing in our eyes; but theirs is a cold, heartless, and baseless theory, and no man who has retained the common feelings of nature in his bosom can, for an instant, be of any other opinion but that a difference of religion among friends, brethren in arms, and fellow-countrymen is a monstrous evil, an evil quite sufficient to make men, if religion did not furnish other views, look with bitter disgust at a system, even if it were otherwise admirable, at its principles, and its actors, its records and its triumphs, to which we should be indebted for its existence at this day. Concerning this truth, however, I say the less because it speaks for itself, and at least all that human wisdom can propound on the matter will be found expressed in the shortest compass by Lord Bacon in his essay on "Unity in Religion."

But is it only to this reflection that the preceding

observations will conduct us? and are men to be thus divided? Let us hope far otherwise. The historian of the Crusades thus describes the assembled host; "Franci, Flandri, Frisi, Galli, Britoni, Allobroges, Lothuringi, Allemani, Baiovarii, Normanii, Scoti, Anglici, Aquitani, Itali, Apuli, Yberi, Dacii, Græci, Armeni,—sed qui tot linguis divisi eramus tanquam fratres sub delectione Dei et proximi unanimes esse videbamur [y]." Alcuin proves the existence of the same unity in his time [z]. So that in regard to religion and all the relations of mind and heart [a], we may receive as strictly true what is said by Rutilius, "that Rome filled the world with her legislative triumphs, and caused all to live under one common pact; that she blended discordant nations into one country; and by imparting to these she conquered a companionship in her rights and laws, made the earth one great united city [b]."

Now let the lover of peace and charity and truth reflect and say what has occurred in the world by the providence of God, or has been discovered by the learning of man, which renders a participation in this happy compact, nay, I will say, in this unity of religion, no longer attainable by him? The

[y] Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 389.

[z] Apud Caniss. Lect. Antiq. vol. ii. p. 448.

[a] I grieve that the very learned and excellent Bishop of Bristol, in his late ecclesiastical history, should have spoken of "the pretended freedom from dissensions" among the followers of antiquity, p. 580. How different are their dissensions in the object, limits, and result from those of the moderns!

[b] Itin.

blessedness of such a state for men who love religion is self-evident. The evil, the danger of all kinds, consequent upon abandoning it, seem to grow and to attain a frightful increase with the years of the race of men. Shall we suffer a few anile prejudices, a few subtle, or perhaps sophistical arguments, a few hard names and abusive charges, unsupported by evidence, to drive back our shattered, perhaps sinking barks from this haven of rest and quietness, where our feet might once more tread the blue mountains, breathing peace and joy, this beautiful earth of the meek, where angels and ministers of grace walk and abide with men? Be the sad conclusion far from us. On the contrary, without doubt, private men, whatever may be their connections in life, are not called upon to rise against this great cause. They may rest content and safe under the old bonds of relation, maugre bigotry, superstition, wars, political interests, the folly and the vice of nations, for

Αιει γε Διὸς κρείσσων νόος, ἠπερ ἀνήρων,

the wisdom and the love of him who governs the earth are stronger than all. Still there may be one Lord, one faith, as there is one baptism.

Observe this conclusion is not drawn from the school of those sophists, who, under the mask of liberality and superior wisdom, perhaps, as the German, of superior insight into the designs of Christianity, would dilute and neutralize and explain away all particular doctrines, till at length they would initiate us in mysteries like those of the

Gnostic hereticks of old, where we should be taught "nihil credere et omnia facere licere;" but from the writings of the holy Fathers of the Church, who held, in all their integrity, up to all their uncompromising and eternal limits, the truths of God committed to them. We have only to bear this in mind, that God is all wise and merciful, and that what is impossible with men is possible with him; that he governs the moral as well as the physical world by a system of compensation and wonderful contrivance to meet all the possible derangements to which both are subject. The doctrine is heretical, but it does not follow of necessity that he who does not protest against it is an heretic. The man is living without the Church, but it does not necessarily follow that he is without its communion; he may have been taught to repeat a different profession of faith, but it does not follow that he lives consistently with its spirit, that he has followed all its steps, and drawn the logical inferences, and resisted the voice of nature, and old traditionary pious feelings, and that God has not infused into his heart a higher wisdom, and has not drawn him into union and fellowship with his Church. The union may exist, although, without doubt, that persecution which awaits those who love and bear "Christianum et Catholicum nomen," of which St. Augustin speaks, must still press heavy upon the hearts of the faithful; because, as in the age of St. Augustin, "Ipsi quoque hæretici, cum cogitantur habere nomen et sacramenta Christiana, et Scripturas, et professionem, magnum dolorem faciunt in cordibus piorum, quia et multi

volentes esse Christiani propter eorum dissensiones hæsitare coguntur, et multi maledici etiam in his inveniunt materiam blasphemandi Christianum nomen, quia et ipsi quoquo modo Christiani appellantur [b]."

Yet, even with respect to the persons who fell under the censures of the Church, hear what was said by those who are on the side that is thought most intolerant. Fenelon speaks to one who had been born and educated in the communion, separated from his own, and says "Jusque la," (down to the age of maturity) "tout étoit Catholique en vous;"—every thing, even to that simple submission which you evinced towards your pastors. "Votre baptême quoique administré hors de l'enceinte de l'unité par des mains révoltées étoit pourtant l'unique baptême qui partout ou il se trouve appartient à l'Eglise unique et qui tient sa vertu non de la disposition des ministres mais de la promesse immuable de Jesus Christ." You see then all are born and brought up in one religion, and no division takes place unless men come forward and wilfully separate themselves. "Vous fites meme dans l'unité," continues Fenelon, "tout ce que vous fites sans vouloir la rompre; vous ne commençates à etre véritablement Protestante, qu'au moment fatal ou vous dites dans votre cœur en pleine liberté: oui, je confirme la séparation de mes peres; et en lisant les Ecritures je juge que l'Eglise d'ou nous sommes sortis ne les entend pas.—A cette parole

[b] De Civitate Dei, xviii. 51.

si dur et si hautaine, c'en est fait; l'esprit, qui ne repose que sur les doux et humbles de cœur, se retire, le lieu fraternel se rompt; la charité s'eteint, la nuit entre de toutes parts [c]." And on this ground M. de Haller argues in his celebrated letter, that he cannot be justly accused of changing his religion.

Now that this has always been the doctrine of the Church is certain. Hear St. Augustin: "The apostle has told us *to reject a man that is a heretic;* but those who defend a false opinion without pertinacious obstinacy, especially if they have not themselves invented it, but have derived it from their parents, and who seek the truth with anxious solicitude, being sincerely disposed to renounce their error as soon as they discover it, such persons are not to be deemed heretics [d]." Of them, he says, "hos coronat in occulto Pater in occulto videns [e]." And again, in his Forty-fifth tract on St. John, "Secundum præscientiam et prædestinationem, quam multæ oves foris, tam multi lupi intus [f]." And though in this he chiefly contemplates men like St Paul, who enter the Church on earth, yet both St. Augustin and Bellarmin admit the case, "talem esse in Ecclesia animo, sive desiderio, quod sufficit illi ad salutem, non tamen esse corpore sive externa communicatione, quæ proprie facit hominem esse de Ecclesia ista visibili, quæ est in terris [g]."

[c] Pour la Profession d'une Religieuse, tom. xvii.

[d] Epist. ad Episc. Donat. [e] De vera Religione, c. vi.

[f] Bellarmin refers also to lib. iv. de Baptismo, cap. 8. et de bono persever. cap. viii. et de corrept: et gratia, cap, ix.

[g] De Eccles. Milit. lib. iii. c. 6.

And, indeed, elsewhere Bellarmin affirms that such Christians, "in virtue of the disposition of their hearts, belong to the Catholic Church [h]," though this is said with a view to a different end from that of inspiring with confidence the living, with whom every facility may be present but the will, concerning the freedom of which, and man's consequent responsibility, I cannot stay to enquire.

Papebroke said, in allusion to the Russians of the Greek Church, that even when the Archbishops were most turbulent schismatics, no one will say that the people were involved in their guilt. "Ignorance," says Mr. Butler, "might excuse many, as Baronius answered with regard to monks who lived under a schismatical abbot." Similar to this was the evidence of Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, before Parliament:—"The Catholic Church holds that man owes to God the homage of his understanding as well as that of his will, and that therefore we are as much bound to believe the things He has revealed, as to do the things He has ordered; and therefore any one who, through his own fault, does not submit to the faith which God has revealed, and ordered to be believed, we consider as a sinner, like any other sinner, and of course to be treated as such.—We wish all mankind to be saved, but we are not to make a religion according to our own wishes; we must submit to the

[h] Controv. tom. ii. lib. iii. c. 6. See also Stolberg Geschichte vi. 105. Of Stolberg, Hammer says, "illustrissimus Scriptor, ac in sæculo nostro Pater ecclesiæ Catholicæ in Germania, Comes Stolbergius."

decrees of Providence that has arranged it otherwise; and since the Gospel of Christ requires faith as an essential requisite for salvation, we must bow with reverence to that decree; we cannot make a Gospel through a mistaken liberality, and lead people into error, by telling them they are safe in choosing a religion for themselves, such as may appear best to them, except they employ the usual means to arrive at a knowledge of that faith which God requires of them. With respect to Protestants, however, I must say this: we do not hold that all who are not united externally to the Catholic Church are to be lost; we even hope that many who are attached to other bodies of Christians, may (not having a sufficient opportunity of becoming acquainted with the true faith) be treated with mercy before the Supreme Judge."

And who now were the persons so dear and venerated that men almost feared to trust themselves with whispering their names to their bosom friend, with whom they were content to risk the fate of their souls, and for whose sweet sake they were willing to die, yea to be anathema from Christ? Were they among those who wilfully reject the faith which God has revealed, who neglect to use their best endeavours to arrive at a knowledge of that faith, who come forward to the world and say, "Yes, I confirm the separation, and, after reading the Scriptures, I pronounce that the Church out of which we came did not understand them?" Did they invent the doctrines of Wickliff, the injuries of a Ziska or a Knox? "Quæ

sunt sacrilegia, si illa sunt sacra? aut quæ inquinatio, si illa lavatio?" And do we ascribe to them the bold obtrusive spirit which is obstinately deaf to the meek expostulations of holy men? On the contrary, might we not say in reference to them, "O testimonium animæ naturaliter Catholicæ"? Was not every thing within, as far as regards men, generous and modest and gentle, and in what relates to God, humble and holy, full of love and joy and peace in believing, and were not the points of difference external, often undefined and unperceived, and always the result of circumstances independent of the heart and of the will? Then where is disunion? It is abolished,

"Nec Trojam Ausonios gremio excepisse pigebit."

But by what means? By perpetuating and magnifying and transmitting down to posterity, as far as men have power, these lines of difference and separation, making it a point of honour, according as their own circumstances in life may change, to lead or to fall into contending ranks under the banner of religion, and caring not for the peace of God, provided the field be open for the exercise of their individual talent, and provided their learning or their wit or their powers of argument at last may shine beyond the walls of their college, and be displayed in the eyes of a nation? Nay, far otherwise; but by forgetting themselves and putting on bowels of compassion and tenderness, and humbleness of mind, loving and honouring their

neighbour, and thinking that it is by love—love which worketh no ill to their neighbour, love which thinketh no evil and which endureth all things—that they can fulfil the law. So then, amidst a world of sin and misery, where follies and crimes, pedantry and narrow wisdom, evil selfish passions, and stupid bigotry oppose the blessed influence of light and love, it is not in the power of man to break this union of God if we but wish to preserve it. Have we not heard what is written: "We know that to them who love God all things work together unto good."—What shall we then say to these things? "If God be for us, who is against us?" Who can divide us? "He that spared not even his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how hath he not also with him given us all things?" How will he not unite us in his own love? "Who shall accuse against the elect of God?" Who shall marshal them into opposite contending ranks? "God that justifieth. Who is he that shall condemn? Christ Jesus that died, yea that is risen also again, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? But in all these things we overcome because of him that hath loved us. For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor Angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to

separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Nor let it be hastily concluded by any rash man, that such researches and concessions were of light importance; for the wisest and most learned men, even on the side of the Reformation, will teach us to remember the infinite consequences attached to the enquiry itself, whether we belong to the Church or not. The people may have rights belonging to this world, but assuredly they have no right to a Saviour, to grace; and, therefore, it is not for them to reason upon what is natural, but to obey what is prescribed. It is not for man to deal damnation, but we know this to be an infallible truth, that Christ hath appointed the holy Catholic Church as the only way unto eternal life; that, at the first, the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved; and what was then daily done hath been done since continually. It is Bishop Pearson who thus discourseth:—"Christ never appointed two ways to heaven; nor did he build a Church to save some, and make another institution for other men's salvation. As none were saved from the deluge but such as were within the ark of Noah; as none of the first-born of Egypt lived but such as were within those habitations whose door posts were sprinkled with blood; as none of the inhabitants of Jericho could escape the fire or sword but such as were within the house of Rahab:—so none" (he considers not the case of those who are without the light of the Gospel) "shall ever escape the eternal wrath of

God, which belong not to the Church of God." "Take heed," says Jeremy Taylor; "in the world there is not a greater misery can happen to any man than to be an enemy to God's Church." Nor would it be Christian or honest, from a fear of offending, to disguise the views which the men of old entertained of these divisions and setting up of opposite churches,—to conceal their position that the clergy were not respected in the final arrangement, and their conclusion thereupon. They observed that the clergy who petitioned that "at least the affairs of religion should not be regulated until their advice had been received and their reason heard[1],"—("those to be only heard," cried Bossuet, "of whom Jesus Christ declared, 'whoso heareth you, heareth me!'") were not respected; Burnet himself attesting "that the king's council appointed the visitors, and regulated and authorized the articles." The men of old saw that these changes took place in opposition to all the Bishops except Cranmer in Henry's reign, and in opposition to the protest of every Bishop in the kingdom, except Kitchin, in that of Elizabeth. Can we be surprised at the conclusion, however alarming, which they proceeded to draw from such facts as these?

> "But let us, Sir, for love of heaven, forego
> Of anger and of death the noisome lore;
> And be it deemed that I have said enow:"

enough, assuredly, to prove the justice of the con-

[1] Burnet, i. 73.

cern and anguish with which I commenced this book, condoling with my reader that we should see men of whom it would be wisdom to say

> " ———— mercy and justice scorn them both;
> Speak not of them, but look and pass them by[k]:"

and that we should have to explore dark and melancholy regions which would extort a tearful confession. I am led

> " ———— from that air serene
> Into a climate ever vexed with clouds,
> And to a part I come where no light shines."

Still the lovers of peace, while they shrink from visiting these profoundest depths, may be permitted to bring before men's view such objects as we have now proposed; and to remind them that there were at least some grounds to justify the judgment of their ancestors.

Assuredly there was then, as in every age, a wisdom more advanced than that of the generality of reasoners. Those men who resisted the progress of the new opinions foresaw that all who, in a subsequent age, would study the question honestly and patiently would be obliged to give up, as indefensible, the doctrine which denied the necessity of a visible Church[l]. "The spirit of independance in religion," they would say, "will make a kingdom divided against itself. It is our conviction that the

[k] Dante, iii.

[l] See Bellarmin de conciliis et ecclesia, lib. iii. 12. 15.

system which may approach the nearest to that of antiquity will, by its constitution or by the circumstances of time, possess the least security for its own continuance, the least power of discharging its functions; of the other schemes and measures of policy, some will tend to the propagation of a vague philosophy in place of the severe tenets of the Christian faith, others will be the theories of avowed infidelity, opposed even to all the dictates of natural religion, and to the peace and good order of the world." These predictions have been fulfilled, will their modern advocate observe. Wickliff held doctrines incompatible with civil order, Carlostadius with piety; Luther held in many points with the Church, while he deemed no violence too harsh in resisting it in others; Calvin differed from him on the grounds of the first separation; Œcolampadius was given up by his own party; Melancthon was doubtful and alarmed at their mutual dissentions; Cranmer supported a system which admitted of ceremonies and many of the old external forms; Beza and the French Calvinists required one that was more abstract and unsubstantial; Ochin and Socinus denied the foundation of the Christian faith; the German masters could hardly agree on any points after they had permission to depart from the authority to which they originally submitted; and on the continent Deism and Socinianism have been the final result of their disputations. So that even where truths were seen and admitted, like the statues of Dædalus of which we read in Plato, not being

bound with chains, they did not choose to remain long, but they fled away, like deserters, from the souls of men; or, as Jeremy Taylor says "of the spirit of man, which is weaker than the habits and superinduced nature of the flesh," truths are admitted and holy practices enjoined, and the form of ancient solemnities retained, but by little and little they fall off; "like the finest thread twisted upon the traces of a chariot, it cannot hold long."

Among those who profess their acquiescence in other systems nearer to the ancient, some hold points to be essential, relative both to doctrine and to discipline, which are viewed with indifference by others, though they may be inseparably connected with what is still held sacred by these latter. Some, with St. Clement and the other apostolic Fathers, lay great stress upon the validity of ordination as proved by apostolical succession, saying, with Hooker, "it is a wretched blindness not to admire so great a power as that which the clergy are endowed with, or to suppose that any but God can bestow it: that it consists in a power over the mystical body of Christ by the remission of sins, and over his natural body in the Sacrament, which antiquity doth call the making of Christ's body [m]." But that others look upon these things in a totally different light, we have Jeremy Taylor's word for it, if we fear to utter our own thoughts, when he says, speaking of the Holy Sacrament, "It hath fared

[m] Eccles. Polit. v. 77.

with this as with other actions of religion which have descended from flames to still fires, from fires to sparks, from sparks to embers, from embers to smoke, from smoke to nothing." Some are anxious to ascertain the limits of the Church, saying, with St. Ignatius, "μηδεὶς πλανάσθω· ἐαν μή τις ᾖ ἐντὸς τοῦ θυσιαστηρίου, ὑστερεῖται τοῦ ἄρτου τοῦ θεοῦ·[n]" others adopt, as their position, what the same Father assumes to illustrate the very doctrine which they deny, omitting the previous part of the sentence, "let the multitude be wherever the Bishop appears," and only quoting the magnificent words which follow— "ὥσπερ ὅπου ἂν ᾖ Χριστὸς Ἰησοῦς, ἐκεῖ ἡ καθολικὴ ἐκκλησία."[o] Some deem the Episcopal government of the Church to be an essential part of Christianity, and reverencing Bishops and Priests they conclude, with St. Ignatius, "χωρὶς τούτων ἐκκλησία οὐ καλεῖται·[p]" and "ὅσοι θεοῦ εἰσὶν καὶ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ, οὗτοι μετὰ τοῦ ἐπισκόπου εἰσίν·[q]" and with St. Clement[r]. Others but lightly esteeming the labours of a Morinus[s], deem these matters to be human inventions, measures of expediency, and variable as circumstances may demand. Some hold to the authority of their Church, others to the right of private judgment. Concerning the first principle, the word of God, they are divided; some understand it as only internal, others as external, but written; others as partly written, and,

[n] Epist. ad Ephes. v.
[o] Epist. ad Smyr. viii.
[p] Ad Trallianos. iii.
[q] Ad Philadelphenos. iii.
[r] Epist. i. ad Corinth. xlii.
[s] Commentarius de Sacris ecclesiæ Ordinationibus.

virtually, as partly handed down by tradition; some hold the sense of Scripture to be clear by itself, others to be obscure in certain places; some that the sense is revealed to each reader by the internal spirit, others virtually hold with Bellarmin[s], though not with his consistency, that it is to be received as the Church teacheth. As to secondary points, some are pleased with the remains of the ancient system, its forms and regularity; others smile at the idea of attaching any importance to these, which they look upon as the relics of a dark age, and, while willing to tolerate them in condescension to others, imply that if Christianity were to begin again in their age, it ought not to be encumbered with such external appendages. Finally, some regard the fact of this variety and dissention as a deplorable evil, indicating the absence of the Christian spirit, holding with St. Clement[t], and with St. Ignatius[u], that Christians ought "ἐν ὁμώμῳ ἑνοτῆτι εἶναι·" others affect a more philosophic view, and maintain that the very fact of this variety and dissention is to be hailed with satisfaction, as the result of a glorious struggle against a system of intellectual tyranny, injurious to the improvement of the human mind and to the cause of religion itself, and this they hold because, though perhaps evil in themselves, variety of doctrine and dissention are attended with advantages which more than counterbalance it; so that men differ in opinion

[s] De verbo Dei scripto et non scripto. [t] Epist. ad Corinth.
[u] Epist. ad Ephes. iv.

on all these points, and they even differ as to whether they ought to differ.

CATHOLICI RESTANT. These support a system which maintains peace and order, and at the same time the freedom and the dignity of nations, "one that is better than all others for kings against the people, because it has more authority; and better for the people against kings, because it has more independance." These are disciples of that Church to which, indeed, the pride of human philosophy will never submit, for it can comprehend neither its language, that of spirits, nor its wisdom, founded in the heart and in the harmony of nature. "Pudet videlicet doctos homines," as St. Augustin says [x], "ex discipulis Platonis fieri discipulos Christi, qui piscatorem suo spiritu docuit sapere ac dicere, in principio erat verbum." "That philosophy," as the Count of Stolberg remarks, "though in the garb of religion, may knock at a castle and open for itself a gate, but it will be only a gate of error, which has an hundred gates, like Babylon. The gate of this wisdom no proud eye can discern, and no false key can unlock." "There is a path which no fowl knoweth and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it [y]." "Hæc est religio," as St. Augustin says, "quæ universalem continet viam animæ liberandæ, quoniam nullâ nisi hâc liberari potest.—Præter hanc viam nemo liberatus est, nemo libe-

[x] De civitate Dei, x. 29.

[y] Job xxviii. 7, 8.

ratur, nemo liberabitur[a]." These are brethren of that holy fellowship, out of which, as Pascal affirms with affecting solemnity, "there is no salvation." These follow the teaching of those confessors and martyrs who first imparted the light of Christianity to Europe, of that religion which inspired men in the heroic age of our history, of that philosophy which comprises all wisdom and all goodness, of which the beginning and the end is God. From Him it derives its origin, its knowledge, and its happiness. "Nam si quæratur unde sit, Deus eam condidit: si unde sit sapiens, à Deo illuminatur: si unde sit felix, Deo fruitur: subsistens modificatur, contemplans illustratur, inhærens jocundatur; est, videt, amat; in æternitate Dei viget, in veritate Dei luçet, in bonitate Dei gaudet[a]." Others change and retract, or their breath goeth forth and then all their thoughts perish; these remain constant, united, and, as was lately said before the assembled peers of England, "unchanging and unchangeable," (sublime testimony!) and their wisdom and their spirit pass not away with the days of their life, but, like their Author, "is the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever." "ITA RELINQUITUR SOLA HÆC DISCIPLINA, DIGNA STUDIOSIS INGENUARUM ARTIUM, DIGNA ERUDITIS; DIGNA CLARIS VIRIS, DIGNA PRINCIPIBUS, DIGNA REGIBUS[b]."

Under such impressions, with such facts present-

[a] De civ. Dei, x. 32. [a] Ibid. xi. 24.

[b] Cic. de Finibus, v. 23

ing themselves to our ancestors, it was not to be made an accusation against them, feeling profoundly as many of them did the importance attached to a right judgment on such subjects, praying to God in the words of St. Augustin that he would bestow " that spirit of peace which feels no other sentiment than charity, no other interest than that of Jesus Christ, no other wish but for the salvation of men," that they endeavoured to correct the harshness and blindness of that party spirit which was opposed to what is lovely and amiable and true. They may be pardoned for having taught men that the spirit and principles which are congenial to the poetry, are also favourable to the sanctification of the heart; for having asserted, like a great French writer[c] in a subsequent age, (and they even extended his theory to religious truth,) " in opposition to an opinion more general than well-founded, that the facility of cloathing a system of metaphysics or morals with the most brilliant colours of poetry and eloquence is, in the eyes of exercised reason, a proof, not that the entire system should be true, but that it must contain great truths," that it is in conformity with the original constitution of the whole nature of man, with those affections and passions which are no less than his understanding the gift of God; it was allowable for them to conclude, in opposition to the Deistical school and to the numerous communities which tend, more or less, towards that centre, that

[c] Bonald.

men need not have one religion for their imagination and taste, and another for the severity of their understanding to guide their faith and practice, but that to the faith of a Christian and to the ancient spirit which, in despite of controversy, is pre-eminently the meek and humble, and that is the Christian spirit, belongs every thing that can command the affections, refine the taste, ennoble the imagination, and purify and sanctify the heart. Nay, still farther, Cato we know could not forbear exclaiming to his friend, "Quam vellem te ad Stoicos inclinavisses[a];" and doubtless there was no ground for surprise or anger when the ministers of Christ applied to the unauthorised teachers of religion and their followers the very words of St. Augustin: "What is it you are trusting to, poor weak soul, and blinded with the mists of the flesh, what is it you are trusting to?" Cuthbert, the pupil of Bede, in the affecting account which he has left us of the death of his master, relates that, after repeating certain passages of Holy Scripture, and sometimes putting his thoughts into English verse, the venerable man sung the "Antiphonæ" of the day according to custom, of which one is, "O Rex gloriæ, Domine virtutum, qui triumphator hodie super omnes cœlos adscendisti, ne derelinquas nos orphanos, sed mitte promissum Patris in nos Spiritum veritatis. Alleluia." And when he had come to these words he burst into tears and wept much: —"The spirit of truth,"—"Leave us not comfort-

[a] Cicero de Finibus, iii. 3.

less."—O that from the men of our age the words might extort a tear!

Certainly, to a man of thought and information, familiar with antiquity, it must be a source of wonder and self-abasement, as he contemplates the lot of our poor human nature, to hear grave and learned persons professing godliness, arrogate to themselves a more spiritual religion than that which prevailed in Europe during the early ages and down to the 16th century. Really, in my desire to prove the preceding propositions, in some detail I have been wanting in respect to the followers of antiquity, and I have been paying too much honour to the moderns who think proper to dispute them; but charity will excuse what a high sense of honour would disdain. Only let men reflect upon the lives of any of the princes or noble dames whose virtues are alike commemorated by the Church and the theme of mundane honour; let them take, for instance, queen Mathilda, wife of Henry the Fourth, or queen Margaret of Scotland, or Count Elzear and his wife Delphina, of the ancient and illustrious family of Saban in Provence, or any of the characters exhibited in our former disputation, though it is difficult to choose from among the heroes and dames of Christendom whose deeds and graces are still famous throughout Europe and the East; let them but take a general view of the "laws and spirit of chivalry*;" let them turn over the pages of

* Read again the oath taken by William of Holland when knighted before the Pope's Legate. Belgic Chron. Magn. Pistorii Script.

Baldassar Castiglione, who was an accomplished knight and well versed in both the Latin and Greek languages, whose work on the art of living at court [f] will convey an idea of the great refinement

rer. German. III. p. 266. Review also the description of an accomplished knight among our Anglo Saxon Catholic ancestors given by the monk of Ramsay. Gale Script. iii. 395. The household regulations of Henry Percy, the fifth Earl of Northumberland, A.D. 1512. Consult also Büsching Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen. Even St. Palayés memoirs. Raumer Geschichte der Hohenstaufen VI. 594. (von Ritterwesen) l'ordaine de chevalerie, la Colombiere theatre d'honneur. The Weiskunig. Histoire des Templiers, Paris, 1789, a most valuable work. Joinville vie de St. Louis. Bibliotheque des Romans, November, 1782. Devoirs des grands par M. le Prince de Conti, Paris, 1667. Various chronicles also, and lives of particular knights, such as are to be found in any of the great collections of Muratori, Duchesne, Bollandus, Canissius, Gale, the Gesta Dei per Francos, Buchon, &c. &c. The modern English works on this subject are more Protestant than strictly historical. The religious character of the order where a violent ex-parte statement of it is not made, is kept completely in the background to make room for gay descriptions of the tournament, the festive hall, and also for softened pictures of licentious profligacy, brought forward in greater numbers than the keeping of historic truth will justify.

[f] Il libro del Cortegiano del conte Baldassar Castiglione, in Venezia, 1518, fol. Of this celebrated book there is a bad English translation, "the Courtier," London, 1707, but an elegant Latin version "de Curiali sive Aulico," Cantabrig, 1713. Assuredly, however, Il Cortegiano is not to be adduced in evidence to prove the religious feeling which prevailed in Italy, but only its morality and refinement of manners. The style and the sentiments indicate that the illustrious author was infected with the classical mania which followed the first publication of the great heathen writers, and indeed this, together with his evident fear of falling into the style of the dark ages, renders him in some instances obnoxious to the charge of servile imitation, of decided pedantry, and of indulg-

and of the high tone of morals, which even in the 15th century was deemed essential even to the Ita-

ing in a philosophical jargon which forms a striking contrast to the simple, Christian, and far more sublime language of the earlier and less polished chivalry. Something, however, of this charge must be abated in consideration of his plan, the avowed imitation of the Platonic dialogue, but the objection still remains, why such a plan, requiring such imitation was selected when the subject necessarily involved matter beyond the wisdom and even the language of heathen philosophy; an objection, to which the incomparable dialogues of our Berkeley are certainly not exposed. It is to be kept in mind also that the Count was to a certain degree a man of the world, and besides that, the witty passages in the second book were intended for the meridian of Italy, where a certain degree of levity on all subjects appears not to be inconsistent with the profoundest qualities, and with views of the most opposite character; besides, what is a universal truth, that the occasional jests or passing censure of men, directed against what they actually possess, are no proof that the same men are insensible to the advantages belonging to it, or that they would consent to the general condemnation passed upon it by others who view it from a distance. At all events the faults of this book are of the very opposite nature to those charged upon the religion of Italy. With respect to Julian's censures in the third book, I have already shewn, p. 140, the value of such kind of evidence: indeed, in this instance, the passing reproof is accompanied by what may seem to deprive it of all importance. "Let the friars alone," cried Emilia, the noble pattern of illustrious women, (and I cannot suppose that Castiglione would have thought it in praise of women to ascribe to them a groundless and immoral predilection,) "for I think it a great sin to hear you; and rather than listen to you I will leave the room." The most eloquent passage of the whole, the peroration of the fourth book, besides rendering a testimony to the divine character of St. Francis, borrows its sentiments and even its language from the poetic effusions of this same illustrious saint. We must also bear in mind how the Count was beloved and honoured at the court of Rome;

lian chivalry, of which book holding the rank of a Tuscan classic, Tasso, in his last dialogue on nobility, passes that high eulogium, saying, "as long as courts, as long as princes shall endure,—as long as there shall be assemblies of dames and knights, as long as valour and courtesy shall dwell in our bosoms, so long will the name of Castiglione be had in honour." Let men but thus hear and behold antiquity, and they must love it. They must feel ashamed of their accusations, unless they are more Protestants than Englishmen and men of honour. True, the lives of these great worthies were chequered by the weakness and follies attached to every thing human, but they were follies which we should rather cover with the mantle of charity than take delight in exposing to the profane; for surely

> "————men so noble,
> However faulty, yet should find respect
> For what they have been;————

and generally by the Clergy of different countries. His biographer, relating that his funeral was attended by the Archbishop of Toledo, who celebrated his obsequies in the chapel of S. Ildefonso in his cathedral; by the Archbishop of St. Jacomo, with the whole train of Bishops and Counsellors, who are accustomed to attend the funerals only of Princes of the blood, says that "this was done, not only in respect to his Imperial Majesty's command, but in regard also to the great love and reverence which they had for the count whilst living." Finally, it was the very friars whom he censured, who had the honour of receiving his bones; for after 16 months Alvigia his mother caused the body to be removed to Mantua, having built there a very magnificent chapel in the church of the Minor Friars, called La Madonna delle gratie, five miles without the city, with a sumptuous monument, where the reliques of his dear wife had been also placed.

follies which it would be well for many of you, wise moderns, if you displayed, for "in love the will is infinite and the execution confined:

> "————But you are wise,
> Or else you lov'd not; for to be wise and love
> Exceeds man's might; that dwells with God above[1]."

And though you are incredulous and scornful, think not that the memory of the just shall fail on that account;

> "——You—that are polluted with your lusts,
> Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
> Because you want the grace that others have,
> You judge it straight a thing impossible
> To compass wonders.————"

Yet say, after all the objections you can bring against them, is it possible that these were not the very disciples and followers of Christ? Can you endure the thought of never being admitted where they will be found in the eternal world? Is it credible that the religion to which they belonged was obnoxious to the dreadful charges brought against it? Or are you convinced that, as a Christian, you should adopt a system of theology which the advocates of modern opinions declare is so "different from that of the ancient, that they are two antipodean worlds to each other, having nothing in common except the name?" Do you really believe that the men in these latter

[1] Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2.

ages have discovered any new source which produces greater love and holiness, greater humility, meekness, and peace, a higher and more noble sense of the dignity of man, though in his fallen state, a more living principle of honour, generosity, and heroism in the cause of virtue, more abstinence from evil, and desire of doing good to others? Certes, if we could but picture to ourselves the Church in some castle, let it be in what is considered the darkest period of that middle time, and view the midnight mass of Christmas, or the solemnity of a Good Friday, when princes and knights and noble dames met to celebrate the passion and death of their Saviour, the very thought would be precious and full of grace; as Fuller says in his quaint language, "it would do one good even but to think of their goodness, and at the rebound and second hand to meditate upon their meditations." Behold their love to men! Here were hearts moulded by that new commandment which had given an office and a name[s] to the preceding day! Behold St. Thomas of Villanova, Archbishop of Valentia, preaching, as on the preceding day, at Valladolid before the Emperor Charles V. when only Prior of the Austin Friars, and explaining the words of St. Peter to our Lord at the washing of the feet, repeating, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet! Thou Lord of all crea-

[s] Maundy Thursday, so called from the Gospel which was read, beginning with "Mandatum novum," or, as others say, from maund, a basket, because baskets or alms were on that day given to the poor.

tures! Thou Creator of the angels! Thou God of infinite majesty, washest my feet! the Sovereign Monarch those of a vile creature! the master his servant's! the Innocent a sinner's feet!" and here, falling into a rapture, breaking off his sermon, and remaining for some time in tears, while the Emperor is so affected that from that hour he receives his advice as from heaven, and is ever afterwards constrained to obey his suggestions of mercy at times when he could neither be moved by his own son Philip, nor by all the nobility of Spain. Behold St. Thomas of Aquino preaching, as on this day, on the love of God for man and our ingratitude to him, his whole auditory melting into tears to such a degree, that he is obliged to stop several times that they may recover themselves. Observe how the most awful passions of human nature, softened by the influence of religion, are allowed for once to shew themselves in a generous and a holy light! When all have knelt down to pray for hereticks and schismatics, the next invitation, calling upon the assistants to pray for the perfidious Jews, who, as upon that day, crucified the Lord of Life, is heard in silence, and no amen follows it, and the Priest seems to concede somewhat to nature and omits the summons, "flectamus genua," and all remain standing while he repeats the prayer and is satisfied with their mentally joining with him in solemn obedience, for "when God makes the prophet he does not unmake the man," and so the Priest goes on, "oremus et pro Paganis," &c. when amen is heard from every tongue, and again all

kneel down, and the prayer follows. Behold their love to God! It was a necessary precaution, and not by way of mere ceremony, that the rubric directed the priests when they chaunted the passion of our Lord out of St. John, to stop when they came to the words, "tradidit spiritum," for that the people should then kneel down. Then would occur to them that piteous scene:

"Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius:"

and well might the Church demand

"Quis est homo qui non fleret
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis posset non contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?
Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum."

"Sight so piteous what heart of rock could long dry-eyed behold?" The knights "could not, but wept."

"Eïa mater fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac ut tecum lugeam.
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam."

There assuredly were the thoughts of many hearts

revealed: there you might have found a Tancred, a Godfrey, an Edward, or a Joinville given up to tears though combated by firmer thoughts, constrained by compassion and by love to fall down and worship. And now it is finished. So rising up at once with a noise which echoes under the arched aisles, like the spectators on Calvary, they smite upon their breasts and depart.

> " ——The portals sound, and pacing forth
> With solemn steps and slow,
> High potentates and dames of royal birth,
> And mitred fathers in long order go."

> " Now change the scene, and let the trumpets sound!"

Or if we would still stray within the sanctuary which is now left to silence, and the damp of graves, and the gloom of Gothic vaults, we shall find some darker or humbler penitents whose solemn forms are still bowed in adoration before the altar, perhaps on the left side, to denote the class among which, through humility and sorrow, they may rank themselves[b], though the chaunts of priests have ceased, and the solemn pomp of crowns and plumes and glittering panoply, like a tale that is told, have passed away.

Now, alas! the scene around us is different: and when excellent things go away, as Jeremy Taylor says, " and they look back upon us as our blessed

[b] Vide Morinus commentarius historic. de disciplina in administratione sacramenti Pœnitentiæ, lib. vi. c. xii. 7. This author should be consulted for the exposition of the word μετάνοια.

Saviour did upon St. Peter, we are more moved than by the nearer embraces of a full and actual possession." These affections are in many places gone, at least from the scenes of mundane glory, together with the signs, and the ceremonies, and the manners of old. The limbs are no longer sheathed in armour, but we have a panoply for our hearts of triple steel. No kneeling down low on the bare pavement of a Church for us, but place velvet and silken cushions, and on high too, if we must seem to bend a knee. The outward man reposes in soft raiment, but all within has the stiffness and the cold of dead man's mail; there we are cased in impenetrable iron which not even the two-edged sword of God's Spirit can pierce through. Such, nathless, are the men who sit in judgment upon the ancient religion of chivalry. God speaketh to them by his servants the prophets, by his Son, by his apostles, by sermons, by spiritual books, by thousands of homilies and acts of counsel and insinuation, and they sit as unconcerned as the pillars of a church, and hear the sermon as the Athenians did a story, or as they read a gazette; and they forget it, and think they had nothing to do but to give "the good man a hearing."—"The breaking of a glass puts us into a supreme anger, and we are dull and indifferent as a stoic when we see God dishonoured." The day of achieving a treaty that will enable us to trade with the infidels is marked with red in our calendars, and when our brethren in Jesus Christ are making a last struggle with their assassins, and stretching out their hands to us for help, we stop

our ears and sit cool spectators; and if a knight like Tirante should make a vow to be the first man to set his foot on land in their cause, and to be the last to leave it, we count him an enemy and rebellious. Their priests may be slain, their crosses may be trampled under foot at the altars. But the age of chivalry is gone! The nations of Christendom have broken their mutual bond, have protested against their former points of union, have blotted out their ancient relations; and the sign by which the Saviour of the world declared all men might know whose disciples they are, has no longer a place even in their memory.

> "Yet sleep, ye powers of Europe, careless sleep,
> To you in vain your Eastern brethren weep[h]."

Excluding this last consideration, the "reason of this," saith the eloquent advocate of the old spirit, "is a sad condemnation to such persons. They would think the preacher rude if he should say — they are not Christians, they are not within the covenant of the Gospel: but it is certain that the spirit of manifestation is not yet upon them; and that is the first effort of the Spirit, whereby we can be called sons of God or relations of Christ. If we do not apprehend and greedily suck in the precepts of this holy discipline as aptly as merchants do discourse of gain, or farmers of fair harvests, we have nothing but the name of Christians; but we are no more such really than mandrakes are men, or sponges are living creatures."

[h] Camoens.

To the like effect speaketh Fenelon: "With the progress of the age there has grown up a spirit of indifference, leading to a kind of hypocrisy, which proposes to do evil by rule, and which sanctions folly with an air of wisdom. It acts the reformer, and laughs at the simplicity of the children of God. It does not reject the Gospel, but under pretence of avoiding indiscreet zeal," (and of reconciling it with human philosophy, with a life of ease and carelessness) "it enervates the Gospel and annihilates the Cross." The moderns resemble certain Greeks, whom we read of as being established in Tuscany, a barbarous country at that time, and by degrees they had acquired so many of its customs and opinions that they had forgotten their own. They felt, however, occasionally a kind of regret at having become like the barbarians, and so, at certain seasons, they assembled together. They read in the old language their ancient laws, which they could hardly understand: they wept and separated. On going out, they returned gaily to their usual mode of living.

"Who are you then, O men!" cries Fenelon, "who play with religion, taking it up like persons who desire to follow it? Are you of another religion? Do you wish to believe in God only as the ancient philosophers, and to lead a life resembling theirs? Withdraw then from our churches, far from our mysteries, to live without that Saviour whom you reject."

Such is the language of holy men in these latter ages when speaking of the world around them: and certes if they join experience and knowledge

of the ways of men to what religion teaches, there will be no words left for them on many occasions but those of St. Bernard, "Aut Christus fallitur, aut mundus errat[1]:" or those of Dante,

> "Surely these are souls
> To misery doom'd, who intellectual good
> Have lost."———

But for you, would the advocate of antiquity have said, and may his words excite no angry or jealous feeling, for assuredly they were not designed to injure or deceive, for you who cherish other thoughts and follow after other examples, there is a bright side of life ever present to your remembrance, a star that will cheer you through every dark valley, a shield that will cover you when trumpets shake the wretched world. For you there is an end of doubt and disputation. All the articles of faith and all the truths of revelation are immoveably and definitively settled. "God or his Church, or rather both, have spoken," says Bishop Doyle, "and, as St. Augustin said to the Pelagians, the cause is concluded, I wish the error would at length cease. *Causa finita est,* utinam aliquando finiretur error." There can be no new hearing, no new trial. The Church invited the objectors to plead their own cause; they refused to do so, but their cause was examined fully and dispassionately: sentence at length was past, and the matter set at rest for ever. *Causa finita est.* It can never be revived; it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost

[1] Serm. 3. de nat.

and to our Fathers so to determine; there can be no re-hearing of the case; there is no higher tribunal constituted by God, no one or many to whom a new issue could be directed for trial." So then, if you feel the frailty of man, you have also the security of God. True, the city of God on earth may mourn and suffer violence; she may be defiled by the presence of the unholy citizens of the world, who may enter her gates and mount her towers, and even appear to worship in her solemn temples, "perplexæ quippe sunt istæ duæ civitates in hoc sæculo, invicem permixtæ donec ultimo judicio dirimantur[k];" but then in heaven all will be different; when the glory of the earth shall pass away, when crowns and kingdoms are forgotten. "Vera ibi gloria erit," says St. Augustin as he approaches the end of his sublime discourse and comes to consider the eternal felicity of the city of God, "ubi laudantis nec errore quisquam, nec adulatione laudabitur. Verus honor, qui nulli negabitur digno, nulli deferetur indigno; sed nec ad eum ambiet ullus indignus, ubi nullus permittetur esse nisi dignus. Vera pax, ubi nihil adversi, nec à se ipso, nec ab alio quisquam patietur; ibi vacabimus et videbimus: videbimus et amabimus: amabimus et laudabimus. Ecce quod erit in fine sine fine. Nam quis alius noster est finis, nisi pervenire ad regnum, cujus nullus est finis[l]."

[k] St. August. de civ. Dei, i. 35

[l] —— xxii. 30.

Imparting such a faith and such hopes, the Church was regarded by our Fathers with a degree of love and reverence that the language of words could but feebly express. "O Sainte Eglise Romaine!" cried Bossuet, "si je t'oublie, puisse-je m'oublier moi-meme! que ma langue se sèche et demeure immobile dans ma bouche!"—"O Sainte Eglise Romaine!" cried Fenelon, when he subscribed to the condemnation of his book, "O Sainte Eglise de Rome, si je t'oublie, puisse-je m'oublier moi-meme! que ma langue se sèche et demeure immobile dans ma bouche!"—"O Sainte Eglise de Rome!" cried that virtuous nobleman, the Count De Maistre, in the conclusion of his admirable defence of the Roman See, "O Sainte Eglise de Rome! tant que la parole me sera conservée, je l'emploierai pour te celebrer. Je te salue, mere immortelle de la science et de la sainteté. Salve magna Parens." "O thou, my spirit's guide," again cries another tongue, "on the depth of whose deep mysteries my heart would ever gaze! O thou Church most holy of immortal Rome, whose solemn prayers first taught my infant reason that there was a bright blessed place hereafter, a heaven beyond the dark foul grave, cheering me every night with dulcet breath and the vision of that peace which the world cannot give, calling me to thy bosom by signs and accents, by smiles and tears, 'a voice like the voice of my own soul,' heard in the stillness of thought, in which childhood knew and felt its mother, 'calming me as the loveliness of heaven soothes the unquiet sea;'—thou

that lovest and sanctifiest all that of which the image will delight my heart,—

" Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus,"

youth and innocence, and simplicity, and the reverence of early days, all that in this beautiful world is fair and lovely, mountains, woods, rivers, and Aûsonian skys, all sweet sounds and gracious harmonies that give a glimpse at nameless joys, such as make the infant smile, or, if eyes need must weep, as can make 'our tears all wonder and delight;'—thou, whose wisdom is the ocean, from which flowed in narrow streams all that is profound in Plato, all that inspired 'the kings of old philosophy,' whose angelic strains I pray may sound to me in my last hour, strains 'such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling will never die—yet, ere we are aware, the feeling and the sound are fled and gone, and the regret, they leave remains alone;'—within whose holy walls at even-tide priests and innocent children, Angli perhaps, as Pope Gregory would say 'with angel-faces,' after their pretty little stately walk in timid order to the sound of richest melody, kneel down in adoration before lighted altars that are decked with flowers, and fragrant with sweet incense, where all appear to me 'like forms and sounds of a diviner world, like the bright procession of skiey visions in a solemn dream, from which men wake as from a paradise, and draw new strength to tread the thorns of life;'—thou, whose wrongs have roused

the weakest and most worthless of thy sons; for 'even the instinctive worm on which we tread, turns, though it wound not;'—thou much injured calumniated guide, that wouldest make me all I dream of, happy, high, majestical,—that wouldest have me 'love and pity all things, and moan for woes which others hear not, and behold the absent with the glass of phantasy,

> "And near the poor and trampled sit and weep,
> Following the captive to his dungeon deep;"

that wouldest have me cast away all human passions, all revenge, all pride, and think, speak, act no ill;'—that wouldest 'quench the earth-consuming rage of gold and blood, till men should live and move harmonious as the sacred stars above;'—thou that art pure as light, lasting as the world, I salute thee, immortal Mother of learning and grace and sanctity! Salve Magna Parens."

"This life," says a great modern, "is man's day in which man does what he pleases, and God holds his peace. Man destroys his brother and destroys himself, and confounds governments, and raises armies, and tempts to sin, and delights in it, and drinks drunk, and forgets his sorrow, and heaps up great estates, and raises a family and a name in the annals, and makes others fear him, and introduces new religions and confounds the old;"—and changeth articles as the fancy of the moment may require, and talks of wicked priestcraft, and affects

an air of philosophy, and loves to be incredulous, and puts off examination to a more convenient season, and scorns the Church, and sets up his own reason as infallible, and holds that his sincerity will excuse his errors;—"and all this while God is silent."—But then God shall have his day too; the day of the Lord shall come, in which He shall speak and no man shall answer; He shall speak in the voice of thunder and fearful noises, and man shall do no more as he pleases, but must suffer as he hath deserved." It is of faith that many who have been in the grave shall then come forth to the again-rising of doom. Woe and alas! and God help us all!

But let us now rise and release our minds from the fatigue consequent upon such meditations. May all gentle hearts forgive my having suggested them, remembering that many men as far removed as ever I have been from the service of God's altar have expressed similar thoughts, remembering that when lodged in the dungeon of Monodontes, in the solitude of their prison, it was Orlando who led Brandimart to think upon the Christian faith; that, at midnight, while awaiting the return of day, which was to bring death to the one or the other, it was Orlando who attempted to instruct the haughty Agrican; that on the field of battle it was Tancred who wished Clorinda to become the child and handmaid dear of Christ; that, lying under the chains of

the infidels, it was Hue de Tabarie who imparted to Saladin the knowledge which might have qualified him for obtaining the honour of Christian knighthood.—We have, indeed, "different parts allotted us to mount to the high seat of eternal felicity," yet, "chivalry," as a noble Spaniard said, "is a religious order, and there are knights in the fraternity of saints in heaven." When we next meet, it shall be amid plumed helmets and neighing steeds, within sounding castle courts, under knightly towers and battlements, from which the sun of beauty and high-born grace may shed its purple light.

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

We shall return to those attractive scenes through which the feet of knightly and generous men delight to stray, of youths in whom is

"love's keen wish,
And eager hope and valour high,
And the proud glow of chivalry,
That burns to do and dare;—"

for, as Aristotle saith, that "young men may be happy, yet not otherwise but by hope," so, as saith Lord Bacon, "we must all acknowledge our minority, and embrace the felicity which is by hope of the future world;" we shall return to those attractive scenes, escaping far from the sad realities of this poor world, and happy, though it be but wandering for the present in the wild scenes of

imagination, and following at a distance the track of him who said that he

> "From human to divine had past, from time
> Unto eternity, and out of Florence
> To justice and to truth."

THE END.

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ERRATA.

P. 1, *for* prepared, *read* proposed.

— 29, The reference at the bottom is misplaced.

— 44, *for* derangement, *read* disarrangement.

— 68, *for* codibus, *read* cordibus.

— 106, *for* to, *read* by.

— 128, 131, 145, *for* Le Maistre, *read* De Maistre.

— 170, *for* political opinions, *read* political assemblies.

— 172, *for* ever, *read* even.

— 219, *for* works, *read* words.

— 130, the Count of Stolberg supposes that St. Paul, using a word of double signification, intended that the unfavourable sense should be gathered from his countenance, vi. 243.

P. 68, In the first place John v. 39. is addressed to the Jews for a specific purpose, and it is monstrous to convert it into a universal precept; but then again, consult the original, and look to Vater's Note on ερευνατε, if afraid to trust your own scholarship, and you will see "vel indicat. vel imper," but the latter mood destroys sense.

THE

PÆAN OF OXFORD,

A Poem;

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A REPLY TO THE CHARGES

ADDUCED

AGAINST THE UNIVERSITY,

IN THE RECENT NUMBERS OF THE EDINBURGH AND WESTMINSTER REVIEWS.

BY

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THE

PÆAN OF OXFORD,

A POEM.

——" intacta Palladis urbem
· nunc perpetuo celebr are "

—

" I praise her in set terms, yet, mark me, Sirs,
S1 far transcends my praise."

PREFACE.

MANY hours have been stolen by the author, when an under-graduate, from his classical studies, in the composition of the following lines; and, though they are the fruits of truant time, he will regret its loss with less poignancy, should they be found in some degree worthy their illustrious theme. Assuredly there are few topics of more kindling interest for any who desire to "play the orator," few on which a lover of his country, and of letters, can dwell with more liberal delight. The city itself in a beau-

tiful old age, once the capital of England, where her kings resided, and the councils of the nation met—the superb array of colleges which, constructed in ages of comparative rudeness, would not shame the magnificence of the present æra—the pleasant retreats of garden or cloister, so dear to the musings of the poet, associated as they are with those studies which add to life its loveliest charm, and with the spirits of those wise and good men, who have adorned or gladdened their generation—all fling, as it were, spells over the mind, and exert a refining influence on the memory, the fancy, and the taste. It has been said by Swift, that all panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy; but surely, in the contemplation of such images, if judiciously presented for eulogy, the reader may long repose without sense of satiety

or fatigue. Neither has this vantage ground of subject been invaded to the exclusion of fresh occupants. The philosopher has dilated on the beneficial or baneful effects of its system, the novelist has put in strongest light those points which admit most readily the hues of fiction, and the satirist has been busied in plucking up the few weeds which are to be found in its courts. It was reserved for Tickell, in his "Oxford," to grasp the lyre of eulogistic poesy, but he has chanted his strain in those level tones which "neither gods, nor men, nor columns" will allow; and though detraction would vainly search the lines for any limping prosody, friendship might sum them up also, nor find one of superior excellence. Warton, indeed, in his "Triumph of Isis," has struck a nobler chord with that elegance and tact, so peculiarly his own, which in

vest with amenity every subject, whether of accident or choice. But he wrote briefly for a party purpose, and the politician stifled the poet. It has been the ambition of the present writer to pursue his laudative through those many bearings, which these "haud contemnendi Vates," (to use the classical mode of extorted praise,) left unexplored. He has been anxious to bear his pillar, however roughly hewn, and imperfectly shapen, towards the erection of that edifice which is due to the merits and fame of the University, and may express his hope, with the veteran of antiquity, that though the trophy is of wood when it should have been of marble, it may yet be allowed to stand in respect of its gallant theme.

The notes have been principally selected from the anecdotal literature of Oxford.

The Reply to the Charges in the Westminster and Edinburgh Reviews has been dictated at a later period, from a sense of honest indignation at their substituting unmeasured invective and positive assertion in the room of logical reasoning, evidence, and proof. Their answer demanded no able champion, since hardihood only is requisite to be scurrilous, but accurate knowledge to be severe. The author of the Reply may claim exemption from selfish motives, feeling for his "Alma Mater" that regard and reverence which a residence of five years is so well calculated to inspire, but not cumbered with a burden of personal gratitude, and able to apply to himself the words of honest Antony Wood, though written of a very different performance. "This work had been more fitted for some learned Professor than for the

writer, who has not filled any place or office in the University, and may truly say, that he has not eaten the bread of any founder." The conclusion of the sentence can be applied to few Bachelors of the present day: "He is an universal lover of mankind, passing all his time in reading, writing, and divine contemplation, whether by day or night."

A REPLY TO THE CHARGES

Adduced in recent Numbers of

The Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews

AGAINST THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

IT has seemed not irrelevant to the design of the following poem, which has for its end and aim the praise of an University, the perpetual boast and bulwark of piety and learning, to attempt a refutation of several calumnies which have appeared in recent numbers of two leading periodical journals, the Westminster Review for July, and the Edinburgh for August. From their general ability, and rapid circulation, they operate most materially, when uncontradicted, in prejudicing the public mind; the axiom being critically just, that nothing exceeds the propensity to scandal, but the proneness of belief. That portion of the literary world which has

taken a degree at Oxford or Cambridge may know the injustice of the attack, and facility of rejoinder, but men in general live and move, so entirely ignorant of academical regulations, that they deem a Class an object of some distinction, but a Grand Compoundership of far higher. This, however, is a topic of no private or petty interest, and it will be my object to prove for their information, by adducing the most obnoxious passages with a running commentary, how some facts are highly coloured, others warped and distorted, and others resting on no firmer basis than the imagination of the accuser.

To commence with the Westminster Review, to which the saying of Porson against Gibbon may be applied, that it argues with the warmth of personal hatred; and the following is its first proposition, on the academical system pursued: "If the system is not pernicious, it is "useless; at least it is purposeless." It will be readily granted, that if the books which are usually studied at Oxford did not confirm the mind in moral and religious principles, and were not calculated to store the student with useful ideas and agreeable images, the system which inculcated a study of them would be pernicious: that, if they did not tend to strengthen the judgment, the memory, the imagination, they would be useless; that, if

they did not improve the sentiments, the tastes, and social affections, they would be purposeless. But we have the experience of several centuries, the authority of the wisest and best characters, who adorned those centuries, the dicta of all the literati on the Continent (the lovers of paradox excepted,) that classical studies do fully produce these fruits, nay, more, that they are requisite for etymology, without which our own language cannot be well understood,—that they supply common topics, and kindle common feelings—that the mind is incompetent to enter well on a liberal profession before it has been enlarged, and refined by classical studies—that their happy influence is universally felt throughout every faculty of the soul, and that, acting through the media of the professions, and a large portion of the gentry, they give a tone to the national character; wherefore they are not purposeless or useless, much less pernicious.

A persuasion of these truths, and a knowledge that the authors flourished principally in the age of Pericles, when Greece was divided into thriving republics, and in the age of Augustus, the politest of all æras, will evince the futility of the following reflection: "We maintain, "with all our vigour of argument, and example, and "anger, the system which cultivates the rough desert of

"man's mind, as it was cultivated, when man was a ty-
"rant and a slave, when he was ignorant of arts and
"sciences, comfortless, powerless, and debased; which
"makes monks when there are no longer convents."—
The Reviewer continues: "If our institutions educate
"lawyers, and merchants, and physicians, and statesmen,
"they teach them what they teach to churchmen, Ovid
"and Catullus, Homer and drinking, driving curricles,
"or stage coaches, and rowing boats. Must we con-
"clude, that education is an useless labour, that nature
"does all, that man at twenty-four springs up a lawyer,
"a statesman, or a physician, to act and govern by in-
"tuition, and, well imbued with syntax and port, to
"transfer his hand from the reins of four greys, to those
"of the state?" Ridicule, it has been observed, is a bad test of truth, and, after this sparkling diatribe, a plain description of what Oxford, the University sneered at, causes all to gain, who are honoured by her with a degree, will appear stale and flat, but, I hope, not unprofitable, since, what it loses in brilliancy, it gains in truth. She teaches youths designed for every profession, without discrimination, the rudiments of religion professedly, and more than the rudiments in reality—the proofs, doctrines, and history of the Christian religion—the writing

Latin with correctness, if not elegance, two Greek, and two Latin authors; (there may be instanced, as common books for degree-men, four Plays of Sophocles, a volume of Herodotus, Virgil's Æneid, the Odes, Epodes, and Ars Poetica of Horace) also a knowledge of the history and geography comprised. She does not teach rowing boats, drinking, or driving curricles; there is a wide difference between what may be accidentally learned by some, and what is positively taught to all; she does not teach Ovid, a classic never taken into the Schools; nor Catullus, which is occasionally selected by a candidate for a first Class, as a work of supererogation. Why, then, are these Classics introduced? Because they are the most licentious of the Latin poets, and consequently, we are to infer, favourites with clerical instructors.

It is not concluded that education is an useless labour: four of the most valuable years of life are dedicated at the University to a general education in the humanities: and the student is goaded on to acquisition by every inducement, which rewards, honours, exhortation, and example can supply. It is not concluded that man springs up at twenty-four a physician by intuition; the degree of M. D. is only conferred, after he has proceeded in arts, allowing four years to the disciple of Æsculapius

to visit the London hospitals, to visit the modern Athens. Even at Oxford, when an undergraduate, he has the ability of attending able lectures on Pharmacy, on Anatomy, and Chemistry. It *is* concluded that the Latin language is indispensable for a physician, and that the language of Hippocrates is highly creditable and useful. We have it on record, that Pitt stepped from the college to the cabinet; and Pitt is allowed by all parties to have been, at least, an able minister. Liverpool and Eldon, and Canning and Peel are generally regarded as able managers of the reins of government, and though it is doubtful, whether they were taught to manage the rêins of four greys at Oxford, certain it is, that they were taught there an intimate acquaintance with the policies, laws, and history of the most famous states of antiquity, no slender foundation for a statesman. The barrister does not profess to gain his title or legal lore from the University; but what barrister will deny the utility (I had almost said necessity) of raising a legal edifice on the broad and massy basis of classical knowledge? Without directly qualifying a man for any of the employments of life, it enriches and ennobles all. Without teaching him the peculiar business of any one office, or calling, it enables him to act his part in each of them with better

grace and more elevated carriage, and if happily planned and conducted, is a main ingredient in that complete and generous education, which fits a man to perform skilfully, justly, and magnanimously, all duties, both private and public, of peace and war.

"He must educate himself, and thus doing, he con-"demns by his practice the system in which he has been "brought up, though if a member of either Alma, of any "establishment, he is rarely honest enough to confess his "own folly, and that of his parents and ancestors."

If certain travellers took their places by the Diligence for Paris, and when they had entered the gates, separated, each diverging into that street which led to the particular part of the city, in which he proposed to dwell, would the individuals, by thus separating into different private routes, prove that they had come wrong together, and had each been carried by the Diligence out of their way? It is not the national character to remain silent when aggrieved; John Bull has generally been accounted a grumbler even without sufficient cause, but of course, according to republican reasoning, discontent is synonymous with honesty, and he, who feels grateful for presumed benefits, is prejudiced and besotted. The decision of Livy, "*major pars, ut plerumque fit, melio-*

rem vicit," is comfortable for a minority, and let the party, complaining in this question, comfort themselves with the decision, provided they remain in a minority.

"The monopoly has cheated them with the semblance "of teaching; it has taught them what they have not "learned, or if they have learned what it has taught, "they have found too late, that it is useless, and must "be forgotten. It has cheated them of their wealth and "their time; it has cheated, as far as it could, the state "which depends on their acquisitions; it has not made "the citizens which it promised; it is not an alma mater, "but a harpy and a robber."

"What think you of that, Master Brooke?" Warren Hastings is said to have doubted whether he were not a scoundrel, though he was in reality a very honest man, from the strength of Sheridan's invective, and many a son of Alma will begin to wonder how he has been cheated by her, on perusing these hardy assertions. What physical or moral necessity induces the Reviewer to say that classical literature is useless, and must be forgotten? In the judgments of Stowell, in the speeches of Grenville, in the discourses of Benson, in the writings of Southey, we find the diction and sentiment glowing with traces of classic imitation. Deluded men that they are!

they have enjoyed large experience, and been conversant with many honours, yet have not discovered that the literature, which was an ornament in their youth, and a recreation in their manhood, ought to be discarded, that University lore must be forgotten. How has Alma cheated them? What is cheating? Can low trickery, as it is defined, exist in a voluntary contract of this nature? Is this cheating, to admit a youth on his own petition to certain privileges, and to grant him the degree which he covets, on his acquiring that knowledge which he knew to be exacted from all, and for the acquisition of which she furnishes the most able instructors and the most tried system of instruction? The Universities have often borne the title of antiquated ladies, but this figure of the harpy is novel, and not more unpolite than unjust. Far from corrupting the viands, she furnishes entertainment to very many; and, if a robber, a sort of highway-woman, acts the part of a generous one, furnishing to the most necessitous from an ample storehouse. If, however, the simile be at fault, it must not escape us, that the simile is made by one who proclaims war of intercecion against the classics, and declares the necessity of forgetting them. He might as well, when traducing the venerable maids, by a comparison with

semi-barbarous deities, have compared either of them to the Scylla, all beauty above the wave, and all deformity below; or to the Syren, who, by her sweet singing, ensnared the companions of Ulysses to their own destruction; or to the Minotaur, to whom the chosen youth of Athens were annually offered as victims. These comparisons would have been equally accurate, for she bears an equal resemblance to them all.

"When we shall become as wise as Sparta, our universal "youth will not be employed seventeen years in learning "the languages of Sparta and Rome." When we do become as wise as Sparta, our youth will be trained in such complete military discipline, as to dispel the terrors of those would-be politicians, who look with horror upon Russian ambition, but will be most profoundly ignorant, *sans* arts, *sans* science, *sans* every thing in literature. Our universal youth is no more engaged seventeen years in learning the dead languages, than a merchant is seventeen years in learning business. They are not directed to read authors in emulation of that learned Spaniard, who thought that the best part of a book was the index; they are engaged in learning the contents, not the mere letters, and, as an able writer has previously stated, are just as much occupied in learning

Greek and Latin, when reading Pindar, Thucydides, or Tacitus, as the scholar is in learning English, when reading Shakspeare, Milton, or Hume. How many, it may be asked, even of the limited number who obtain a competent knowledge of Greek, know any thing of the language of Sparta, of the different species of the Doric dialect?

"We learn Latin, because, then, there was no book "that was not Latin, and because, for want of a lan- "guage adapted to its purposes, a barbarous Roman "tongue was the language of learning, and law, and "science." These reasons for learning Latin, perhaps equally just, may also be assigned, because it is indispensable in the professions of divinity, law, and physic: because it is the mother tongue, from which the chief modern languages of Europe are derived, the French being scarcely more than a dialect, and the Italian a corruption—because we cannot converse otherwise in our own native tongue with accuracy and precision, ακριβως και κυριως —because the want of it would be deemed opprobrious in any literary coterie—because, finally, the Latin Classics are pronounced models of composition, of judgment, and taste; and an able writer like the Reviewer, however smitten with the love of novel hypothesis, will not argue

that the best translation can preserve the latent grace and subtle charm of the original; that Pope or Cowper convey to a mere English reader the spirit of Homer, or that Murphy's style is the style of Tacitus. It matters little though this assertion "treat the great race of undertakers, stock-brokers, booksellers, and fishmongers, and a long *hoc genus omne*, with somewhat aristocratical contempt; and though it be not very civilly predicated of ensigns, major-generals, sea-captains, and attorneys." An University education, in its old-fashioned sense, was never deemed incumbent on such distinguished personages; and even they are, in general, taught at an academy how to decline *musa*, and conjugate *amo*.

"The physical, animal delight, inseparable from early "youth; the recollection of stolen and vicious pleasures "at a later period; the rare enjoyments remembered "while the pains are forgotten; a casual community in "idleness or vice, or perhaps in study, accidentally con-"verted into what is called friendship, cause the thought-"less to attribute to the system, to the public school, or "the college, to Latin and Greek, what would have "existed under any system."

Shame on that ignorance which could assign, shame on that malice, if it be not ignorance, which could in-

vent such motives for as pure and generous friendships as are to be formed on earth, formed in the noblest season of life, when engaged in the noblest studies. We have here an accurate description of those points of union which united Johnson and Savage, when they lay whole nights on balks in the streets of London, which clubbed Burns and his companions together in the Taverns of Edinburgh. But, why name the indiscretions of eminent men? What points but these bind in companionship the debauchee, the gamester, and the ruffian? It is not the recollection of stolen and vicious pleasures, nor a casual community in idleness and vice, but the emulation of kindred pursuits; the warmth of similar sentiments; the glow of liberal studies and recreations; the juncture of right hearts in right places, unwarped, as far as human nature may be, by sordid ambition or love of pelf, which knit amity between the man of the world and the man of letters, and concur in creating one general character, that of the scholar and the gentleman. These are friendships which, hallowed by time and recollection, render the University most dear, next to country and home, and convert an old Oxford calendar into a volume of poetry. There, as Swift expresses it, they make their intimacies, and there they leave their regrets.

"I confess," writes Lowth to Warburton, "I have had "the benefits of an Oxford education: I have enjoyed all "the advantages, both public and private, which that emi- "nent seat of learning is so well calculated to afford. I "have spent there many years in a well-regulated course "of discipline and study, in the society of scholars and "gentlemen, where emulation without envy, and rivalry "without animosity, awaken activity and kindle genius." Such friendships as these (it would be invidious to quote instances) could not exist under *any* system.

"If the heart of age throbs with recollected delight at "an Ode of Horace, so might it have throbbed at the "movements of a steam-engine, had useful science oc- "cupied the place of nonsense verses."

Youth, the season of imagination and the passions, can surely never be trained to receive the same pleasure from dry details of mechanics, as it does receive from lively fiction, pleasing imagery, and exalted sentiments; the heart of the boy can never throb with the same delight on learning the effects of steam, and the improvements of a spinning jenny, as in tracing the wanderings of Ulysses and Æneas, which poetry has attired in its most graceful drapery; in reading the charms of Lalagé, and following the march of Hannibal. There may be several

minds so constituted "dry as the last biscuit after a voyage;" there are many youths, at whose birth the Muses never smiled; but, when the education of such is alone attended to, we may well exclaim, that the "age of chi-"valry is gone, that an age of calculators, sophists, and "political economists has succeeded."

"It is the eternal boast that all our great statesmen "and lawyers have been of this school or that college; "that Mr. Fox was of Eton or Westminster, it matters "little which; and Blackstone of Brasennose or Christ "Church, it is indifferent."

The writer is correct in asserting, that it matters little whether we state Blackstone to have been of Brasennose or Christ Church, seeing that he was of All Souls! But, why should he feel anger at, or vituperate the college, for boasting of its former members, who have shone like lights in the world. More than human testimony assures us, that the tree is known by its fruits.

"We will venture to ask the mass from Oxford and "Cambridge, if the mass could frame an answer—Is "there, not any useful acquisition made from a public "school, or a grammar school, but is there any acqui-"sition whatever?"

Surely this sentence is as much charged with prejudice

as a thunder-cloud with electricity! It is presumed by the laws, that every infant (to use the legal phrase) who understands the nature of an oath, is capable of giving a simple reply to a simple question. The Reviewer, in the exercise of his sober discretion, doubts whether the mass from Oxford and Cambridge have the like faculty. And he too a declaimer against prejudice! "I was," says an amusing public school-man, "a severely beaten fag, a "little fagot-lighting, shoe-polishing, gaiter-buttoning, "basin-cleaning, towel-drying, bread-toasting, chocolate-"making varlet." These are acquisitions, as well as an exemption from that awkward diffidence, that *noli me tangere* manner which deforms the national character. But, to be serious: Is not the capability of writing elegant Latin verse, gained at these noble "marts of metre," an acquisition? Are not generous friendships, gentlemanly manners, habits of spontaneous and continued attention, of methodical observation, and memory, of taste, of judgment, and invention, all to be gained at the public school, acquisitions? Undoubtedly they are, if acquisition means, as Dr. Johnson defines it, something gained.

"He will be a hardy man who will assert, or a clever "one who will prove, that, up to the period of leaving "school, we may almost add, college also, one boy of a

"thousand does read, or wishes to read, any classical "author, for the sake of his matter, be that what it "may."

There are several, to my private knowledge, who have passed the Schools, but being compelled to reside two Terms longer for their degree, (nay, several who have taken a degree,) who continue to pursue with profit and pleasure a course of reading in the Classics, and to attend those lectures on the sciences, which, however convenient for a declaimer against Oxford discipline to overlook, diffuse no contemptible knowledge of Physics amongst the body of students, and are allowed to succeed to, though not to supersede, a knowledge of the Classics. However hardy the appeal may seem, I would appeal to any man of standing in the University, whether there be not such instances, not one in a thousand, but one in ten. Yet shortly after the assertion, the Review viewer proceeds to add, in the triumphant tone of the philosopher, who has solved a problem, "εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα," "we have pretty clearly shown that not one in a thou-"sand reads a Latin author for his matter, and not one "in ten thousand a Greek one." "Does the man exist, "who, if he were freed from the mystery, the cant, and "the fallacy of the system, would not prefer a mastery

" of the German to the Greek, or the French to the " Latin ?"

Di vestram fidem ! In the name of common sense, why should we prefer the German to the Greek? Should we prefer it for practical utility? How many of our academical youth make out invoices for Hamburgh? or are destined to visit the Frankfort and Leipsic fairs?— Should we prefer it for its authors? Till within the last half century, the native literature of Germany was neglected, or applied as ancillary to classical research, and, even so applied, no singular opinion pronounced, that trifling loss would be sustained by literature, if the tribe of German commentators were buried in the German Ocean. What has the last half century produced, (with a few splendid exceptions) but mystical polemics, thorny metaphysics, a morbidly sentimental drama, whose clumsy efforts of humour and merriment remind us of the pawings of the ass in the fable; a series of fictions, in which the occasional sublime is smothered by vulgar ribaldry, by mawkish affectation, and distorted pathos? Should we prefer the German in itself? Is it superior to the Greek in strength, or in richness, or in majesty, or in rhythm ? the Greek ! a language, the discussion of whose merits warms the philologist into a poet, and makes the

most cynical criticism assume the tone of admiration; so ductile that the discoveries of modern ingenuity have recourse to its nomenclature for designation, and so harmonious, that to persons, who are ignorant of the meaning of the terms, their very sounds are productive of pleasure; equally suited to the philosopher, who would convince the understanding, by terse, and subtle argument; to the historian, whose storied page wins attention, by distinct and perspicuous detail; to the orator, whose climax of indignation is expressed in all the roundness of the period; and to the poet, whose sublime imaginings attain, but not exhaust, its range and compass of expression. This, too, the language of a people characterised by whatever was high in genius, excellent in art, rich in intellect. Though the remains are few, they are rare and precious specimens, and, like the jewels of the Prince of Portugal, equal in value to many myriad pieces of common coin. Shall we prefer a mastery of the German to the Greek? There was but one further step of boldness for the critic to take—the assertion that whoever is free from the cant of the system, must prefer the light of reason to the truths of revelation! But perchance the critic is "a fellow of infinite humour," and has made this assertion in sly jest; perhaps

he has been anxious to show into what a bathos the love of paradox may conduct its votaries. Cicero laughs at those Epicureans who talk of the nature of the gods, with as much flippancy as if they had dropped from the second heavens, and always became the more confident, the more fanciful their hypothesis. A preference of the French to the Latin does not sound, in unsophisticated ears, so glaringly absurd, since it is the favourite language of conversation, and a medium of intercourse with continental Europe. But, if we may believe Dr. Beattie, a writer of no despicable authority, one year, spent in analysing a Latin author, will be found to cultivate the human faculties more than seven, spent in prattling that French, which may be learned by rote, nor would a complete course of Voltaire yield half so much improvement to a young mind as a few books of a good Latin author, such as Livy, Cicero, or Virgil. Besides, Godwin says, (and he is no timid writer, trammelled by prejudices,) that if there be any wisdom in the present age, any reasoning powers, any acquaintance with the secrets of nature, any refinement of language, any elegance of composition, any love of all that can adorn and benefit the human race, the study of such classics as these is the source from which they ultimately flowed.

"A hundred thousand of us contrive to govern half "as many millions of oriental foreigners; and are pre- "pared for that end, not by acquiring Sanscrit, or Ara- "bic, Persian, or Hindostance, but by learning barba- "rous rhymes about Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo."— Without imitating an instant example, and discussing the merits of Haylcybury College, of which he may be ignorant, the scholar will freely admit that, if the rhymes of Virgil, and Horace, and Propertius, and of the other Classics who discuss, amongst other themes, Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo, are barbarous, then was the wisdom of our ancestors folly, then is education an imposture, and learning a name. When these rhymes are proved barbarous, then all this and more will be conceded, but not till then!

"It has been said by one, who has anticipated us on "this subject, but, in vain, that Solon would not have "trusted the Spartans with the education of the Athe- "nian youth, and that still less would Lycurgus have "put his pupils under the Helots."

The Spartans were, according to history, a race of considerable prowess, who paid great attention to corporeal, but little to mental discipline. The Helots were enslaved Messenians, (to use a modern elegant term) the

operatives of Sparta, who were occasionally forced to drink to excess, by their cruel masters, that they might inculcate on their children the baneful effects of inebriety, and were occasionally assassinated, to prevent insurrections, by two thousands at a time. What obliquity can lead the Reviewer to fancy a likeness between the Spartans, or Helots, and the English clergy?

"Never was a system better contrived not to teach a language." So says Hamilton, the discoverer of a royal road to languages; so says M'Gowan, the teacher of a provincial academy, who professes to make his boys in six months better Latinists than Oxford professors; so says the Lord Rector of Glasgow! Against this formidable array, I will not oppose such prejudiced scholars as Porson, or Elmsley, or Parr, or Blomfield, but will simply quote the opinion of the Edinburgh Review. This partial Journal, (not particularly partial to the Universities, as will shortly be proved,) asserts, that in that University especially, more immediately dedicated to classical learning, a system of education has been introduced, better calculated than any heretofore known, for obtaining the ends there encouraged.

"If Justus Lipsius composed a work in Latin at four "years of age, it was not by means of prosody and "parsing."

The founders and endowers of colleges never intended them to feed children with milk and Latin, or to provide for authors at the breast. It must be reserved for the new London University, which proposes to put the Encyclopædia into the hands of its pupils, instead of the Bible, to produce for the wonder of an age which particularly admires infant prodigies, new Master Burkes, and new Master Goldsmiths. This Lipsius, the pet of the Reviewer, however he may have prattled in Latin, is said by Scaliger to have been, when a full-grown man, a mere smatterer in Greek.

"We may safely ask what world, what *man*, is taught "at Eton or Oxford, but we will not be at the trouble "of answering."

There may be smartness in this quip; as Lord Kames considers wit a sort of taking by surprise, there may be wit in it, with a sprinkling of pungent Attic salt; one point is very clear, there is any thing but argument.—The question might not be so safely put in those games, where a simple inquirer is made to pay forfeit. Let the querist visit either the House of Lords, or St. Stephen's Chapel, or the King's Bench, or the College of Physicians, and remember the motto "circumspice."

"Science works like a mole in the ground, unseen

"and unhonoured; but it raises imperishable structures, "perhaps, to see its own name perish before its face, be- "fore the lustre of a dealer in longs and shorts, the uti- "lity of an elegant scholar."

In the same tone of irony the student, who has been mentally brought up at the banks of Ilissus, and Tiber, may rail at the cleanliness of a viscera-searching anatomist, at the elegance of a dabbler in oxalic acids. But classical studies in general infuse a better taste. "At ohe! jam satis." These quotations and comments might be extended with facility, but surely these are sufficient to show the general inaccuracy and extreme unfairness of the Reviewer. Let him remember that, though "it be easy to sing the old song," it is easier still to frame startling and splendid paradoxes—that he who talks of the "wisdom of despising our ancestors," is sure to gain an audience—and that in letters, as well as in war, a daring invasion is more brilliant than a successful defence. Let him remember also, that the starting novel hypotheses with such sentences as "Does the man exist who will," &c.; "Who will disprove it;" may be readily parodied. "Does there live that judge of music, who would not "prefer as an instrument the Jew's-harp to the flute? "Can there be found that lover of natural philosophy,

"who would not hold the science of shells in higher es-
"teem than geology? Rowland's Kalydor will give
"amenity to the features of the plain! Who will dis-
"prove it?" The article is one of considerable ability, but what ability will excuse such sayings as "the spawn "of Westminster," "theology is the clergy's *trade* which "it *ought* at least to understand;" such axioms as "lei-
"sure is not capacity," "he who learns Latin, in order "to learn English, is the man who learns how to build "a house, that he may be able to cut a coat;" and such discoveries as "were it not for our mothers and nurses, it "is tolerably certain that we should possess as little lan-
"guage as an ourang-outang;" "scarcely one ray of "science or art pervades the darkness of either House of "Parliament?" At these wonderful paragraphs it requires no more knowledge of the world than Dominie Sampson possessed to exclaim pro-di-gi-ous.

The Edinburgh Review assailed Oxford many years since, and received on that occasion of knight-errantry one of the severest floggings on record in the annals of literary castigations. Whether that punishment has had the effect of hardening in boldness, or of correcting, there are melancholy instances before us.

"The young patrician is trained, if not in much sci-

" ence, at least in deep reverence for the mother church,
" and in as great horror of the Pope, as his ancestors
" were taught to entertain for the Reformation, in the
" same halls, supported by the same rents."

So far from being taught to hold the Pope in horror, I doubt whether the majority of students know if the reigning Pontiff be a Pius or a Leo. If the Reviewer identifies the Pope with his followers, he is again incorrect in his expression. A knowledge of the Articles instructs the patrician to regard their tenets not with feelings of horror, but of pity. He is indeed trained by an University of the establishment to hold a church of the establishment in reverence; and may the age be far distant when such reverence shall be deemed a legitimate topic of ridicule. If the term " Halls" be used specifically, the assertion is incorrect. They have no *foundations*, and are supported from the rents of rooms, paid by voluntary and independent students.

" We have the most entire persuasion, that the plan
" of sending young men of eighteen or nineteen to live
" together for the three most critical years of their life,
" at a distance from their parents or guardians, subject
" to no effectual or useful controul, and suffered to drink,
" dice, and wench as they please; to read what they

"please, and associate with whom they please, provided "they are regular in attending at chapel for five minutes "in a morning, and in wearing the proper vestments, "and showing themselves at the hour of grace before "meat—is one of the most extravagant follies that ever "entered into the minds of men, and would have been "deemed too absurd a caricature of human improvidence, "had it been only known in some page of Gulliver's "Travels, and not grown silently into an English habit."

The English, forsooth, in the nineteenth century, are in the silent practice of a habit, which if it had been read in the pages of Gulliver, that veracious historian of a race of men six inches high, of a mastiff equal in bulk to four elephants, and of horses which went in trotting forty yards at every step, would have been considered too absurd a caricature. Such a gigantic hyperbole would stagger the faith of the most credulous man, were he totally ignorant of the topic under discussion, and on inquiry he would discover that his suspicions were not ill-grounded. The writer who states in such broad terms the habitual practice of every juvenile vice unchecked, and persisted in at pleasure, forgets, either wilfully, or ignorantly, that there is any proctorial controul, any vigilant surveillance of fellows and tutors, any impo-

sitions, rustications, expulsions. Vigilance cannot be extended further, unless it descend into mean espionage; punishment cannot be rendered more effectual, unless the Reviewer would substitute the stocks in the room of confinement to chapel and hall, or would revive the obsolete mode of flagellation, instead of rejection in the schools. But, then, they are allowed to read what they please! The studious and the ambitious are sufficiently secured from habits of desultory reading by the stirring studies, and stirring honours of the place; and it would be difficult to guess, by what system of weekly confession, by what functions of an inquisitor, the most cautious parent could guard his son from reading pernicious passages were his mind so bent on vitiating itself, and so prone to mental seduction, when every well-furnished library must supply, and the most standard English authors are disgraced by licences, which strict morality shrinks from and condemns. Yes, but they are allowed to associate with whom they please! Youth naturally seeks companionship, and solitude has been accounted the most dangerous state for that period of life. Though the saying of Antisthenes be correct, that the chief end of philosophy is to teach a man the art of living by himself, young men are not philosophers. Have they the choice of

better companions in the country or in the crowded city? Have they not an honest pride in gaining worthy associates, and have they not the best opportunities? The saying of Burke can never be allowed as correct, that "vice is made to lose all its grossness," but the few who are led astray are not confirmed in disgraceful excesses, nor is their number so great, as to render the danger appalling. Let us examine the effect, for, if the effect be good, it is fair to infer that the cause is good also. Are men, who have taken their degrees at Oxford or Cambridge, shunned as the Jews of society? Are they inferior in integrity of character, (I speak of the vast majority) in amenity of manners, in gentlemanly habits, to those who have vegetated in the vacancy of a country life, or those who have had no greater temptations than the commerce of a crowded town? Is not the large body of the clergy, whose thoughts, words, and deeds are in a great measure moulded on their University education, eminently conspicuous for the possession of those qualities, which adorn the national character? I would challenge the spirit of detraction itself to deny the fact, or the inference. The parent, then, may still be improvident enough to send his son to the University, which produces such models of her discipline, just as the householder is

improvident enough to sleep in peace, though Croker (not of the admiralty) has proved, that the earthquake has travelled from Lisbon to Smyrna, and will travel thence to England.

"The Scotch plan of uniting domestic habits and pa-
"rental superintendence with college study, seems to us
"incalculably better adapted to form both learned and
"good men, and is amply sufficient to account for the
"superiority of our youth in sober, prudent, and virtuous
"habits, as well as proficiency in their studies."

The superiority of the Scottish youth, in habits of sobriety and prudence, partakes too much of a national virtue for the college to plume itself upon it. The distinction of a table's length between scot and sot had become obsolete, when James I. moved his court from Edinburgh to London. It requires a portion of Scottish second sight to acknowledge that their youth have a greater proficiency in their studies, though such an event may perchance happen in the days of our children's children. Some may question even this remote probability, who remember, that Buchanan, their last scholar, was born somewhere in the sixteenth century. Young, indeed, and Lockhart and Sandford may sit in the chair, but they come limping '*longo post intervallo*,' and show that the

visits of their scholars should be hailed as the visits of their Poet's Angels, "being few and far between." What account does a keen visitor give us of their leading University? "Before their boys of fourteen have learned Latin enough to be able to read any Latin author with facility, and before they have learned Greek enough to enable them to understand thoroughly any one line in any one Greek book in existence, they are handed over to the professors of logic, &c. We see and know as well as if we had examined every lad in Edinburgh, that not one of them, who has enjoyed no better means of instruction than these, can possibly know any thing more than the merest and narrowest rudiments of classical learning." If then they have a greater proficiency, it is just such an one, as a clever boy from a spruce academy would have, were he to compete with a Senior Wrangler at a sum in practice, or at an account involving the rule of three. It would be easy to instance incorrect editions of Greek books at the Glasgow press, and fribbling lectures of professors on the character of Monimia in Otway, in confirmation of these remarks, had not the paragraphs already assumed too much the manner of attack. But we all know the rebuff which the national vaunts of Moniplies drew upon him.

"Which of the lay youths, we would ask, at Oxford or "Cambridge ever attends, or thinks of attending a single "lecture on divinity? The handful destined for the "church, no doubt, go to such lectures as are there de- "livered on theological matters: and so, of necessity, "young men of the new University will go to some lec- "tures on the same subjects wherever they are to be "heard. But what young man of fortune, or what "youth intended for the army or the bar, ever entered "the door of a divinity lecture-room in either Univer- "sity? In a thousand students, then, it is plain that "exactly the same number will learn divinity at the "London, the Oxford, or the Cambridge Colleges."

It will be best for sake of method to take each part of this grand climax in order, though Aldrich, with all his acuteness, never contemplated such a syllogistic sentence as the preceding.

A layman myself, and destined for the legal profession, I have attended with considerable advantage the lectures of the Regius and Margaret professors of divinity, and have never been accused of eccentricity in so doing. Those who are destined for the clerical profession are obliged (a willing duty) to attendance, being asked for a certificate to that effect previous to ordination, but they

form no handful, being a majority, at the lowest computation, of four to one. The men of the new self-styled University may roam at large, as inexperience, or caprice, or novelty may lead them, to hear doctrines on divinity wherever they may be heard—at the church or the conventicle, or the synagogue. Why they must become hearers "of necessity," it would be difficult to guess a reason, the fines for non-attendance at a place of public worship being not very rigorously exacted. But every Oxford man may and must hear, within his own college gates, sound Lectures on Theology. The man of fortune meets with too many equals to claim peculiar privileges and exemptions, and the young Hotspur is constrained to go through the same routine as a sober cit. The path to a degree lies through the schools, and the student must have some acquaintance with divinity to gain sure footing there. No census is taken of his wealth. The Examining Chaplains of the Bishops will not, in general, allow that exactly the same number of good divines appears before them, from the Oxford and Cambridge colleges (to use the phrase of rustics and the Reviewer.) Whether London will send the same number exactly, they may never, in all likelihood, be troubled with ascertaining. The

similar cases are like parallel lines in science, which, though extended to infinitude, will never meet.

"But there are other institutions, it is said, besides "the mere Lectures. Indeed! Where be those instruc- "tions? By whom are they conveyed? In what form, "at what hours do the ingenuous youth drink in the "sacred lore? Can it be pretended that the subscrip- "tion of the articles communicates a knowledge of their "dogmas?"

Aristotle (but then he is no authority) cautions his pleader never to put a question, save when no answer can be elicited without favouring his argument. In unlucky forgetfulness, or petulant contempt of this caution, the critic puts categorical questions, which may be met by as categorical replies. Where be those instructions? In the different colleges and halls. By whom are they conveyed? By the tutors, or, as he terms them, priests and quasi-priests. At what hours? Usually between ten o'clock and two. In what form do the ingenuous youth drink in the sacred lore? In the various forms of books, such as Paley, Tomline, Burnet, and Pearson—in classes on the Greek Testament, previous to their receiving the holy elements—in collections, an examination at the end of Term—in attending the schools—

in furnishing themselves with some knowledge, by whatever methods, of Theology. If these replies argue flippancy, my apology must be, that I have read the article in the Review with attention, and am, like my species, prone to imitation.

"Will it be said, that attendance at chapel daily ef-
"fects the extrusion of the old man? hearer half asleep,
"just risen from the bed he is just going to re-occupy,
"and the reader in such haste, that he has been known
"repeatedly to boast of being able to give any man dis-
"tance as far as the Creed, and beat him."

It is not asserted that attendance at chapel daily, or at the church weekly, effects the extrusion of the old man. As a means of regular habit and religious discipline, it forms an integral portion of that system which, if it has no other merit, has at least the merit of instructing students not, as in the instance here given, to burlesque the language of scripture, and ridicule the ordinances of religion. It is unfortunate for the truth of a caricature, which is worthy of Hogarth, that there is service performed morning and evening, and that attendance at chapel twice a day is not exacted. It requires no greater knowledge of the world than what the hermit had, who "yet by books alone" had acquaintance with the world,

to be assured that old maids are not the sole inheritors of scandal, and that the *on dits* of an University are very fallible tests for a reasoner, often invented in wantonness and repeated in idle jest. Even if the story be true—and many a story as good would be grievously perplexed, if referred to chapter and verse—what does it prove more than that one chaplain out of some hundred was disposed to be jocose at the expense of decorum, to be rather witty than wise? This clerical galloper, though the precise words of his boast are quoted—"I will give any man distance as far as Pontius Pilate, and beat him," could never accomplish the distance of concluding prayers in five minutes, the time to which the Reviewer restricts them.

The opening of the next slashing sentence crowns the pediment, as it were, on this building of inaccurate assertions—"If there be any religion taught at the University, *which there is not.*" I will venture to apply to this remark, in conclusion, the motto to a recent pamphlet, which, as it is used by a learned divine, and is in a classical language, and is the quotation of a quotation, I trust that the Ghost of Chesterfield, will forgive "*Mentiris impudentissime.*"

SINCE the preceding remarks were written, several new attacks on the Universities have appeared in minor periodicals, dictated by the same illiberal spirit, false in fact, and fallacious in argument, whose writers seem to remember the prudent counsel of Quintilian, *convitiis implere vacua causarum*, and belong to the barking school of eloquence: *est enim hæc prorsus canina eloquentia.* The passages form an excellent corollary to several former observations, but are too liberal in general invective to demand other than cursory criticism.

*STRAIN 1.—"The last paper in the Edinburgh Re-"view discovers infinitely more knowledge of the inte-"rior of an English University than is displayed in all "the preceding volumes of the Journal together."

This compliment, be it remembered, on accuracy of research, and depth of investigation, is applied to a paper, which avers, that no useful controul is exercised, and no religion taught at either University. If such a paper contain choice specimens of their present know-

* These Strains are taken from the London Magazine for Nov. 1825, and Feb. 1826; from the Monthly Magazine for Feb. 1826, and from Janus, a Literary Almanack, for 1826.

ledge, how deplorable must have been the former ignorance, if this glimmering be their light, how truly Cimmerian the preceding darkness.

STRAIN 2.—"The question of University education "may now be considered as fairly before the public, at "whose bar every competent witness is bound to deliver "evidence. Many complaints, public and private, have "ensued, and these symptoms of a disposition to scru- "tinize the system in question, have, as was to be ex- "pected, drawn the enemies of human improvement "into the field. They are the slaves of custom, preju- "dice, interest, or ignorance."

These sentiments are expressed after the laudable methods, and courteous fashion of the bar: every witness is bound to speak the truth, but must expect to be pelted by "arrowy sleet of iron shower," should his faithful testimony prejudice the cause, or displease the counsel of the opposite party. Can none advocate ancient institutions without being actuated by sordid motives? Can none indulge in novel speculations from other than patriot feelings? Such unmeasured invectives prove nothing more, than that the advocate is a good hater, and are too universal to be true. They are mere servile imita-

tions of Lord Bolingbroke's style of arguing, who asserts, that "folly and knavery prevail most amongst the clergy, "who are the plagues and scourges of the world, and "that, of the unlearned profession of the law, ninety-"nine in a hundred are petty-foggers, sharpers, brawl-"ers, and cavillers."

STRAIN 3.—"A thousand times in the day do I feel "tempted to curse Cambridge, and all its useless and "foolish studies: studies which have misled my youth, "injured my health, robbed me of my money, and de-"stroyed my precious time. In society, in conversation, "it matters not what society, what conversation, I must "sit silent, having but just now discovered that men do "not converse about equations, or curves, and that the "human soul is assuredly not a triangle."

Though this blow is aimed at Cambridge exclusively, the English Universities must make one common cause, even if they hope for a perpetuity of rivalry. Did it require the wisdom of grey hairs to learn that mathematics were not intended to form the hero of the drawing-room? Was it ever pretended that they would furnish chit-chat for the dinner-table, or raise the roar of merriment, or provide literary gossip? But, the first

authorities assert the fact, that mathematics are a high and important branch of study; that they are a science closely concerned in the investigation of abstract truth, requiring intensity of attention, accuracy of research, acuteness of application, and severity of judgment; that they are intimately connected with the most useful arts, and with the sublimest speculations; with those inventions which give man power over the world in which he is placed, and with those discoveries which elevate him to the knowledge and contemplation of the worlds beyond and around him. Whether they are not too exclusively pursued, whether they may, in any case, be attended with deleterious consequences, is, however, an extraneous enquiry. These complaints "of being robbed "of his money and time," are urged by one who describes himself a Senior Wrangler and Fellow of St. John's; and what commiseration for his imagined wrongs shall any, the least conversant in compound interest, express? He has expended at the University, we may suppose, £1000. and has secured in return a liberal competency, upon no burdensome conditions, tenable for life. Let him consider, whether there is not some radical defect as great in the constitution of his own mind, as in that of his "*alma mater*," and whether the ample capabilities

with which she furnished him, ought not, on selfish principles, to have ensured his gratitude. Let him, when murmuring that he has lost his precious time, remember the dictum of Shakspeare, and be silent: "He that "would have a cake out of the wheat, must needs tarry "the grinding." The cant of this complaint is not more glaring than the bad taste of the following—

STRAIN 4.—"The exciseman, the justice, and the "parson, sympathize with one another, and the head "of a college owns a community of feeling with the "head of a workhouse."

So, King George, according to some witling, may be said to have an "*esprit de corps*" with Mr. Higgins, the governor of Lancaster gaol but what a sorry joke is this classing them together. It must be acknowledged, that the heads of colleges are deeply indebted to the condescending kindness of the critic; notwithstanding the outcry vociferated against inefficient studies, notwithstanding the dearth of scholars, who are, we hear, "things to be stared at," he yet is sufficiently generous to confess, that their respective societies at Oxford can read the New Testament, and are tolerable Theologians; so, at

least, the bishops or their chaplains say. "Marry, Sir, you are over-gracious."

STRAIN 5.—"The London University has no tendency "to break up the exclusions of our venerable Universities "—it enters even into no sort of competition with them— "it will produce scholars equally accomplished—it will "produce them in greater numbers, and will assuredly "promote more effectively the love of learning itself! "but it proposes to sap none of the foundations of their "magnificence; it is grasping at none of their privileges, "nor will it labour to seduce any of their admirers."

This promise of the London University producing scholars equally accomplished, and in greater numbers, partakes of that Utopian character for which the last year has been so notorious; and the whole scheme may be classed with that of raising up treasure from the bottom of the sea, and of improving the breed of silk-worms. That several Reviews and Magazines should unite in lauding the new University, so likely to promote their peculiar tenets, is not surprizing. There is a custom amongst the natives of Madagascar, to ask fairly out for mutual benefits: "You my friend, I your friend:

you salamanca me, I salamanca you." Their conduct as advocates in uniting to inveigh against old academical institutions, with whose peculiar constitution they do not display an intimate acquaintance, is assuredly not the most politic: it heightens the fears of those who dread that the new college will prove a curse rather than a blessing; it confirms the wavering in dislike, and the prejudiced in opposition. "Call you this backing your friends?"

There are still to be found amongst the gentry of the land, a vast majority who will prefer drinking from the "pure wells of learning undefiled," to "hewing out for themselves broken cisterns;" many *dishonest* enough to drink the old wine, (if I may venture to apply the scriptural allusion) in preference to the new, saying "the old is better." The newspapers announce that Leeds is ambitious of emulating London, and of adorning her streets with a civic University. To Manchester or Plymouth, the depôt of cotton or naval stores, the same institutions may with peculiar propriety be extended. But whether this extension of academical benefits be, or be not vouchsafed, the promise that they will grasp none of Oxford or Cambridge privileges, is rather ludicrous than modest. As was said of the difference between Homer

and Virgil, there is at least a thousand years between them; and before they boast a discreet exercise of power, they should have some power to exercise.

STRAIN 6.—"Education is not the purpose of the old "Universities, and certainly instruction cannot be said "to be the business of them. If you have no particular "ardour for study, it will not be forced upon you; no-"body will seduce you into it, and scarcely will any thing "remind you of it. Though you never glance at a book, "you are not out of your place; you pay your fees, and "you are welcome."

This welcome is of that ambiguous description, with which a stranger unintroduced is received into a drawing-room, and, on detection, is requested to withdraw. The hapless youth who never glances at a book will not only run the gauntlet of fines, impositions, crosses at the buttery, summonings before the dean and principal, collections, (and the youth must have lost the sense of shame, the power of blushing, who can submit to such degradation without a repentant struggle,) but, when forced at last into the schools, will certainly find that his Testamur is refused him, *sub silentio*, indeed—but it is a silence which must move the heart of the most dead to feeling, a degradation which must harass the mind of

all not totally depraved, as severely as bankruptcy, when accelerated by his own imprudence, must goad the merchant, if he be not lost to integrity of principle, a stranger to upright feeling. The adverb scarcely, though it may be justly reputed a peace-offering, will not rescue the declaration, that "scarcely will any thing remind you of study," from entire variance with fact. Every thing within the precincts of Oxford must remind the most dissipated of study: at every wine-party remembrance of the schools is introduced, if not directly, by implication; the most ardent lover of a steeple-chase, who carries no *vade-mecum* but the sporting Magazine, cannot banish recollections of the schools, if he enterprise a degree; they cling to him even in the field, "*post equitem sedet atra cura.*" Education is no less completely the purpose of the University, than money is the end of merchandise, and instruction as much their business, as traffic the occupation of the exchange; a few stragglers may be found in both places, vacant of employ, and seeking only for amusement, but their numbers are too inconsiderable to be regarded; they are "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*" Assertions general as these must be met by assertions, for surely the "*onus probandi,*" the force of casuistical reasoning, the minutenes of detail should rest on him, who

challenges the credit of institutions, in which the majority of his contemporaries confide. These assertions only prove the remark of a learned modern. "We have no hesitation in confessing, that we do not believe it is at all an easy matter for any man, no matter of what talents, to understand and appreciate thoroughly and fairly the character of a seminary, differing widely from the character of that which educated himself."

STRAIN 7.—"A convenient Pandemonium for idle "and profligate opulence."

"If the Universities did not exercise exclusive privi- "leges, undoubtedly they would have a right to do as "they please, yes, even to the making their once learned "groves bear-gardens, and their noble halls as many "hells."

This is to rail, not to argue. The warm imagination of the penman may however be commended for a flight so lofty beyond the limits of sense; Oxford differing as widely from the Pandemonium of the poet as Paradise Lost from Tom Thumb. The learned sisters will not feel grateful for this part-permission to convert their once learned groves into bear-gardens, as there never was less wish to embrace an offer of this nature. Perchance not

even the omnipotence of a Reviewer will give the right of doing that which is forbidden by statute law. Undoubtedly they would *not* have a right to do as they please, if they did not exercise exclusive privileges.

STRAIN 8.—"The same books are read, till they are "read no where else; changes in the course of study "are never made, till very shame forces them. Books "which are beginning every where else to be abandoned "by intelligent people, are the very books which are there "beginning to be introduced. They are steadily half a "century in the rear of the foremost spirits of the age."

In the present rage for ephemeral productions, the works of such antiquated authors as Homer and Demosthenes, Tully and Lucretius may be read in no other societies; but is that a convincing reason for their not being read in these classical shades? Are these sound seminaries of religious and useful learning to change their constitution with each spring fashion, and adopt new readings on new and improved principles? Changes are not made from a sense of shame, but from a decided conviction of utility, and made by men who do not succumb to the caprices of captious humour, or to any passion for novelty, but who are impressed with the importance of the

task, and, when they alter, reform. I am not aware what books of yesterday are beginning to be introduced in the studies of my own peculiar University, much less, what books beginning every where else to be abandoned by intelligent people. This is very certain, that Reid is not beginning to be introduced instead of Locke, that Chalmers is not lectured upon instead of Paley, nor Jeremy Bentham in the room of Blackstone. The thorough esteem, and profound veneration which so many scholars feel for the system of tuition, and tutors of Oxford, would be considerably shaken, were they not to remain steadily half a century in the rear of daring theorists and capricious innovators, whether they be or be not the foremost spirits of the age:—"*credat Judæus.*" "Their influence" (I quote from Janus) "keeps up a certain purity "of taste, in the midst of a literature exposed, on all sides "but one, to innumerable hazards of corruption. It pre- "sents a grave and graceful counterpoise to the danger "of licentious innovations, inseparable from the literature "of a nation so much engaged in foreign commerce, as "ours has long been,—and, above all, of a nation, in "which, from the nature of their political institutions "and habits, the reading public at large are so much ex- "posed to have their taste debased by the ephemeral and

" never ceasing lucubrations of persons, whose principal " object it always must be to flatter the multitude, and " who, of course, accommodating without any great effort " themselves, try also to bring down every thing, over " which they have any controul, to a low standard."

STRAIN 9, and last, " out-herods Herod."—" The mi- " serable declension of these elder-seats of learning turned " us from our main object, the London University."

A proposition this, which must dispute with many the evidence of their senses, and invalidates all testimony. About the middle of the last century, Gibbon, a self-exiled, but not a penitent son of Alma Mater, confessed in her praise, (though prejudice seasoned his panegyric as " verjuice would plum-cake,") that the new improvements so eagerly grasped at by the competition of freedom, are admitted with slow and sullen reluctance in these proud corporations, above the fear of a rival, and below the confession of an error. He asserts, that he passed nearly two years at Magdalen College without a single lecture, either public or private, either christian or protestant,—a circumstance which could not, by any possibility, occur now at a single hall,—and that the greatest part of the public Professors have, for

these many years, given up altogether even the pretence of teaching. The very reverse of this fact may be asserted now, when many able professorships have been added, and the student, who delights in oral instruction, may pass the entire morning in a large variety of subjects, and hive in rich stores of information, whether in Hebrew, or Poetry, or Geology, or Anatomy, or Newton, or Fluxions, or Modern History, or Law, or—a long range of *et ceteras*.

At the close of the last century, Knox, to whom belonged the "*ferrea vox*," poured forth invectives loud and deep against the doing generals and doing juraments, when every candidate for a Bachelor's Degree was obliged to be examined in the whole circle of the sciences by three masters of his own choice, and when the greatest dunce usually got his testimonium signed with as much ease and credit as the finest genius. The studies raise no emulation, they confer no honour, they promote no improvement, they give a great deal of trouble, they waste much time, and they render the University contemptible to its own members. There was doubtless great exaggeration in this complaint at the time, but now the very reverse of this statement may be asserted. "Now to take a degree without endeavouring

" to obtain some distinction in the process of taking it, " is never thought of by young men, who, along with " perfect health, have any spark of ambition in their " minds, or any claim whatever to the possession of ta- " lents beyond mere mediocrity." It may be said now,

" Cuncti adsunt, meritæque exspectant præmia palmæ."

The studies fire young men with excess of emulation: every youth to whom belongs that generous feeling,

" Et aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum
" Mens agitat mihi, nec placida contenta quiete est,"

presses on for the prize with eager avidity, and the statement would not be overrated, were I to say, that in the very last examination, every third man was an aspirant for some honourable distinction. There are too many intellectual gladiators who step into the arena without the preparatory toil. Will it be said, that the examinations now confer no honour? The Class List, though printed, as has been invidiously stated, on tea-paper, is looked for with intense anxiety in the University, and beyond its precincts regarded as a fair criterion of the candidate's diligence and talents. Will it be said, that they promote no improvement? To say so, would be an insult to reason. At the commencement of the present

century, Cowper, in moving terms, deplored the want of discipline, and told of times when

" Discipline at length,
" O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
" Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
" And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
" Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
" His cap well lined with logic not his own,
" With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,
" Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
" Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny
" Became stone blind; Precedence went in truck,
" And he was competent whose purse was so."

A just protest may be entered against the partial allegations of one, who had never trod the cloisters of a college, and whose morbid melancholy disposed him to inspect all objects, as through a coloured glass. Can this charge of defective discipline be applied with the shadow of a shade of reason, when the noblest born cannot offend against college rules with licence? and Cowper's further description of discipline may be quoted as pertinent:

" He would stroke
" The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
" That blush'd at its own praise; and press the youth
" Close to his side, that pleas'd him. Learning grew
" Beneath his care a thriving vigorous plant;
" The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
" Subordinate, and diligence was choice."

Every recent publication, which discusses the Universities, mentions the triumphant success with which they have introduced signal reforms, and the writer, who idly or ignorantly talks of their "miserable declension," should be prepared, for the sake of consistency, to aver that the English have of late years greatly degenerated from their ancient military renown; that the lower classes are more depraved, and more averse to knowledge; nay, that the seasons have shared in the common degeneracy, that the summers are less benign, and the winters more cruelly severe.

The hints concerning the Universities, which have appeared in "Janus," are too candid and amicable for even errors to be noticed with severity; but it may be whispered in kindness, that some paragraphs are faulty *de facto et de jure*. "At the period of the Reforma-
"tion, no idea seems to have been entertained but that
"the primary purpose of every English establishment of
"the kind must be the service of the church, through the
"education of the priesthood,—an idea which we cannot
"pretend to characterise as *originally* absurd." This is a fault *de jure*, an error in taste. "The English Univer-
"sities do not educate the English clergy; there are
"many districts in Wales, (no English district, by the

" way,) Westmoreland, and such poor provinces, where " one meets with but few parish priests who have ever " been at one."

" The apparatus of Professorships has fallen into a " state of nearly total inexertion."

These are faults *de facto*.

The book " Janus" proceeds to discuss Dr. Parr's idea of extending the period of residence to seven years, and without pausing to discuss its merits, I cannot forbear to repeat the sentiments of the first scholar which England could boast, on those Universities, which so many effusions of ignorance or flippancy have endeavoured to malign.

" This, I am aware, is not precisely the fittest opportunity for me to enter into a formal defence of our English Universities, or to expatiate upon their peculiar and indisputable advantages—upon those powerful correctives of singularity and frowardness, which are found in the attrition of mind against mind, on a spot where different classes live together under a system of general discipline —upon the force of established rules in producing early habits of regularity and decorum—upon the strong, though easy yoke that is thrown over the impetuosity of

youth—upon the salutary influence among well-informed and well-disposed young men, of that ὁμηλικία which is so beautifully described, and so frequently extolled by the writers of antiquity—upon the propensity of the heart unassailed by care, and untainted by selfishness, to form the best friendships from the best motives—upon the generous sense of shame that must prevail among enlightened equals observing the conduct of equals, and cultivating honour, not as a showy and artificial fashion, but as a natural sentiment, and even as an indispensable duty—upon the goodly effects that are wrought on the temper, as well as taste, by the daily and hourly view of edifices, agreeable from convenience, or striking from magnificence, or venerable from antiquity—upon the desire which pictures, statues, inscriptions, public harangues, and other local circumstances, may excite in men of vivid conceptions, and glowing ambition, not merely to admire, but to perpetuate, and to share in the celebrity of places adorned through many successive ages, by many bright luminaries of the school, the pulpit, the bar, and the senate—upon the tendency of well-regulated amusements and well-directed studies, to plant within our bosoms those attachments to the seat of our education, which may afterwards expand into the love of

our country—upon the facility of access to well-stored libraries—upon the efficacy of oral instruction, judiciously and diligently communicated—upon the competitions that will arise among numbers, whose judgments on the qualifications of each other are too frequent to be eluded, too impartial to be resisted, and too weighty to be slighted—upon the institution of prizes for compositions to be recited in the Halls of Colleges, or the Theatres of the Universities—upon the distribution of literary distinctions in seasons of general examination—or, upon the connection of other academical rewards, lucrative or honorary, with moral and intellectual excellence. Waving, therefore, all such pertinent and interesting topics, I would only request that the usefulness of these seminaries, like that of every human institution, may be judged by their fruits."

More than one decade of years has expired since this animated eulogium was written, and the liberal friend of these ancient establishments, facetiously yclept, by modern theorists, the friend of darkness, and the enemy of human improvement, will predict with confidence, when he regards their exact discipline and able system of instruction, that tens of decades shall expire without falsifying in one iota this concluding declaration.

"As to the merits of men ingenious, learned, emi-
"nently great, or exemplarily good, who in past ages
"have gone forth from these retreats into the bosom of
"society, '*pleni sunt omnes libri, plena exemplorum*
"*vetustas.*' But even in later times, the torpor of old
"age has not crept upon them—the sorceries of indo-
"lence have not enfeebled them—the poison of luxury
"has not corrupted them—the foul mists of barbarism
"have not gathered over them—the dim and baleful
"light of superstition has not glimmered around them—
"the portentous meteors of infidelity have not glared
"upon them—the merciless tempest of desolation has
"not yet swept them away."

THE

PÆAN OF OXFORD.

PART I.

ARGUMENT OF PART I.

Call of Oxford on her sons for eulogy—Impressions which a visit to the city is calculated to raise in the illiterate, the lover of science, an aged member, and a youthful enthusiast—Graphical description—Calculated to exalt and soften the mind more than foreign capitol, or crowded European mart—Contrasted with Athens—The spells of intellect fling a charm over each spot—Her groves and gardens how fitted for sublime musings—Address to the river Isis; its course described; assimilated to the student's career—Contemplations on visiting the Bodleian—St. Mary's—New College Chapel—Painting of Sir Joshua Reynolds—Magnificence justified—Invocation to the munificent founders—Sketches from the Annals of the University—Early importance—Kings educated here—Studies debased by bigotry; exemplified in the martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer—Visit of Queen Elizabeth—Civil war between Charles and his parliament—Foundation of the Royal Society—Refusal of Magdalen Fellows to submit to exactions of James II.—Subsequent peace—Prophecy of continued prosperity and greatness.

THE

PÆAN OF OXFORD.

PART I.

SNATCH from the willows, bards, your silent lyres,
Fill golden censers with supernal fires,
Prophets of Isis! Oxford claims your strain,
To wreath with incense learning's holy fane!
Springs there none forth her glories to rehearse,
Chaunt the bright hymn, and pour the glowing verse?
As Delphic priest, impassion'd with his theme,
The plectrum glittering in its patron beam;
Shall piles of grandeur, groves of beauty stir
No rapturous burst from grateful worshipper?
No lambent flame evok'd from circling wand?
No votive chaplet wove by filial hand?

Forbid the shame, ye centuries of song!
Cells of the Druid! ye denounce the wrong!—
A thousand years have hurtled on their way
Thrones, cities, realms, as ocean drifts the spray,
Since first thy turrets gemm'd the meadowy sheen,
With awe endiadem'd, as ancient queen,
Proud Rhedycina! memory, fancy, mind
Within thy stately colleges enshrin'd,
Yet fairer fashioning the peerless fair,
While art bequeaths a double virtue there;
Associations, whose imperious tye
Ensnares the giant, but eludes the eye;
And that dim classic presence, which pervades
With mystic murmur intellectual glades;
Which 'mid the shadowy cloister seems to stray,
Catching the music Cherwell plains away;
All bind beholder with an awe-like fear,
And all impose the homage of a tear,
Winning from each allegiance unreprest,
With the chaste charms of philosophic rest.

The veriest stranger nature ever rued,
Who breathes, and moves in mental solitude,
The chambers of whose spirit, dark, and bare,
No wit illumines, and few fancies share,

With arching brow, dilating eye, delays
'Mid Gothic shades, and fronts of elder days,
And wonders whence the charm, the secret zone,
Which girds these portals of a world unknown.
My son, he cries, with avarice of renown,
Shall merit classes, and adorn the gown!

The child of science, who has watch'd afar
Thy course distinct, and steadfast as a star,
Regards thy soil, like that which hail'd his birth,
And treads, with reverence, as on holy earth;
There Truth has lectur'd, and bright Genius prest
The robe of inspiration to his breast;
There have the wise and noble studied—there
Philosophy has purified the air.

Sooner shall harp forget its answering moan
To minstrel winds, or grot its whisper'd tone,
Than his proud heart, to learning's bower untrue,
Swell not more proudly from the eager view
Of art's distinguish'd specimens—of seat
For studious race peculiar, and complete:
He lingers oft where musing Locke delayed,
Retracks the path where Addison has strayed,

With ancient sages peoples ample halls,
Counts well-known features on the pictur'd walls,
Portraits which fade not in the dusky frame,
Statues unbroken in the porch of fame.

The letter'd sire, with more than senile glee,
In fond nárration glows with lauding thee.
His miser memory loves to tell the store
Of college daring, feats achiev'd of yore,
When merrier gallant lanc'd no jennet's side,
Or paced the High-street with more dainty pride,
Or stouter rower smote the winding shore
With rougher music from the dashing oar:
Who with more daring brav'd the Proctor's frown?
With keener relish caught the watch-word, 'Gown?'
Or with more vigour thunder'd choral glee,
When hearts and voices swell'd in harmony?
O! could there strike anew the long-told hours,
Could he as Æson gird on youthful powers,
Again all-blushing he would press the fee,
And careless kneel to dignified degree.
Yet numb the touch of age, he views unmov'd
Fabrics whose silence speaks of friends he lov'd;
Unmov'd he hears the vesper call to prayer,
As tho' swift time had closed his pinion there;

Traces the sunbeam on the mouldering pile,
In the same spot it lit his early smile;
And pauses o'er the care-pav'd ground sedate,
Which once appear'd decisive of his fate:
The darkling square with art's distinctions crown'd,
Where the schools lower—a melancholy bound:—
Each changeful feeling has inbreath'd that square,
Plaining anxiety, and mute despair,
The rush of glee, which testifies the boy,
The bounding triumph, and the shout of joy,
And that still sympathy, which wrings the hand
Averted, neither garrulous, nor bland.

Oxford, for thee, with yearnings of desire,
The stripling longs, and fan Ambition's fire,
When the new beatings of the pulse begin,
Unchill'd by sorrow, fever'd not by sin;
Ere Hope's light plume is ting'd with earthly soil,
And Youth, the bridegroom, laughs on manhood's toil;
For thee he pants, as courser for the goal,
Thou centre of attraction to the soul!
Arene for men, for Learning's archery scope;—
Bask, Fancy's fondling, bask in sunny hope!
Be thine the long, loud plaudit, venturous boy,
And may no wormwood drug thy cup of joy;

E'en tho' stern Fortune check-mate thy sure game,
And pale Mischance pervert thy steadfast aim;
Tho' thine the lot to urge a gainless suit,
To rear the stem, but gather not the fruit,
Yet shall rich studies bless thee, and adorn,
As dews which wet the vernal steps of morn;
True friends shall greet thee, such as infants choose,
Who from the cradle interchange their views;
Thy days shall know, (ah! blest the sage who knows,)
The calm of action, stirrings of repose,
Ere calends feather'd with reflections steal
From mirth its dimple, and its power to feel
From wither'd Care, gay Wit shall sun the hours,
Nor dream of serpents in Elysian bowers;
Fearless Ambition shall replume her wing,
And measure stadia at a single spring;
While Pleasure wreathing an ambrosial crown,
Shall drop from cygnet cushion softest down.
Bright streams the morn, the long-remember'd morn
Which sees the young aspirant quit with scorn
His humble hamlet, querulous to roam,
And gilds the spires of Learning's central home.
Can language sound the depth of his delight,
As sinks the city on his aching sight?

No orient gems her mural crown enchase,
No pearls ennoble her retiring grace;
Not robed with novel tire, as youthful bride
Conscious of charms, and arching into pride,
But, like an ancient, feeling all her state,
With calm pontific majesty sedate.
How bounds his step along her "sacred way,"
Triumphal, whose magnificent array
Of sinuous beauty, and superb repose,
Knows no superior, scarce a rival knows:
Where toils successful Cynthia's cestus blend,
And new perspectives grace each skilful bend;
Perspective wont in fairy land to lie,
And bless with transient glimpse the painter's eye,
Which Fear, in all its boyishness, pourtrayed
An ebon outline of appalling shade;
What spells arrest, and fascinate the sight,
Blending Corinthian grace with Doric might;
Each footstep ushers in a gorgeous scene,
Art's choicest raptures belt by gushing green,
With skill which seems too natural for Art,
"In this," she cries, "my cunning had no part,"
But proudly points, as model of her power,
To where reposes Wolsey's stately tower;

The saint, the scholar hates his cassock'd pride,
Yet half absolves him, and forgets to chide,
On viewing what bright pinnacles he rears,
Tribute of splendid coffers, circling years,
So smooth the chisel-stroke, so true the line,
That full perfection crests the fair design;
Onward he views with foreign grace displayed
The watery cupola, and gay façade;
Light parapet, and sculpture's airy forms,
Tho' dimm'd by time, and crumbling to the storms.
There with stern grace which Grecians might admire,
Lo! Gothic record of its sceptr'd sire,
Built as for ages, not the fleeting hour,
Which centuries threat in impotence of power;
Whose shadows o'er the vassal street impend,
Like the protecting presence of a friend,
Whom years have scarr'd with honour. Gaily plann'd,
And aptly fashion'd by the plastic hand,
Corinthian structure curiously wrought,
Attests that Aldrich practis'd as he taught,
Versant with strength, and symmetry, and grace,
Shafts of acanthus, and the Ionic base.
There Mary's fane shoots up with shapely spire,
Which Mithra covers with adorning fire;

There slowly modell'd to a perfect round,
Rises the Radcliffe's tutelary mound,
Type of that temple, whose imperial dome,
With branching glory, covers papal Rome;
Its haughty shadow far restricts the ray,
And, as Palladium, student owns its sway.

Curious of knowledge, he may wander far
To the bright confines of the morning star,
Where nature blushes her primæval glow,
And summer suns undying lustre throw,
And cities dazzle, like their purple skies,
Terrace on terrace pav'd with emerald dyes,
Whose massive portals fling with haughty pride
A welcome to the world, its strength defied:
And whose huge battlements look darkly down
As frowning keepers on the fairy town;
Where banners proudly flap with crimson fold,
And camels crouch beneath the cloth of gold,
And dyed Moresque-work tells of midnight moons,
And winning minstrelsy, and vine-festoons;
Tho' cypress rustles round the grey Kiosque,
And starry splendours gild the gorgeous Mosque;
Tho' porphyry fountains gush with sparkling stream,
And gay pavilions woo the noon-day beam;

And purple fig-trees fling a spicy shade,
O'er marble cirque, and stately colonnade,
And gales are odorous from the leaves they stir,
Laden with frankincense, and rich with myrrh;
Tho' art, and luxury, steep the rarest balm,
Bosom'd in citron gardens, groves of palm,
And laughs acacia with its saffron zone,
And minarets whiten beds of anemone;
Yet will they fail to wind around his heart
Deep feelings of devotion, such as start
To mild unconscious being, and entrance
With the calm grandeur of that full, first glance
On the chaste Muses' old, and loved retreat,
The joy of autumn, evening's dewy seat;
So hush'd its cycle, the world's cities seem
The restless visions of a feverish dream,
And while their structures toss in stormy wake,
Its spires might seem reflected in a lake.
Let traffic lead to European mart,
Whose place was vacant, save in modern chart;
Sumptuous the squares, magnificent the bay,
Rich its piazzas, and its crescents gay;
The river shows its waters, as in stealth,
Hid by the steamer's tributary wealth;

Merchants, like princes, in its forum meet,
And wealth laughs loudly from the teeming street,
Where mansions glitter, rich as Roman pride
Had e'er conceived, or Roman stores supplied;
While population pours a mottled tide,
Thro' the mask'd forms of misery and pride,
And vanity buffoons in borrow'd dress,
And want plays harlequin with wretchedness:
A care-contracting, avarice-goaded race,
As chariots hurtling through the tortuous chase,
Who run the golden course their sons shall run,
Or spin the silken web their mother's spun;
Wealth their one idol, wealth their charter'd good,
The world their mart, their revenues the flood;
Ample their seat, as planet in its sphere,
Fraught with all charms to satiate eye, or ear,
For which the east her sparkling treasure spreads,
And the pearl mountains lift their glowing heads,
And Ophir sorrows for its rifled caves,
And Delhi mourns the ransack'd coral graves;
Yet there fond fancies find no place to rest
The weary wing, no memories thrill the breast
With classic unions—desecrate, unchaste
The toiling people, and the town a waste.

Hence, learning's votary, mount the daring bark,
Launch for the Ægean, the Saronic,—mark
The Parthenon, Acropolis of graves,
As land-mark rising over desert waves!
And, if thy bosom own no kindred throes,
Thine eye ungemm'd, thy feelings at repose,
Raze the chill altars, vain oblations cease,
Nor lift a censer to the gods of Greece!
See! olives rustle on the purple hill,
Babbles Ilissus with its scanty rill;
See marbles fritter'd with the warrior's heel,
Where beings, born to suffer, learn to feel;
With dim religion, there Eleusis sues
The pensive pilgrim; there the porch renews
Its living studies, and Mars' hill recalls
The hoary senate, whose protecting walls
Were the high heavens, who, at noon of night,
When interest blinds not, sway'd the mace of right;
With narrow harbour, solitary, sad
Lies the Piræus, which exultant bade
Its conquering triremes sweep th' Ægean seas,
And look'd for tribute from each full-fraught breeze;
The Ceramicus, black with cypress trees,
Whence from proud Bema fulmin'd Pericles,

And blew the trump of fame so shrill and high,
They lov'd the chronicler, nor fear'd to die.
'Mid the wide cirque the pine-tree rears his crest,
And the shy bittern hangs her hollow nest:
Erect anew the groves of Academe,
Seek the Lycæum sunn'd with Plato's dream,
And wake Colonos from its mute repose,—
Chirps the cicada, the narcissus blows.
Her pomp has pour'd its Pæan to the gale,
Ages have echo'd with the trophied tale,
And Time, succeeding to the victor's march,
With cypress twines each cenotaph and arch.
Yet, parted all of power which can depart,
With silent sceptre, Mem'ry moves the heart,
Still Fancy clasps her with celestial zone,
And Art, enamour'd, claims as all her own.

Athens of Albion! Cynosure of lands,
Where Clio's choir unite in silken bands!
Such, save that sorrow flings no sombre shroud,
Such emanations, bright as lambent cloud,
Float over Isis, every fane bedew,
Vest the green meadows with yet brighter hue;

And, when the morning pours its liquid balm
On Nature's beauty, and dissolves in calm
The lightest stir each falling leaf has made,
Hang in the garden's woof of ancient shade.
These were the groves whence Inspiration smil'd
On wayward Collins, Fancy's rose-wreath'd child;
There Hafiz answered to his tuneful call,
And lull'd to sleep by Persian waterfall.
On that smooth turf, in converse grave and sweet,
'Twas made for gentle fall of studious feet,
The bard of Cato roved, and seems to rove,
Shrin'd in the student's consecrate alcove;
Breath'd on society a soothing charm,
And grappled freedom with a Roman arm;
The leaves yet rustle of the truths he spoke,
Still points the swain where hung his favourite oak,
Firm as some relic of Dodona's grove,
With votive tablets dedicate to Jove.
'Mid the still shrubs, whose tangled screen invites
To muse on stores of meditative nights,
'Mid walks, where noble memories are graved
On ash, or Christ-Church elm, whose branches waved
O'er sires of far degree, perchance shall wave
When we have perish'd, even from the grave,—

Gay Epicurus might have rear'd his bowers,
And, thickly sowing Pleasure's dædal flowers,
Have idly quaff'd a philosophic dream
Of still beatitude beside the stream,
Which, loved by scholars, Isis pours along,
As Anio dear, or Mincius, to song.

Isis! thy ripple, like a maiden's smile,
Drops pure and placid, innocent of guile;
Still Warton's spirit haunts thy dreamy cell,
Scattering fond music from his coral shell;
So smooth thy waters murmur, Naiads there
Might paint their beads, and wreath their shining hair,
And peasants haste with nuptial rites to lave
Their simple chaplets in the laughing wave;
The forest's shadow slumbers at thy side,
Life's humming faulters from thy surgeless tide:
We trace thee serpenting thro' Henley's vale,
Closing thy bosom from the rugged gale,
By Windsor's tower, in martial show complete,
By Eton's princely, prince-ennobling seat,
Thro' fields where Walton angled, to the Muse
Voiceful of honest lay, thy stream pursues
Its deep blue course, till, lash'd to billowy flood,
Forsaken secret villa, sheltering wood,

As ardent steed, from rein and rider freed,
She bursts in triumph thro' the level mead,
And, coursing swiftly with expansive height,
Bears the full tribute of a Nation's might
To vast emporium; redolent of health,
Free gales waft o'er her, streamers fraught with wealth
Toss in her foaming surge, as Winter raves,
And Ocean meets her with a host of waves.

So gently flows the student's course serene,
Chaf'd by few storms, or turbid, or terrene,
Twining thro' velvet lawns, with sun-beams fair,
Paying slight tribute to the despot Care;
So proudly sweeps his turbulent career,
Fraught with the labours of a boundless sphere,
When the world's billow lifts his eddying crest,
And dash its surges fiercely round his breast:
Sweet was the prime initiate repose,
Majestic, manhood with its stormy woes.
Yet cease, fond youth, impatient of control,
To long for change, as prisoner on parole,
Even as the hero of Amhara's tale
Inhal'd with sighs the perfumes of the vale,
But vext by life's meanders, and the sands,
Whose burning flakes entomb its pilgrim bands,

Sought, as on pigeon's wing, his ancient seat,
Nor irksome found its calm, tho' there no billows beat.
Soon shall the world its taint of poison fling
'Mid welling waters of joys freshest spring;
Soon shall its griefs, which tyrannise the free,
Lead, placid Alma, to regret for thee!
Thy treasur'd image many a lover bears
Nearest his heart, nor time, nor space, impairs;
Up the Pearl Gulf, by Syria's withering route,
As Eastern pilgrim, inwardly devout,
Who, while his camels drink of Basra's wells,
At the sweet tinkling of the evening bells,
In soul is wafted, and with sigh returns
To Mecca's altars, and Medina's urns;
And, ne'er profaning in his silent thought,
Renders more homage than the prophet sought.
Learning's enthusiast! can he think with scorn
Of seats, where learning fills her copious horn,
Where Bodley's dome concentrates human kind,
And groans with massive monuments of mind.

Go, classic Tyro, should thy thoughts inurn
Those flames of Pindus, which undying burn,

But by young bosoms are most freely fed,
Go, seek those records of th' immortal dead!
For there has Intellect extoll'd our race,
Yielding of primal strength a shadowy trace;
There Science opens such exhaustless stores,
The mind allows its weakness, and deplores;
There Rhetoric twines its mesh, a subtle snare
Weaves the Logician, but as net-work fair:
A countless booty, rapt from myriad shores,
Vast as the precious sands which Ocean pours.
Had the Greek Sage, who scoff'd at ingots pil'd
In Lydian gaza, and contemptuous smil'd
On pearls and rubies, tempting him no more
Than Mica spangles, nugatory store,
Beheld this wealth, tho' moth corrode, and rust,
Which shames the dynast, and his golden dust,
Solon had chill'd with envy, and confest
That their possessors were the truly blest.
More rich those floors than with pale Ophir's gleam,
Or blocks of marble, or the cedar beam,
Where every year beholds new fragments strewn,
Each bears his shaft, however roughly hewn;
Such fascination flutters in the gown,
And so contagious fever of renown.

Ah! who would steal to death's unruffled nest,
Or slip within the shroud, infolding rest,
A rest unbroken, ere his arm had wrought
Brilliant redemption, from the servile thought,
That he shall fade from being, form, and mind,
Nor leave one legacy to bless mankind,
One stamp, by which intelligence is shown,
Of sterling coinage, and the mark his own.
New facts arise, new forms of fiction start,
And search new foldings to surprise the heart,
So vast polemic arguments, and gnomes,
That life would fail the scanners of the tomes,
We seem too shortly to rejoin the spheres,
And envy patriarchs their extreme of years;
Yet 'mid the volumes numberless, we mourn
Full many an author, who has pass'd the bourne,
And fear, alas! such ponderous works succeed,
These floors will sink, or none remain to read;
Thus the fair despot, when, by Helle's coast,
He bless'd the waving of the countless host,
Yet wept with prescience of a hundred years,
Where then the hurlers of the myriad spears?
O that the mind had realiz'd its prime,
Uncheck'd by sloth, by suffering or crime,

Nor Othman wrapt, in winding sheet of flame,
The records of its glory, and its shame!
Had superstition marr'd not, nor abas'd,
Nor despot bound, nor war's mail'd hand effaced,
How had we vaulted on from light to light,
From tower to tower, on height surpassing height,
How had we snatch'd the fruit, where lies no ban,
And hasten'd the millennium to man!
The soul has suffer'd with the body's shame,
By sickness dwarf'd, and warp'd in passion's flame,
As the world's ligatures, with bondage strait,
Check the free motion, cramp the springy gait;
Beauty still blossoms on the virgin breast,
And strength is bodied in the manly chest,
But, were the models of the wreckage seen,
Could man identify his parent mien!
Still are there sainted relics to redeem,
And fire beholders with a prouder theme,
Writings of men, who breath'd a purer air,
Whose presence meets us in the house of prayer;
Who join'd the Invisible with worlds of sense,
Raising the earth by chains of eloquence.

Ah! who can bow within St. Mary's fane,
Nor feel what effluent memories remain

Of lofty seers, who sanctified their race,
And strew'd their mantles in the tripod's place.
There Wickliffe, watchful warder, woke the dead,
The dead to knowledge, caught the light, which shed
Its pale presaging, and, with holy rage,
Pour'd its first spirit on the pastor's page.
There Jewel bade the book no more be seal'd;
But Scripture truths to every gaze reveal'd;
There Hooper rent the veil, which Papists weav'd,
To muffle truth, deceiving, and deceiv'd;
There Taylor swept his rhythmic words along,
As truth perspicuous, as conviction strong,
Like streams, which pour rare pearls on golden sand,
And children gather with a wondering hand.
Yet Youth, the fond, the fanciful, has dreams,
Thy tomb, pale Amy, steals from loftier themes,
As bird of Eden bleeding on the thorn,
Fair, yet forsaken—faithful, and forlorn:
For whom in vain was wafted mother's vow,
Beauty sigh'd o'er her, as she lin'd the brow,
Still, rob'd in Fancy's drapery, awake
Her charms long sepulchred, and holier make
Those rounded pillars for their tablet's sake.

Away to Wykeham's Chapel, would ye trace
Art's slender footstep, and the print of grace!
For twenty generations, hymn, and prayer,
Glow with the morn and melt with even there;
Away, when sunlight, tremulously shed,
Mellows each lichen'd record of the dead!
Where marble roses mimic tendrils twine,
And gleaming cherubs fixedly recline;
Where the dim vista of the fretted roof,
And rich moresque work with its cunning woof,
And glass of gorgeous colouring, whose dyes
Borrow their tints from oriental skies,
Strike to the heart thro' all the guards, which sin,
Or pride, or apathy has clasp'd within.
Martyrs and seraphs there in dazzling white,
And opal raiment glimmer shadow'd light,
And Scripture's missal brightly dim appears,
With warriors stern, apostles, gifted seers:
But most the eye reverts its silent praise,
Where Saviour Babe with emanating rays
Of glory lies; on mage, on shepherd fall
Beams of that presence which o'erflood the stall;
Above, the seraph yearns to read what grace
Of mystic mercy frees a fallen race:

Below, the Virtues, born in loftier sphere,
In sweetest form, the female form, appear:
See! springy Hope all credulous to fly,
As tho' she view'd a sister in the sky;
See! Charity mature with open breast,
Two infants fondly to her arms comprest,
Looks on a third that look which calms despair,
And smiles assurance of maternal care:
While Faith erects her cross, nor heaves a plaint,
But clasps more closely as she feels more faint.
Hark! as we gaze, too pensive to rejoice,
The fervid organ lifts its solemn voice:
Up pillar'd aisle, and shafted oriel round,
To fretted rafter bursts the tide of sound,
And strikes beneath the pavement, where decays
The monk, who lov'd such pageantry of praise:
Thro' the long nave what deep hosannahs roll,
The gush of rapture, and the thrill of soul!
What vesper chant in Piety's young note,
As fleecy cloud which scarcely seems to float,
But streak'd with azure slowly sails away
With choral songsters into fuller day.
Earth's pallid sorrows soften at the quire,
With the glad anthem angel hopes aspire,

Whose lingering echoes tremulously cease;
Be still each passion! beat each pulse in peace!
And are these pomps mere vanities, which sway
The senses to religion? Can we pray
In fane too sumptuous for abode of him,
Who fill'd the Shechinah, the Cherubim?
Tho' no pure matins unrequited fall
On the rush floor, or breath'd from clay-cold wall,
Rear the light roof, and stretch the portal wide,
A Christian temple is the Christian's pride:
Magnificence becomes the gift she brings,
When offering tribute to the King of kings.
Shades of my sires! your labours were not vain—
We smooth the palace! ye adorn'd the fane!
We toil on statues, basilics, and squares—
Ye modell'd fabrics meet for learning's heirs!

Ye saintly founders! whose most righteous zeal
Secur'd this key-stone of your country's weal—
Ye sage artificers! whose ample mind
Lives in these structures, patriots of mankind,
Who, when chill Science glimmer'd partial day,
And Superstition glared malignant ray,
Search'd with prophetic glance the ambient gloom,
Rear'd stately structures, fearless of the tomb,

A brighter age, a nobler nation view'd,
And left to Time the debt of gratitude;
If, as the wise have imag'd, sainted forms
Glide back on rainbows to our sphere of storms,—
If this world's moon-beam pierce the darkling wave
Which sweeps in silence o'er the mystic grave;
If legions bodiless protect the spot
Belov'd in death, in slumber unforgot—
Walter de Merton! from th' Elysian sphere,
Where Lethe flows not, drop the joyful tear!
Stoop from your seats, blest visitants above,
Whose bliss is knowledge, and that knowledge love!
Rejoice that she, who, faint and feeble stray'd,
An unripe spirit from th' Elysian glade,
That Albion's genius should have proudly thrown
Her ægis over lands to you unknown,
Justice her sceptre, and the waves her throne;
Her brow endiadem'd with fame, her voice,
The peal in which Antarctic climes rejoice,
While this the centre, where her sons unite,
Proud in her pride, and steadfast in her might;
This the mid temple thro' whose ivory gate
Her thousands sally to support the state!

How chang'd, ye Genii, her celestial guard,
From that dim era, when, on silent sward,
Rose Rhedycina, blest as spell-told mound,
Or green Oasis, deserts for her bound:
Then tracts uncultur'd, with umbrageous sweep,
Wav'd from still Severn to the German deep,
And, thro' wild brakes, yet wilder Briton ran,
In savage chase, untutor'd into man;
When Druids led dark orgies in the shade
Of sacred oak, and bar'd the murderous blade,
And Mona shudder'd, in the moon's pale gleam,
To seer's wild chant, or victim's hollow scream;
Thence years of glory circle the charm'd spot;
(If bard forget them, be the bard forgot!)
There learning shelter'd, sprung a Christian fane,
Tho' Saxon pillag'd, and usurp'd the Dane;
There Canute crown'd him with barbaric pride,
There (human change) the sainted Edmund died;
There stormy synods rush'd to dire debate,
And private wrongs were fulmin'd on the state,
Ere freedom breath'd on monarchy accord;
Rust marr'd the mace, but brightly gleam'd the sword.
Why name the sad reverse? how Oxford fell,
When rock'd pale England to the Norman knell;

How, like keen fowlers, foemen limn'd her spoils,
And Osney's Abbey rued their cruel toils;
Beauteous again her landscape re-appears,
And sceptres glitter down the gulf of years:
There Beauclerk palac'd, studious of the spot,
(The witching smile of Rosamond forgot,)
Which Alfred honour'd; Cœur-de-Lion fed
That soul of prowess, iron-girt, which led
His archers, fainting not, o'er leagues of sand,
And thinn'd with ponderous axe the Paynim band;
There Creci's victor drain'd the tale of Troy,
The man avouching, what inspir'd the boy;
There train'd Plantagenet, the free, the bold,
Let sorrowing Azincour attest his mould!—
Alas! that classics, eminent to shame
A sordid breast, and nerve the patriot's aim,
Should yield to Bigotry's ensanguin'd sway,
As sinks in meteor's wake the star's benignant ray:
Dark was their knowledge, for it steel'd the good,
Their zeal accursed, ravening for blood,
Which canonized by torture Cranmer's name,
Prov'd Ridley perfect by the ordeal flame,
At whose meek carriage, passing mortal show,
Words find no passage, tears forget to flow;

Still fancy paints their calm, majestic air,
Their lips mov'd gently in forgiving prayer;
One drop steals slowly from the patient eye,
They feel no trembling, feel not loath to die;
But memory tells of spirits, kind, and true,
And gushes o'er old friends some earthy dew;
Ah! the pale pangs of death too surely prove,
With what intensity the soul can love:
The pyre is kindled, hence ye cares which roll
Shadows of anguish on the parting soul!
More than resign'd, rejoicing, more than meek,
A glow of rapture lights the pallid cheek!
Weakness falls off, as fetters in the blaze,
Their forms dilating to th' astonish'd gaze;
They tread the billowy flame as Israel trod
When one walked with them, 'like the son of God.'
They shrink not shuddering, heave no plaintive groan,
For faith enclasps them with protecting zone.
Mounts the pure spirit, which all pangs defied,
And Heaven seemed opening as the martyrs died.
Spring up, fierce flames, and scorch the thin grey hair—
Burst each blue vein! the spirit dwells not there!
Wreath, as with glory, flames, that funeral pile,
Soon shall religion light, with patient smile,

A thousand beacons from that hallow'd blaze,
Till England glisten in the Saviour rays!
Though no vain marble guards the martyr's dust,
No boastful record theirs, or flattering bust,
The church their urn, secure from bigot rage,
Her meek confession their recording page!

She comes, the virgin queen, on snow-white steed,
Eliza, mistress of a milder creed!
With crested knights, and dames in dazzling throng,
The pomp of jubilee, and march of song;
Revisits armouries, whose darts she bore,
And rubs from rust her dearly cherish'd lore.
Vast are the pains which ponderous scholars wreak
On Latin orthodox, and loyal Greek;
As when the giants beetling mountains threw,
And Ossa first, and then Olympus, flew;
Tho' learning's channel far, and freely, spreads,
Pigmies coæval! hide your minish'd heads!
Grace sinks enormous as the goodly chine,
And Hebrew texts flow freely as the wine;
While pagan plays the royal muse enthrall,
Right merrie, and right erudite withal,

She loves the quaint conceit, the classic tale—
Ah, trusty Oxford, thou didst never fail!
Nor did she fail, when discord's genial star
Shot, pale, and pestilent, the plagues of war;
When rebel patriots chanted rights of man,
Death in the rear, but freedom in the van,
And turbid spirits, at their spells amaz'd,
Quail'd from the tempest which themselves had rais'd;
When rung the clarion, neigh'd th' exulting steed,
And blood drops dew'd the peace-enamour'd mead;
As islet moveless, though rough billows beat,
In danger dauntless, constant in defeat;
Fane for the altar, palace for the throne
The chosen city Charles could call his own.
Ill-fated prince! thy virtues were a gem,
Rich carcanet in regal diadem,
But fate was envious every fault to know,
And steep'd each slight infirmity in woe;
Yet history digs for thee a splendid grave,
Never did memory fail the patriot brave,
And pity's tutelage preserves thy name,
Thee, not thy victor, she embalms to fame!
In vain the warrior students proudly bled,
And pour'd their treasures on the anointed head;

In vain their blades were shiver'd to the hilt,
In that dark drama of a nation's guilt;
Breaking his seals of wrath the angel stood,
And well'd the waters in rebellious flood,
Rending each vestige of a kindly sway,
Sweeping the loyal hearth, the marble shrine away;
England's protector wrapt in sanguine pall
Her shades Lycean, swept the silent hall
With ruffian halberds, eager to defile,
And learning startled fled her favourite pile;
Not the loud threat, the spoiler's brandish'd steel,
Nor the keen fetters of misguided zeal,
Could bind that falcon spirit, whose far flight
Shook from their grasp its plumage in the light;
With necks unbow'd, with firmness unsubdued,
Could they succumb to sordid multitude?
Could they subscribe a covenant, whose tone
Was to faith schism, treason to the throne?
Each arm, like thine, stern Roman, in the flame
Had sapp'd its nerve, ere minister'd to shame!

While Cromwell sought the Lord with pious pain,
Sought (Satan shield hypocrisy!) in vain;
A few associates, charter'd by the crown,
Which, thus conferring, rais'd its own renown,

Sons of that Archimedes, ancient sage,
Who traced his figures 'mid the battle's rage;
(If mind ennoble, the supremely great,
If knowledge riches, rich in small estate:)
Met in brief conclave, not as dark Divan
To mutter mysteries, and enlighten man;
No wild debaters puerile, and weak,
Who, what their hearts reject, presume to speak;
But to build home for science, to direct
Its first faint flutterings, and its flight protect;
For Oxford bowers lay desolate, and drear—
Where bow'd the priest, the soldier slung his spear.

Was hers an abject loyalty, the pace
Of courtier cringing e'en to man's disgrace?
Was hers the chant of tyranny, whose strain
Blends with the clank of military chain?
No! firmly loyal, but devoutly free,
She raz'd not statutes at a king's decree;
Her sons rejected Despot, Regicide,
Else why had Locke disputed? Russel died?
Nor perjur'd conscience, though the sceptred wrath
Flung its hot bolt of vengeance in their path—
Fame, fortune, life, we perill'd for your crown,
But to false Idol we will not bow down;

The Stuart threatened, and his menace quail'd
Before their firmness, but the priest prevail'd:
Then burst that spirit, with indignant swell,
Whose mad out-pourings monarchs may not quell;
The scholar's voice found echoes through the land,
Again the Stuart sought a foreign strand,
Too late he rued his daring, vain regret,
Dynasts must change, his natal star had set!

The voice of prescience has forgot to rave,
Her leaves are scatter'd from the Sibyl's cave;
The stone has rung on Merlin's voiceless tomb,
And sleeps the future wrapt in shadowy gloom;
Yet Fancy suns her with prospective view,
Ye Genii render Fancy's vision true!
Thy star, she cries, has not attain'd its prime,
Nor shall its setting dim the scrolls of time:
What! though these proud pavilions disappear,
New roofs shall rise, new habitants revere,
And others wave the sceptre in their stead,
When they are gather'd to the narrow bed.
Thus jewell'd mountains never cease to bear,
But sparkling strangers rise each decade there,—

Centre of systems! Orbit of the soul!
Planets roll round thee, and shall ever roll;
Till pure Religion waver in her creed,
Shall holy fires the central altar feed;
Till memory's print be cold, shall bloom the spot,
Nor cease to charm, till learning be forgot.

NOTES TO PART I.

Note 1, line 19.

Memory, Fancy, Mind
Within thy stately Colleges enshrin'd.

"THE Student is lodged in a palace; and when he walks abroad, his eyes are fed on every side with the most splendid assemblages of architectural pomp and majesty, which our island can display. He dines in a hall, whose lofty compartments are occupied with the portraitures of illustrious men, who, of old, underwent the same discipline, in which he is now engaged, amidst the same impressive and appropriate accompaniments of scene and observance. He studies in his closet the same books which have for a thousand years formed the foundation of the intellectual character of Englishmen. In the same chapel wherein the great and good men of England were wont to assemble, he listens every evening, and every morning, to the same sublime music, and sublimer words, by which their devotion was kindled, and their faith sustained. He walks under the shadow of the same elms, plantains, and sycamores, beneath whose branches the thoughtful steps of Newton, or Bacon, Locke and Milton,

have sounded. These old oaks, which can no longer give shade or shelter, but which still present their bare and gnarled limbs to the elements around him—they were the contemporaries of Alfred. Here the memories of kings, and heroes, and saints, and martyrs, are mingled for ever with those of poets and philosophers; and the spirit of the place walks visible, shedding all around one calm, and lofty influence, alike refreshing to the affections and to the intellect—an influence, which blends together, in indissoluble union, all the finest elements of patriotism, and loyalty, and religion."—*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.*

Note 2, line 23.

Associations, whose imperious tye
Ensnares the giant, but eludes the eye.

In allusion to the adventure of Gulliver at Lilliput, who was bound to the ground by innumerable ligatures, scarcely perceptible to the sight, but sufficiently strong to retain him prisoner.

Note 3, line 50.

Philosophy has purified the air.

"There is one very powerful incentive to learning—I mean, the genius of the place. It is a sort of inspiring deity, which every youth of quick sensibility and ingenuous disposition

creates to himself, by reflecting that he is placed under those venerable walls, where a Hooker and a Hammond, a Bacon and a Newton once pursued the same course of science, and from whence they soared to the most elevated heights of literary fame."—*The Idler.*

Note 4, line 76.

Could he, as Æson, gird on youthful powers.

What school-boy will fail to remember Medea, and the wonderful effects of her charmed cauldron?

" Pulsa fugit macies; abeunt pallorque situsque;
" Adjectoque cavæ supplentur sanguine venæ;
" Membraque luxuriant. Æson miratur, et olim,
" Ante quater denos hunc se reminiscitur annos."

Note 5, line 77.

Again all blushing he would press the fee.

Freshmen are to this day a proscribed and persecuted, as well as blooming and bashful, race. They may thank the fates, however, for having escaped such mental agonies, as were exacted in olden time, and which honest Antony Wood describes with much comic pathos. " On Shrove Tuesday the Fellowes would go to supper before six, when every Freshman was brought before the fire in the hall, and made to pluck off his gowne and band, and, if possible, to make

himself look like a scoundrell. This done, they were conducted, each after the other, to the high table, and there made to stand on a forme placed thereon; from whence they were to speak their speech with an audible voice to the company: which, if well done, the person that spoke it, was to have a cup of cawdle, and no salted drinke." The following is the commencement of Antony's address. "May it please your Gravities to admit into your presence a Kitten of the Muses, and a meer Frog of Helicon, to croak the cataracts of his Plumbeous Cerebrosity, before your sagacious ingenuities. Perhaps you may expect that I should thunder out demi-cannon-words, and level my sulphureous throat against my fellowes of the Tyrocinian crew. I have been no chairman in the committee of Apollo's Creatures, neither was I ever admitted into the cabinet councils of the Pierian dames, that my braines should evaporate into high hyperboles, or that I should bastinado the times with a tart Satyr of a magic pen," &c. Could our present Freshmen pour forth such an eloquent and elegant exordium? It may be doubted!

Note 6, line 149.

Each footstep ushers in a gorgeous scene.

"The High-Street contains the noblest, and most diversified assemblage of architectural objects, perhaps, in this country, and strongly impresses the mind with an idea of the

splendour, and gothic magnificence of earlier times. The easy curve in which the entrance is constructed, adds much to its beauty, as straight lines (notwithstanding the opinion of Sir Christopher Wren in his intended plan of London) are certainly not pleasing to the critical eye, though they may contribute to the health, and convenience of a great city."

Ireland's Picturesque Views on the Thames.

Note 7, line 153.

But proudly points, as model of her power,
To where reposes Wolsey's stately tower.

"Magdalen College, at the foot of the bridge, is a noble specimen of the gothic style of building: its lofty tower which is about 150 feet high, was erected anno 1442, under the direction of that princely prelate Wolsey, who was at that time Fellow and Bursar of the college. The scale of it may be said to correspond with the daring aims and character of his mind; and if, as some have said, he exhausted the revenues of the college in this undertaking, it marks them so much the more strongly."—*Ireland.*

Note 8, line 161.

Onward he views, with foreign grace display'd,
The watery cupola, and gay façade.

"Queen's College is a modern structure, begun in the year

1672, and somewhat resembling the style of the Luxemburgh Palace. The cupola is certainly not proportionate to the rest of the façade, being much too large, and totally misplaced. It has, besides, more the air of a canopy held over the queen, than an embellishment to a public edifice. The nick-name of salt-cellar and pepper-box bestowed on this building, and the neighbouring spires of All Souls, by some young students, though ludicrous, is not inapplicable to the whimsical combination of objects, which from hence present themselves to a certain point of view."—*Ireland.*

Note 9, line 301.

These were the groves whence Inspiration smil'd
On wayward Collins, Fancy's rose-wreath'd child.

Addison and Collins were of Maudlin. It would appear from Warton's Life of Bathurst, that a walk in the grove, though always deemed grateful to the Muse, was not always so agreeable to the president. He delighted, says that pleasant biographer, to surprise the scholars, when walking in the grove, at unseasonable hours; on which occasions, he frequently carried a whip in his hand, an instrument of academical correction, then not entirely laid aside. But this he practised on account of the pleasure he took in giving so odd an alarm, rather than from any principle of approving, or intention of applying an illiberal punishment. A striking

instance of zeal for his college in the dotage of old age is yet remembered. Balliol College had suffered so much in the outrages of the great rebellion, that it remained almost in a state of desolation for some years after the restoration: a circumstance not to be suspected from its flourishing condition ever since. Dr. Bathurst was perhaps secretly pleased to see a neighbouring, and once a rival society, reduced to this condition, while his own flourished beyond all others. Accordingly one afternoon he was found in his garden, which then ran almost contiguous to the east-side of Balliol College, throwing stones at the windows with much satisfaction, as if happy in contributing his share in completing the appearance of its ruin.

Note 10, line 326.

As Arno dear, or Mincius, to song.

"Rivers have, in all ages, been themes for the poet; the Anfidus, the Tiber, and the Po have been celebrated by Horace, Virgil, and Ovid; while the Arno, Mincio, and Tagus boast their Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Camoens."

Burke's Harmonies of Nature.

Note 11, line 329.

Still Warton's spirit haunts thy dreamy cell.

Warton, her poet Laureate, wrote the "Triumph of Isis" in reply to Mason's Elegy, who, while he inveighed against

the politics of the spot, personified the river in these beautiful lines.

" Far from her hallow'd grot, where, mildly bright,
The pointed crystals shot their trembling light
From dripping moss, where sparkling dew-drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,
Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all his grace.
Here, full with life, was heaven-taught science seen
Known by the laurel wreath and musing mien;
There cloud-crown'd fame, here peace, sedate and bland,
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;
While solemn domes, arch'd shades and vistas green,
At well mark'd distance close the sacred scene."

Note 12, line 365.

E'en as the hero of Amhara's tale.

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Note 13, line 387.

Where Bodley's dome concentrates human kind.

" As water, whether it be the dew of heaven, or the springs of the earth, doth scatter and lose itself in the ground, except it be collected into some receptacle, where it may by

union comfort and sustain itself, (and for that cause the industry of man hath made and framed spring-heads, conduits, cisterns, and pools, which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn, with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity,) so this excellent liquor of knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration, or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and places appointed as Universities, Colleges, and Schools for the receipt and comforting of the same."—*Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

Note 14, line 431.

And fear, alas! such ponderous works succeed,
These floors will sink, or none remain to read.

The present superabundance of books, though considered a great evil, is assuredly an evil far less grievous than former sterility, when there was a mighty famine in the land. "The following remarkable instance of the inconvenience, and impediments to study, which must have been produced by a scarcity of books, occurs in the statutes of St. Mary's College at Oxford, founded as a Seminary to Osney Abbey in the year 1446. Let no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most; so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same. About the commence-

ment of the fourteenth century, there were only four classics in the royal library at Paris. These were, one copy of Cicero, Ovid, Lucan, and Boethius."—*Oxoniana.*

Note 15, line 433.

Thus the fair despot, when, by Helle's coast,
He bless'd the waving of the countless host.

Xerxes, the tallest and fairest among his five millions. For an account of the tears shed, and moral reflections thereupon, see Herodotus.

Note 16, line 443.

How had we vaulted on from light to light.

"How little were the Romans removed from the discovery of the art and advantages of printing. What speculations instantly suggest themselves on the probable consequences of such an event! Whether the human intellect under the operation of such favourable excitements, and the constant impulse of information, accumulated through a succession of ages, would not by this time have arrived at a degree of perfection, of which we can have no idea."—*Blunt's Vestiges of Ancient Manners in Sicily.*

Note 17, line 454.

Could man identify his parent mien.

"Aristotle is but the rubbish of Adam."—*Tillotson.*

Note 18, line 480.

Fair, yet forsaken—faithful, and forlorn.

In the midst of the discourse at St. Mary's, an old monumental tablet casually attracted my eye; a thought flashed across me—I was under the same roof with the grave of Amy Robsart. I ventured to whisper a question to my companion. He replied, there is no stone to mark the spot, and we have but the tradition that the body was removed from Cumnor, and deposited in the church with pompous obsequies. "Peace be with thee, lovely one."—*Etonian.*

Note 19, line 504.

But most the eye reverts its silent praise.

A poem was published at Oxford, on the painted window of Sir J. Reynolds at New College soon after its erection, the following selection from which would tend to show how greatly descriptive poetry has degenerated!

"Ye brawny Prophets that, in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped nich!
Ye rows of Patriarchs, that, sublimely rear'd,
Diffuse a proud primæval length of beard!
Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display!
Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown!
Ye angels, that from golden clouds recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine!

No more the sacred windows round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groups the shining place!
Lo! from the canvass beauty shifts her throne,
Lo! Picture's powers a new formation own.

Note 20, line 560.

If, as the wise have imag'd, sainted forms
Glide back on rainbows to our sphere of storms.

The philosopher of Stagyra, and Dr. Johnson, two of the profoundest thinkers of ancient and modern times, have indulged in these sweetly-fanciful speculations, and clung to the soothing hope that death does not deprive the anxious parent of all acquaintance with the fate, or all interest in the progress of his children.

Note 21, line 566.

Walter de Merton! from th' Elysian sphere,
Where Lethe flows not, drop the joyful tear!

Merton, superior in antiquity to every other college, was founded by Walter de Merton, sometime Lord Chancellor of England, in the reign of Henry III., and afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

Note 22, line 579.

This the mid temple, through whose ivory gate.

——"portâque emittit eburnâ."—*Virg.*

Note 23, line 657.

The Church their urn, secure from bigot rage.

"It appears rather singular that no monument should ever have been erected in Oxford to commemorate these great martyrs of the Protestant Church. Their fame, indeed, will survive any memorial, which can be raised by hands, but, as in all ages, it has been usual to express our respect and gratitude to the memory of those, who have contributed to the glory or welfare of their country, by erecting monuments or statues; surely this custom might be observed, with the greatest propriety, towards those, whose time and talents were dedicated to the establishment of our pure religion, and whose lives were sacrificed to its continuance and preservation."—*Oxoniana.*

Note 24, line 659.

She comes, the virgin queen, on snow-white steed,
Eliza, mistress of a milder creed.

The following amusing account of a royal visit to Oxford is extracted from a letter of G. Evelyn: "At the appropinquation of the King, after the beedles' stafes were delivered up to his Majesty, in token that they yielded up all their authority to him, the Vice-Chancellor spoke a speech to the King, and presented him with a Bible, in the Universitie's

behalfe, the Queen with Cambden's Britannia in English, and the Prince Elect (as I take it) with Croke's Politicks, all of them with gloves, (Oxford is famous for gloves.) A little nigher the citye, where the citye's bounds are terminated, the Maior presented his Majestie with a large guilt cupp, and 'tenet vicinitatem opinio,' the Recorder of the city made a speech to his Majestie. In the entrance of the Universitie at St. John's College, he was detained with another speech made by a fellow of the house. The speech being ended, he went to Christ Church. Scholers standing on both sides of the street, according to their degrees in their formalitys, clamantes, 'Vivat rex noster Carolus.' Being entred Christ Church, he had another speech made by the Universitie Orator, and studient of the same house: the subject of all which speeches being this, expressing their joy, and his welcome to the Universitie. Then retiring himself a litile, he went to prayers; they being ended, soone after to supper, and then to the play, whose subject was the calming of the passions, but it was generally misliked of the Court, because it was so grave, but especially because they understood it not. This was the first day's entertainment."

Note 25, line 666.

On Latin orthodox, and loyal Greek.

"Give me leave to tell you, cousin, that your kindred and friends, with all the world besides, expect much from you, in

regard to the pregnancy of your spirit, and those advantages you have of others, being now at the source of all knowledge. I was told of a countryman, who, coming to Oxford, and being at the town's end, stood listening to a flock of geese, and a few dogs that were hard by; being asked the reason, he answered, that he thought the geese about Oxford did gaggle Greek, and the dogs barked in Latin."—*Howel's Letters.*

Note 26, line 688.

The chosen city Charles could call his own.

"The King marched with the whole army to Oxford, which was the only city of England that he could say was entirely at his devotion: where he was received by them, to whom the fidelity and integrity of that place is to be imputed, with all joy and acclamation."—*Clarendon.*

Note 27, line 715.

Could they subscribe a covenant, whose tone
Was to faith schism, treason to the throne?

"The whole body of the University was "so far from submitting to the rule of the covenant, that they met in their Convocation, and, to their eternal renown, (being at the same time under a strict and strong garrison put over them by the Parliament, the King in prison, and all their hopes desperate,)

passed a public act and declaration against the covenant, with such invincible arguments of the illegality, wickedness, and perjury, contained in it, that no man of the contrary opinion, nor the assembly of the divines, (which then sate at Westminster, forming a new catechism, and scheme of religion,) ever ventured to make any answer to it, nor is it indeed to be answered, but must remain to the world's end, as a monument of the learning, courage, and loyalty of that excellent place, against the highest malice that ever was exercised in and over any nation; and which those famous commissioners only answered by expelling all those who refused to submit to their jurisdiction, or to take the covenant; which was, on the matter, the whole University."—*Clarendon.*

Note 28, line 739.

No! firmly loyal, but devoutly free.

In accordance with this sentiment, Sir W. Jones wrote the following sentence: "Sachez, Monsieur, que l'Université que vous décriez, et dont vous n'avez pas la moindre idée, jouit d'un privilège, que n'ont pas vos Académies; c'est celui qui distingue l'homme libre de l'homme qui ne l'est pas; celui de faire ses propres lois dans la grande assemblée du royaume. Elle choisit ses réprésentans parmi ceux, qui ont le plus de talent et de vertu. Elle n'est pas, comme on sait,

le seul corps politique de l'Angleterre, qui jouisse de ce beau privilège; mais elle fait plus, elle n'en abuse point. La moindre recommandation de la parte du ministère, la moindre cabale de la parte du candidat, suffirait pour le faire rejeter. A-t-il des talens, de la vertu? Il peut espérer d'atteindre à cette haute dignité. N-en a-t-il point? Il ne l'atteindra jamais. Tandis que l'Université d'Oxford préservera ce droit précieux, elle sera la plus respectable Académie, qui ait jamais existée." These praises have the charm of novelty. Should any reader, young or female, be inquisitive enough to enquire why Sir W. Jones wrote this eulogium in the French language, we must perforce give his unique reply to the French assailant: "Enfin, Monsieur, vouz devez lui savoir boń gré de vous avoir écrit dans une langue qui ne lui est pas naturelle uniquement parceque vous la savez un peu."

Note 29, line 768.

Thus jewell'd mountains never cease to bear,
But sparkling strangers rise each decade there.

"The workmen informed me that the generation of diamonds is always going on, and that they have just as much chance of success, in searching earth fourteen or fifteen years unexamined, as in digging what has never been disturbed."—*Brewster's Journal.*

THE

PÆAN OF OXFORD.

PART II.

" Κάλλιστον αἱ μεγαλοπόλιες Ἀθαναι
Προοίμιον."

" These walls have girded in great ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits."

ARGUMENT OF PART II.

Refutation of the calumnies urged against Oxford, by an appeal to the list of eminent sons whom she has educated, and to the studies which she encourages—System of honours described—Theology—Philosophy—Aristotle's Ethics and Rhetoric—History—Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus—Poetry—The three Tragedians, Aristophanes, Theocritus, and Pindar; Virgil, Catullus, Horace, and Juvenal—The meliorating influence of these studies on the judgment, the memory, and the imagination; exemplified in a friend and fellow student—Tribute to his virtues—Invocation to Science, which is not neglected at the University; the benefits of its several branches more particularly enumerated—Praise of Geology—Buckland—Knowledge personified—Rapid progress hailed in South America and Greece—Prediction that Syria and Palestine will again be illumined by Knowledge, Freedom, and Truth; when these shall fill the world, as a Temple, Oxford will be still the adytum—Conclusion.

THE

PÆAN OF OXFORD.

PART II.

AUGUR of glory! be the promise true—
Faith laughs assent, and Hope drinks in the view;
But wherefore dies the chord's triumphal swell?
For merry rebec strikes a solemn knell;
What envious mists with mantling shroud invade
The turret's honour and the cloistral shade?
What din of tumult threats Harmonia's vale?
The maiden city what alarms assail?
There are, alas! of dark and rigid brows,
No lofty dreamers of poetic vows,
Men who have quaff'd not of Castalia's fount,
Nor knelt, Hymettus, in thy vine-clad mount;

Who fain would rend fair Isis from her fane,
Tear down her myrtles, and her streamlets drain;
With strangers, aliens, throng her shining dome,
Raze Grecian records, raze the works of Rome!
Ye bigots of reform, who live by change,
Denounce old systems, ancient forms derange;
Ye selfish sciolists, whose tastes deride
Our modes of faith—derision misapplied;
Who slight the learning which ye never knew,
And jibe the mother which despises you;
Is her bright armoury an idle store?
Are treasur'd classics, legendary lore,
All inefficient for an active lot,
Sought to be slighted—gather'd and forgot?
No! by the kings of century-told renown,
Who fashion'd here their brows to bear a crown;
No! by her peers, the drops of whose pure veins
Stamp'd Magna Charta with its ruddy stains,
Whose honour gleams as star upon the breast,
Veil'd with soft courtesy as silken vest;
By her proud senate, proud in Albion's weal,
Where live the echoes of the thunder-peal
When Chatham hurl'd the bolt, and Holland caught,
And Freedom listen'd as her masters taught;

No! by her sons of battle-plain and flood,
Whose names are trac'd in characters of blood,
Whose praise is rung where stormy clarions rave,
Pillow'd whose glory on the surging wave;
By pale-eyed pastors of the reverend dress,
Who vouch the blessing, and whose manners bless,
The men of God, who heaven-ward tempt to rise,
And mount by Jacob's stair-way to the skies;
By classic toga folding liberal laws,
By her keen patrons of the dubious cause,
Who wield sharp wit as falchion from the file,
And win conviction with persuasive guile;
By her free gentry, an unspotted race,
Whom by their blessings easily we trace,
As streams whose course unlcard with moisture feeds
The purple orchards, and the wavy meads;
By learning's barons, heritors of stores,
Which with full largess lavish Nature pours;
By trophies rising far as mountains spread,
Tombs overflowing with the learned dead;
We have not thus interpreted thy claim,
But swear allegiance to thy cherish'd fame;
Else have we bow'd the head in Rimmon's fane,
And trod the sounding porticoes in vain.

Give answer, ye, whose earliest hope has sought
Urania's haunt, and fed each generous thought
With classic converse in the classic shade,
As Numa hearing from th' Egerian maid
Tablets unearthly—tell your treasure gain'd,
Unchang'd, unchangeable, by none profan'd.
Religion bears the records mercy drew,
Nor leaves one fleece unwet by evening's dew;
Her blest memorials none can fail to read,
With blind submission none disgrace their creed;
The student deems his church the holiest, best,
From Reason's mandate and the mind's behest;
And learns her perfect Articles to quote
With no mechanic aptitude of rote.
Not as the sapient Thebans, when afraid
To tell the motive of the rites they paid;
Why did they offer serpents? their reply,
Our fathers offer'd—we enquire not why—
To Paley's candour he for sanction turns,
And as he reads, with glad conviction burns;
The law, the covenant to him unseal'd,
And be their influence in his life reveal'd.
Next proud Philosophy is taught to tend,
Religion's handmaid and auxiliar friend,

As Ruth the aged Naomi addrest,
I will not leave thee, blessing I am blest;
My steps shall press the path which thou hast trod,
Thy people mine, and mine thy fathers' God.
She summons muse of Plato, Reason's bride,
And summons from the porch Stagira's pride,
Who more than gods, his country's gods ador'd,
And far as man may plume the pinion, soared;
Whose ethics sketch what modern skill dilates,
In first rude draughts, economy of states;
Declares what end, as archers at a scope,
Our race pursues, and how to guide their hope;
Who searches justice with keen glance, as when
Minos dissected the dark deeds of men;
Embraces friendship, as the friend who found
Its hidden spirit, emanating round
So pure an atmosphere, no guilt might dare,
Fraud, feud, or fickleness to chamber there;
And proves that pleasure steals a syren kiss,
That Circe's chalice sparkles not with bliss.

Love ye, (who loves not) with seductive tongue,
To win the plaudits of forensic throng?
His lectures knitting logic with your suit,
Teach by deep question to ensnare, confute;

To read the heart as tho' expos'd, and rent
The slumbering passions in its ambush pent;
The secret sway of age, and rank divine,
Who yield to passions, how their powers combine
To forge the bolt, the shafts of wit to wield,
And pierce the sophist thro' his seven-fold shield,
And garb the subject in so sweet a sound,
That Art may least appear, yet most abound.

Next History lifts her mirror to the view,
And Reason gazes on her changing hue,
Whose sire illuming Athens' missal page,
Bequeath'd rich legacy from age to age;
Of simple anecdotes, adventures strange,
And wild as monsters of the Libyan range;
Of warriors, who their fearless gauntlet fling
To raze the proudest crest in modern ring;
Of battles with an empire's crisis rife,
Whose game was liberty—the hazard, life.
We mourn the crowning city's awful close,
Beneath whose shad'ow nations sought repose;
We measure Egypt's pyramids, and smile
On the vague sources of the mystic Nile;
And learn how Freedom, born in Attic fields,
Spurn'd Asian swarms, and burst as flax their shields;

How Lydia, Persia, Greece with surging sweep
Rose like fresh isles, emerging from the deep.
Darkly succeeds th' anatomist, stern sage,
Who scorn'd to tend sweet poesy's fair page;
Whose golden key unlocks all secret things,
The thoughts of cities, and the hearts of kings;
Whose style of truth marks word, and fact, and date,
And cyphers each dark *Scytalé* of state;
Still shuddering mercy strong in terror calls
Thro' her pale victims from Platæa's walls;
Still black Corcyra, envying feeble fate,
Explores new death-pangs with inventive hate;
Still burns the plague-spot smitten on each breast,
Faint gleam the pyres with multitudes opprest;
And, rift of pride, by glory's self betray'd,
Athenians fetter'd, steal thro' Enna's glade.

Nor will the genius of Italia fail
To lead her Livy with his pictur'd tale,
And seat him first in Fame's translucent dome,
Whose marvels glorify the nascent Rome;
Again, and yet again we turn aside,
Thro' the world's maze to hear so sweet a guide
Discoursing eloquence; what ills belong
To tribune turbulence, patrician wrong;

How Curtius leaps to glory, Decius spread
The mantle of devotion o'er his head;
Like an immortal robe, how Quinctius flings
His herbs aside, to crush the necks of kings.
We pardon his ill-omen'd faith of fear,
The oxen bellowing, "Mavors shakes his spear,"
The milky rain, the sanguinary star,
And press impatient on the punic war;
On Alpine snows to see the staff unfurl'd
By vast Napoleon of the classic world;
Thrasymene reeling by the crimson cone,
And Cannæ dyed with hillocks not its own;
Till, Roman magnanimity confest,
With poison Vibius pledges Capuan guests,
Fierce Carthage smoulders, Asia sells command,
And Philip's phalanx prove a mortal band.
Historian of the capitol! thy fame
Rebukes not Rome with records of her shame;
For thou didst dwell on warriors free and bold,
On rugged minds, and breasts of iron mould;
And partial Time has spared thee the disgrace
Of mourning factious wars and recreant race;
But doom'd dark Tacitus to brand his page
With deeds of death—a thankless heritage.

How the stern mistress of the seven proud mounds,
With Tagus and Euphrates spans her bounds:
Up glory's steep how gain'd a height sublime,
She sinks exhausted on the lap of crime.
To picture scenes more dark than Cimbri wood,
The pomps of crime, and harlotries of blood;
That traitorous Valour grasps an iron crown,
While Freedom slumbers on the couch of down,
That lurks in Caprea's craig Imperial Fear,
And hides a conscience murder cannot sear;
Rolls on the tortur'd brave a mirthful glare,
And mocks with crimson brow the suppliant's prayer:
To tell that baths wooed Romans from the fight,
That luxury winnow'd an adulterous light.
We read and curse the purpled Nero's woes,
His crouching minions, the Circensian shows;
And deem the vengeance of the Vandal just—
Down, sensual tyranny, bow down to dust!

Next sweeping slow with gorgeous stole along,
The Guardian Genius of the Classic song
Seeks her pavilion, as with Prospero's call,
Summons her prophets to th' enchant'd hall;
All who have struck the chords of Jubal's lyre
And round whose brows has play'd celestial fire,

Who near Ilissus, Tiber, guard the urn,
Carol light measure, teach the heart to mourn.
Triad of Athens! by Euterpe crown'd,
Of ebon wands, and temples cypress-bound;
Who dip your vase in pity's crystal wave,
Light your wan torch from terror's moody cave;
Rise when the sable night has wrapp'd the tomb;
Scattering thick shadows of desponding gloom;
Then pants the soul with mimic horrors faint,
While earth, air, ocean trembles to the plaint
Of the fire-donor, and earth's riven rock
Whelms him unyielding to her central shock.
Gigantic Æschylus! if spirits roam,
In Shakspeare's bosom thine has found a home,
Or fill'd Salvator with his wildering fears,
Lo! at thy side the pallid bard of tears,
Who sings what woman can in anguish dare,
Spare, fell Medea, sinless children spare!
Or points where gasping the reluctant breath,
To save her spouse, Alcestis welcomes death;
Sees the blue azure dwim with leaden hue,
As saint devoted, and as woman true.
Rise! comic censor of Athenian stage,
Thou ribald statesman, thou buffooning sage;

Burlesquing all with keen licentious eye,
And on a beetle mounting to the sky;
Bid in its pomp the Agora revive,
Show the Pnyx buzzing with its idle hive;
At quibbling Cleon point the finger'd scorn,
At hoary wisdom in the basket borne.
Rise! thou rude breather of the Doric shell,
Telling the tale as nature loves to tell,
And painting goat-herds with no features bland,
Of artless mind and indurated hand.
Rise! Bion, Moschus, from whose harpings flow
The softest, sweetest minstrelsies of woe:
While echo lingers, changeling of the air,
To catch each note in fondness for despair.
Rise! Pindar, child of fire, with fancy's zone,
Whose wreath of foreign chaplets knit thine own;
Whose steeds have hurried headlong to the meed,
With necks in thunder clad, and foot of tempest-speed.

Come, Maro, mild refiner of thy race,
Shedding o'er every bard a softer grace;
Raising each latent charm with potent call,
From all exacting, and improving all:
Wake thee, Catullus, dreamer light and gay,
With Ariadne passioning; whose lay,

Tho' Porcia would have slighted with a frown,
Suits wanton ringlets, suits the cheek of down.
Speed airy Horace from the Sabine farm,
With soaring ode, and laughing satire warm;
Who 'mid the cool pavilion's shade reclin'd,
Didst sooth with converse Cæsar's princely mind;
Nor can the muse to Juvenal deny,
Lord of the withering sneer and cynic eye,
Free entrance where her priests of glorious birth
Are gathered from their ministries on earth.
The studies these which rarefy the mind
As silver from the crucible, which bind
Human more closely with immortal sense,
And heaven-ward elevate intelligence.
The studies these which amplified thy breast,
Regretted Junius, Alma's transient guest,
Which pour'd crush'd fragrance on thy simple urn,
And as rich sunbeams on thy memory burn;
For thou didst ransack prophet, priest, and bard,
Seeking rare gems, and death the cold reward;
When scholars die, to shed the tear of woe
Is nature's tribute—let it freely flow;
To praise the scholar's mind with holy pride
Is friendship's solace—be it not denied;

On ardent wing, with science would he soar,
Nor yet too wise to worship and adore;
Vers'd in the world's meanders, he could scan
Its guileful paths, nor yet morose to man;
By suffering tried, e'en youth is fledged in care,
No fretful furrows followed sorrow's share;
'Twas mild philosophy confirm'd his soul,
Not Zeno's heartlessness, Eudoxus' bowl,
Not his the pedant's brow, which, sternly pale,
Rebukes the jest, and chills the mirthful tale;
With him was wed in amicable strife,
The wit of social, love of studious life;
He doff'd his scholarship, as warrior's plume,
In private converse, ready to resume,
Should any foe to tournament advance,
Of wordy conflict, shivering lance on lance.
When Greek meets Greek in mortal tug of war,
And scapes no warrior scatheless of a scar,
Then shower'd his soul rich treasure to the shock,
As diamonds teeming from the pregnant rock;
Learning had wrought him of Promethean mould,
And her alembic turn'd the dross to gold;
His inborn pride the semblance bore of truth,
Single he stood, as Chamois-hunting youth,

Whose lips inhale the mountain breeze of morn,
Contemns pale cities with a liberal scorn;
Perchance, too fond fair visions to create,
Sunning with hope chill certainties of fate;
Perchance he fann'd too high Ambition's glow—
Go backwards, Cynic, and the mantle throw
Over his foibles—he has sunk to rest,
As child soon shelter'd on a mother's breast.
Farewell my friend! I paint the vernal dream,
But thy bright shadow trembles in the beam;
Thy bier of lofty cedar should be made,
Whose leaves shed fragrance, and whose boughs a shade;
For thine the art in social folds to bind
The gentle manners with th' aspiring mind,
And deep-vein'd marble o'er thy dust be laid,
Were friendship simple, or its soul betray'd
In chiming epitaph. Life, portrait, bust
Deceive;—why trace deception o'er the dust?
Not from the types of frailty we refrain,
The wise so selfish, and the weak so vain!
Tho' due to thee the tear which Nature gave,
A balmy treasure for the good, the brave;
Tho' much we linger on the story told,
And feel its pressure, now the hand is cold;

There live to Sparta sons as true as thou,
Beat as pure bosoms, towers as proud a brow:
Her studies mould with potency unseen,
Hearts speak one language, minds assume one mien;
Streams savour of the earth thro' which they flow,
And her sons' lives evince how much they owe.
Unlike the shadowy elm, whose foliage teems
In darkling Hades with ephemeral dreams;
The tree of knowledge shades that welling wave,
Bethesda-like, which heals the few who lave;
And when gay summer's fickle foliage fade,
O'er drooping Nature pours a kindly shade:
Friends wear strange colours, love is apt to change,
Hollow its path—can fickleness estrange
Ideas chasing in a brilliant range?
In sickness, pain, the student gains relief
From his own loftiness ennobling grief;
He has a blade of joy no mildews blight,
A secret well-spring of conceal'd delight;
Chasten with penury—his store is bought:
Imprison—can ye carcerate his thought?
As seer conducted by a seraph's hand,
His mind claims egress, massive gates expand!

Exile, if conscience-clear he loves to roam,
The world his country, earth his fleeting home;
Where learning harbours, there should harbour friends,
And link masonic Oxford wanderers blends.

Nor are thy claims, celestial Science, spurn'd;
Is no rich incense on thy altars burn'd?
The myrrh is offer'd, and the victim bleeds,
And laurell'd portals testify thy meeds.
Science! 'tis thine to measure boundless space,
And ride on comets thro' their fiery race!
Erratic strangers! fearful aliens, where
Unbraid they tresses of their glowing hair?
'Tis thine to track the meteor's giddy car!
Girdle the Pleiads! step from star to star!
Search how they fill with melody their round!
Feed urns of light, complete the plenar bound!
In seeming strife to point their peaceful course,
'Mid bright confusion one unchanging source!
To Calpe's cliff, to Lonna's lonely steep,
Thy presence guides the roamer of the deep!
And bids the planet from its height descend,
To lead the stranger as presiding friend!

Thy voice nerves Enterprise to brave the pole!
Seek worlds which roll above, and worlds which round her roll!
'Tis thine the curtain'd firmament to bare,
To analyze the gems of earth and air;
To prove the strength of elements, and look
On earths and metals, as in Nature's book;
For dream'd not Alchymist with vacant cause
Of fusing gold, who moulded chemic laws.
To tell what potency reflects the beam,
And separates parts of light in subtle stream:
Why æther decks in colours ever new;
Why blend the clouds, why drops the quick'ning dew;
And make more useful every use which yields
The gift of Nature, and enrich the fields.
Thy glance the secret of the bow betrays,
Direct as light, and pervious as its rays.
Thy boastful dictum moves no sage's mirth;
Give me a centre, I will stir the earth.
Flowers at thy bidding barren heaths adorn,
And tracts uncultur'd swell with juicy corn!
No shrub, which closes with the closing light;
No plant of Lebanon eludes thy sight!

The rigid metal rings out dulcet notes;
From sapless log the shepherd's carol floats!
Thy Franklin's hands the lightning's wrath confine,
And Davy fearless walks the fœtid mine;
The earth undelug'd springs to Cuvier's eye,
And other Halleys fasten on the sky;
Such homage Science claims, nor is her throne
Sustain'd by Cam, the willow fring'd, alone.
Isis rebels not from her mild command,
Nor wrests the sceptre from her potent hand:
Witness those studies which interpret earth,
And tell the secret of the valley's birth;
When man woke joyous as creation bright,
And infant suns amaz'd with novel light,
Which beckon Nature from alluvial tomb,
Unshadow gorges of perennial gloom;
Measure what clefts were sunk by welling wave,
And flood with light the dark and hidden cave;
Rend from the craig's hard grasp the diamond's stem,
Bid hoarding sands yield up the coral gem;
Point to where dingles glow with sparry mines,
And the gemm'd plane with watery topaz shines;
Which steal Aladdin's wand from knowledge bold,
Strike barren hills, and, lo! the caves of gold!

Buckland, whose arm upholding curious youth,
Makes fossil remnants eloquent of truth;
Whose eye of truth the darkling deep divides,
And proves the Scripture from its perish'd tides.
Buckland! thy praise is rung from rock to rock,
Bound with earth's strata to the final shock,
Till the plains shiver, and the mountains meet,
And reels the world, as reveller, from its seat.
While such transforming talismans combine,
Each sense to sublimate, each thought refine;
With Hermal touch awake the torpid breast,
And lull rebellious passions into rest.
Why have ye, bards oblivious, flung your spells
O'er each fair visitant of mental cells?
Have trac'd Imagination thro' the storm,
And pencill'd in the bow her Ariel form;
Have bodied Hope, that flutterer of the wind,
Which Death, th' all-strong, is impotent to bind;
Have twin'd a bower for Memory, where she blends
With evening's dews her sighs for parted friends;
Yet fail'd to deify the purest guest
Which ever centr'd in a human breast;
Knowledge, the stem of virtue, and the flower;
Knowledge, the sister synonyme of power?

Had Phidias grav'd her majesty of mien,
Or Zeuxis bless'd his pallet with her sheen;
No loftier form of fantasy had trod
The spangled pavement of each dreamy god;
With every feature, emanating soul,
A brow expanded as the prophet's scroll;
With eye which might the starry depths have riv'n,
And hand uplifted to the cope of heaven.
August as Juno, when, in beauteous pride,
Her sandal graz'd the woody tops of Ide;
Full-arm'd as Pallas, when she sprung to birth,
Commanding homage from the sons of earth.
Spirit of knowledge! mount the glowing car,
Rival the speed, and circumstance of war;
Truth shall confirm her helmet on your head,
Before you Freedom shall her ægis spread,
Where ocean wanders, forms of Glory dare;
Where bursts a sunbeam, knowledge! enter there!
Redeem the breath, the little breath we draw,
And ratify Creation's primal law.
"Let there be light," let continent and isle
Glow in your presence, wanton in your smile;
Kindle in desert tracts your beacons bright,
Primal, essential, all-pervading light.

Let healing dews attest your path of love,
Quicken existence, swift as motion move;
E'en now La Plata's solitary roar
Has caught your echoes on its long-lost shore;
E'en now your heralds greet a ransom'd zone,
And Bolivar conducts you to the throne.
E'en now the Greek bursts ligaments of peace,
An earthquake heaves the rumbling shores of Greece.
Know ye the land where ardent freedom pines,
As health when prison'd in the sultry mines?
Where breathes no freshness from the morning air,
Thought, Fancy, Feeling, all degenerate there,
Where nature solely claims primæval sway,
Her skies unclouded, and her sunbeams gay;
Fair are the fields, the seas—lakes—mountains grand,
Man, the sole dwindler in a fairy land!
Know ye that bondsman in the saffron vest,
With eye which seeks the ground, and sunken chest?
A scion of those chiefs who sway'd the earth,
He stoops and sighs not, reckless of his birth;
The Paynims mock, he ceases to complain,
The brand which stamp'd the brow has sear'd the brain;
His limbs appear degenerate in their span,
The spirit lives in marble—not in man;

Tho' vivid flashes of electric light,
Sublime the blackness of his moral night.
Life ripples not, a darkly oozing stream,
And reason roams in opium's feverish dream;
The mind is bow'd by heaviness of pain,
The sinew stiffen'd with contracting chain!
Cease, gloomy chronicler, retracings cease!
That mind was Grecian, and that country Greece;
A thousand watch-fires flash the night away,
From proud Lepanto leaps the signal ray;
Purples the Malian surge with joyful beam,
Hæmus is quick'ned, sparkles Peneus' stream,
And stirs each isle by holy Delos set,
As stars encircling Cynthia's coronet.
Lo! eager boys have hurl'd the trembling brand,
Darts have shone ghastly from a female's hand,
Whose heart once, tun'd to luxury's jestive hours,
Knew but to cypher emblematic flowers;
Yet march the spoiler's of the turban'd brow,
To stifle hope, and crush the Christian's vow;
Ring out the tocsin! Will not Europe hear?
Wave the alarm-fires! Are no succours near?
Leaps from the scabbard no true sword to save
The maiden city from its final grave?

As that weak tremour droop'd the giddy wing,
Which coursing earthward from the vulture's spring,
In human breasts a shelter sought, nor found,
Dash'd from its ruthless covert to the ground;
Tho' hangs not now that ire-inflated cloud,
Which wrapp'd the Median banners in its shroud;
Heavy with vengeance, and a whirlwind bore
On Median hosts profaning Helle's shore;
Tho' Nature rends for Greece no secret seal,
No tempests crash for her the deaf'ning peal;
No seraphs wing'd on flame alarm the sky
With blades of light, whose flash no mortal eye
Could view unscath'd, destroy the Paynim host
At one vast sweep, and change their haughty boast
To bitter wailing—yet may Grecian trust
The God of battle, merciful and just,
Who mark'd with ire the ground where Mercy stood—
Go, curse ye bitterly her men of blood!
O! would the Greek his pass of Pylæ read,
How bled his fathers, how the brave should bleed;
O! would the Suliote purify his brand
From drops of murder, and the Mainote band;
Spurn angry discord, scourger of his state,
Spurn sordid faction, and fanatic hate;

Tho' Christendom her chivalry defame,
A deep erasure from her scrolls of claim;
He yet again should bend th' unshackled knee
On graves of Heroes, Athens should be free!
And rays of new renown relieve past gloom,
As moonlight stealing to a warrior's tomb;
Nor should black flag flap sullen to the breeze,
Or fling defiling shade o'er holy seas:
No more should Patriarch, robed in sackcloth, shed
Ashes, not unguents, on his crownless head;
No more should climes which Heaven propos'd to bless,
Stamping in characters of loveliness,
Whose suns are glorious, and whose streaming moon
Lights up rich purple on the green festoon,
Where Tempé slumbers, relic of the storm,
And Pydna rests, the shadow, not the form;
No more should summer orchards of the vine,
For perjur'd Lords their luscious clusters twine;
Nor Nature smile with Nature's earliest grace,
For man to mar—for Islam to deface;
Yes! Faith predicts, and who shall dare to ban
What frees the brave, what franchises the man;
She views thro' darkness prospects sweetly fair,
And hers the strength to grapple with despair;

The ruby's wealth on christian brows shall shine
In pale Byzantium, halls of Constantine;
Empire shall build anew her shatter'd walls,
And Truth and Knowledge meet in Cæsar's halls.

On, Forms celestial! blessings on your speed,
No fragile bliss the grant, no fragile fame, the meed—
To Nile—to Indus—to the burning plain
By dusky Niger—golden Taprobane—
To hoar Euphrates with its awful sweep,
River of Eden, primate of the deep,
Where suns shoot down red arrows thro' the air,
Siroccoes scathe, Hyenas seek a lair,
And moan responsive to the sullen sound,
As one pile more drops crashing to the ground
From pillar'd Balbec, in whose silent range
Princes might moralize on earthly change!

Nor linger more, ye Visitants divine,
To shed rich balm on dewless Palestine;
For ignorance sleeps beneath the withler'd palm,
Rob'd in the mists of midnight and the calm;
Have ye no blissful visions, dimly bright,
Prophetic gleamings of empyreal light,

For that dark race which spurn'd with like disdain
The Galilæan's, and the Roman's reign
Which digs the grave, and builds the chamber there,
Where roam the waters, circles æther where:
Yes! glory breaks on Hermon's flashing mount,
And Mercy floats from Jordan's healing fount,
And seraph pinions lead the ransom'd line,—
Salem exult! the final triumph thine—
Wave the proud banner, the glad timbrel ring,
He comes, the Shiloh comes, and Sion hails her King.

Away, where savages have shunn'd to dwell,
Where instinct slumbers in the torpid shell,
To ice-ribb'd glaciers with fantastic steep
Ruling the stillness of the frozen deep;
Conflict with rushing billows as they roll,
And with your Britons venture on the pole;
And, when your course of glory has been run,
Far as career the coursers of the sun,
When, finally releas'd from slavery's ban,
Man claims in thought community with man;
And, livid shades of selfish ignorance gone,
The isles of ocean are in knowledge one;

Thou shalt be honour'd, Mother of my song,
Amid each change of kindred, tribe, and tongue—
For thine th' eternal Triumph of the Mind,
The world thy tablet, chroniclers mankind!

NOTES TO PART II.

Note 1, line 43.

The men of God, who heaven-ward tempt to rise,
And mount by Jacob's stair-way to the skies.

Genesis, 28th chap. verse 12.—" And he dreamed and beheld a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

Note 2, line 59.

Else have we bow'd the head in Rimmon's fane,
And trod the sounding porticoes in vain.

Albeit University discipline is not so exact, as it was in the days of ' Maister Thomas Lever,' who thus describes it in a sermon preached at ' Poulis Cross, the 13th day of December, 1550. " There be divers which rise dailie betwixt iiii and fyve of the clocke in the mornynge, and from fyve until syxe of the clocke use common prayer, with an exhortation of God's word, in a common chapell, and from syxe untoo ten use ever eyther private studie, or commune lec-

tures. At ten of the clocke they go to dinner, where as they be contente with a penie peice of befe amongst iiii, havinge a few potage made of the brothe of the same beefe, with salt and oatmeal, and nothing elles. After this slender dyner they be either teachinge or learninge until v of the clocke in the evyning, when as they have a supper not muche better than their dinner immediatelie after the which they go either to reasoning in problemes, or unto some other studie, until it be nyne or tenne of the clocke, and there beynge without fire, are faine to walk, or runne up and downe halfe a houre to hete on their fete when they go to bed."

Note 3, line 63.

With classic converse in the classic shade,
As Numa bearing from th' Egerian maid
Tablets unearthly.

Livy informs us, that Numa pretended to have derived his laws from conversations with the goddess Egeria, in order that the rude Romans might respect them the more readily. Juvenal has a pretty allusion to the local tradition in his 3d Satire.

Note 4, line 65.

Tell your treasure gain'd,
Unchanged, unchangeable, by none profan'd.

It is curious to observe, what a *penchant* Locke had for

civic education, and to those who have pursued the course of Oxford reading, his catalogue of useful books will be amusing. They will be immersed 20 fathoms deep, deeper than plummet ever sounded, if such authors are to be studied, even with the sanction of his celebrated name. The Greek books were Hesiod, Aratus, the Periegesis of Dionysius, Oppian's Cynogetics, Apollonius Rhodius, Quintus Calaber, Plutarch's Philosophical Works, Geminus's Astronomy, the Cyropædia and Anabasis of Xenophon, the Stratagems of Polyænus, and Ælian's Tactics. The Latin books selected for his pupils were the agricultural works of Cato, Columella, Varro, and Palladius; the medical treatise of Cornelius Celsus, Pliny's Natural History, Architecture of Vitruvius, Frontinus's Stratagems, and the Philosophical Poems of Lucretius and Manilius. Who can read this, and blame the Monks for scribbling over the manuscript copies of Livy disquisitions of Aquinas?

Note 5, line 68.

One fleece unwet by evening's dew.

See Judges, chap. 6, v. 36, 37, 38.

Note 6, line 75.

Not as the sapient Thebans, when afraid
To tell the motive of the rites they paid.

The story is told by the Abbe Barthelemi, in his 'Travels

of Anacharsis,' but I forget on what authority, whether Ælian or Plutarch.

Note 7, line 85.

As Ruth the aged Naomi addrest,
I will not leave thee, blessing I am blest.

"And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

"Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Note 8, line 89.

She summons muse of Plato, Reason's bride,
And summons from the porch Stagira's pride.

It has been somewhat quaintly proposed, that the motto of the University, 'Dominus illuminatio mea,' should be changed to Aristotle's 'meæ tenebræ.' The present motto is too good to stand in need of alteration, but if such a Philosopher is dark, 'darkness, be thou my light.'

Note 9, line 95.

Declares what end, as archers at a scope,
Our race pursues, and how to guide their hope.

The utility with which many pore over metaphysics, is vidly pourtrayed by Marston, in his old plays.

" Delight my spaniel slept, whilst I turn'd leaves,
Toss'd o'er the dunces, bor'd on the old print
Of titled words, and still my spaniel slept,
Still on went I, first an sit anima.
Then, an it were mortal; oh, hold, hold,
At that they are at brain buffets, fast by the ears,
A-main, pell-mell together—still my spaniel slept.
Then whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixed,
I thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pried,
Stuff'd noting books, and still my spaniel slept.
At length he wak'd, and yawn'd, and, by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I."

Note 10, line 119.

Whose sire illuming Athens' missal page,
Bequeath'd rich legacy from age to age.

Hume says, the first page of Thucydides is, in my opinion, the commencement of real history. But we will not surrender the annals of Babylon and Media to the scepticism of the critic, when they are confirmed by so many passages of scripture, much less the battles of Marathon and Salamis. Herodotus is the prattling sire of history, a veracious, though credulous, anecdotist.

Note 11, line 135.

Darkly succeeds th' anatomist, stern sage,
Who scorn'd to tend sweet poesy's fair page.

Thucydides.—His description of the plague at Athens, of

the surrender of the Platæans—of the sedition at Corcyra, and the defeat in Sicily, are better calculated than any other descriptions on record to move the passions of terror and pity, to harass the heart. His Plague has been imitated by the most famous poets and annalists, but only one appears to have equalled the original—Defoe, in his narrative of the Plague at London, which cannot be read without a shudder, a creeping of the flesh.

Note 12, line 149.

Nor will the genius of Italia fail
To lead her Livy with his pictur'd tale.

The following passage is from Pliny's Letters: "Do you remember to have read of a certain inhabitant of the city of Cadiz, who was so struck with the illustrious character of Livy that he travelled to Rome on purpose to see that great genius; and as soon as he had satisfied his curiosity, returned home again?" A veneration still more extraordinary was paid to this great author by Alphonso, king of Naples, who, in 1451, sent his ambassador to the Venetians, in whose dominions the bones of Livy had been lately discovered, to beg a relic of the celebrated historian: they presented him with an arm-bone.—*Hayley.*

Note 13, line 172.

And Philip's phalanx prove a mortal band.

In allusion to the Macedonian phalanx being termed the immortal band.

Note 14, line 177.

And partial Time has spared thee the disgrace
Of mourning factious wars and recreant race.

"The Decades of Livy are lost, which treat of the commencement of the social war, the commencement of the fall of the republic, when the revolts of the allies, followed by their admission to the citizenship, shook the whole ancient Roman polity, the senate rapidly degenerated into a feeble oligarchy, and the people into a corrupt faction."—*Croby.*

Note 15, line 185—189.

To picture scenes more dark than Cimbri wood.
That lurks in Caprea's craig imperial fear.

"What a picture have we of Tiberius, the close, disguised, systematic tyrant! the slave, in the isle of Caprea, to his unnatural vices; and, amidst his pleasures, a prey to his own guilty conscience! We behold his inward torture, the

'*laniatus pectoris.*' What landscape painter can equal the description of the field covered with the limbs of the legions slaughtered under Varus? A profound judge of men, and a severe censor of the manners, he has delineated, with the keen eye of a master, the character and the very inward frame of the vile and profligate: while the good and upright receive, in his immortal page, the recompense due to their virtue."—*Murphy.*

Note 16, line 203.

All who have struck the chords of Jubal's lyre,
And round whose brows has play'd celestial fire.

One of the most propitious omens of future greatness was lambent and innocuous fire playing round the head of a child. We find the portent more than once mentioned by Livy, and in the Second Æneid of Julus:

"Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Juli
Lambere flammâ comas, et circum tempora pasci.
Nos pavidi trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem
Excutere, et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignes."

Note 17, line 213.

Then pants the soul, with mimic horrors faint,
While earth, air, ocean trembles to the plaint
Of the fire-donor.

Prometheus.

Note 18, line 217.

Gigantic Æschylus! if spirits roam,
In Shakspeare's bosom thine has found a home.

"Æschylus held his military character more at heart than his literary one, and directed to be engraved on his tomb-stone a distich in long and short verse, in which he appeals to the field of Marathon, and the long-haired Mede to bear witness to his valour. This personal gallantry gives a strong and manly colouring to his composition: it is the characteristic of his genius; and his pen, like his sword, is a weapon of terror. The spectacle which his drama exhibits, is that of one sublime, simple scene of awful magnificence; his sentiment and style are in unison with his subject; and though he is charged with having written his poem in a state of inebriety, to which he was in general addicted, still they do not betray the traces of a confused imagination, though they may occasionally of an inflated one."—*Cumberland.*

Note 19, line 227.

Rise! comic censor of Athenian stage,
Thou ribald statesman, thou buffooning sage.

The following lines allude to the several characters which are introduced with such mock gravity, "the very incarnations

of drollery," in the Comedies of Aristophanes. In his "Acharnians," he gives a glowing description of Athenian assemblies at the Pnyx; in his "Knights," he holds up to scorn the turbulent demagogue Cleon, and in his "Clouds," shows off Socrates in a basket, to any thing but advantage; in his Comedy of "Peace," he mounts the factious Athenian on a beetle, and so transports him to hold conference with Mercury.

Note 20, line 235.

Rise! thou rude breather of the Doric shell.

Theocritus.

Note 21, line 251.

Wake thee, Catullus, dreamer light and gay,
With Ariadne passioning.

The fates of Pelion and Thetis, in which this Episode is introduced, is one of the most beautiful gems in the cabinet of Catullus. Shakspeare alludes to this exquisite little Poem—

"Tell of Ariadne passioning,
Of Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight."

Note 22, line 284.

Not Zeno's heartlessness, Eudoxus' bowl.

Eudoxus was the forerunner of Epicurus, and attempted to

prove that pleasure was the chief good, from its never being praised by philosophers—ergo, beyond praise.

Note 23, line 331.

Unlike the shadowy elm, whose foliage teems
In darkling Hades, with ephemeral dreams.

What scholar can forget the description of Virgil?

" In medio ramos annosaque brachia pandit
Ulmus opaca, ingens; quam sedem Somnia vulgò
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus hærent."

Note 24, line 333.

The tree of knowledge shades that welling wave,
Bethesda-like, which heals the few who lave.

St. John, chap. v. 2, 3, 4.

Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.

In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.

For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.

Note 25, line 351.

Nor are thy claims, celestial Science, spurn'd;
Is no rich incense on thy altars burn'd?

This description of the benefits to be derived from science is, in some degree, adumbrated from the following sublime passage of Barrow, which is long, but not prolix: "We receive from the Mathematics the principal delights of life, securities of health, increase of fortune, and conveniences of labour; to them we owe that we dwell elegantly and commodiously, build decent houses for ourselves, erect stately temples to God, and leave wonderful monuments to posterity: that we are protected by those rampires from the incursions of the enemy; rightly use arms, skilfully range an army, and manage war by art, and not by the madness of wild beasts: that we have safe traffic through the deceitful billows, pass in a direct road through the trackless ways of the sea, and come to the designed ports by the uncertain impulse of the winds: that we rightly cast up our accounts, do business expeditiously, dispose, calculate, and tabulate scattered ranks of numbers, and easily compute huge heaps of sand—nay, immense hills of atoms: that we make pacific separations of the bounds of lands, examine the moments of weights in an equal balance, and distribute every one his own by a just

measure: that by a light touch we thrust forward vast bodies which way we will, and stop a huge resistance with a very small force: that we accurately delineate the face of this earthly orb, and subject the economy of the universe to our sight: that we aptly digest the flowing series of time, distinguish what is acted by due intervals, rightly account and discern the various returns of the seasons, the stated periods of years and months, the alternate increments of days and nights, the doubtful limits of light and shadow, and the exact differences of hours and minutes: that we derive the subtle virtues of the solar rays to our uses, infinitely extend the sphere of sight, enlarge the near appearances of things, bring to hand things remote, discover things hidden, search nature out of her concealments, and unfold her dark mysteries: that we delight our eyes with beautiful images, cunningly imitate the decrees and pourtray the works of nature: imitate did I say? nay, excel, while we form to ourselves things not in being, exhibit things absent, and represent things past: that we recreate our minds and delight our ears with melodious sounds, attemperate the inconstant undulations of the air to musical tunes, add a pleasant voice to a sapless log, and draw a sweet eloquence from a rigid metal; celebrate our Maker with an harmonious praise, and not unaptly imitate the blessed choir of heaven: that we approach and examine the inaccessible seats of the clouds, the distant

tracts of land, unfrequented paths of the sea; lofty tops of the mountains, low bottoms of the valleys, and deep gulfs of the ocean: that in heart we advance to the saints themselves above, yea, draw them to us; scale the etherial towers, freely range through the celestial fields, measure the magnitudes and determine the interstices of the stars, prescribe inviolable laws to the heavens themselves, and confine the wandering circuits of the stars within strict bounds; lastly, that we comprehend the hugē fabric of the universe, admire and contemplate the wonderful beauty of the divine workmanship, and so learn the incredible force and sagacity of our own minds by certain experiments, so as to acknowledge the blessings of heaven with a pious affection."

Note 26, line 439.

Knowledge, the sister synonyme of power.

"The greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last, or farthest end of knowledge, for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge sometimes on a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite: sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation, and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction, and most times for

lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason to the benefit and use of men; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit, or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect, or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit and sale, and not a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate."—*Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

Note 27, line 509.

Wave the alarm-fires! Are no succours near?

The ancient Greeks, when besieged and in distress, waved torches, which they termed "alarm-fires," from the walls.—The Quarterly Review has a noble sentence on the present eventful crisis:—"We will not endure that our trade may be extended over a wider territory, that our ships may sweep unresisted over an ampler expanse of ocean—we will not endure that the children of that land, to which we owe every thing, after religion most valuable, science, art, poetry, philosophy, whose voice awakened us from the deep slumbers of barbarism, and directed us to the attainment of intellectual

superiority—that that land, with all its recollections—its images of beauty—its temples, worn by the footsteps of heroes—its sacred mountains, and poetic streams, should be left desolate, a prey to the ferocity of barbarians, without feelings to sympathise with departed greatness, without generosity to pardon the unsuccessful efforts of patriotic devotion, without religion to stay the slaughtering hand, when despair pleads for mercy."

Note 28, line 566.

To Nile—to Indus—to the burning plain
By dusky Niger—golden Taprobane.

"The islands stretching from Ceylon (Taprobane) to the '*flammantia mœnia mundi,*' were held to be the very empire of sorcery. The grandeur of nature in those remote and lovely regions—the exotic luxuriance of the land of spices and incense, the banks of pearl, and mines of diamond, the eternal forests, the haunts of animals, on which fable had been exhausted—the superb and gloomy cavern-worship—the boundless terrors of the Indian storm—the matchless magnificence of the evening, when the typhoon has past, and the sun, that great sultan, goes down into a sea of gold and purple—exalted the imagination of men to all the wonderful and wild."—*Croby.*

Note 29, line 604.

Honour'd, Mother of my song.

We must not omit, " apropos de rien," when lauding Oxford, to mention, that though she has degenerated with respect to the manufacture of gloves, she is as famous still for her sausages, as Worcester for female beauty, or Shrewsbury for cakes.

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